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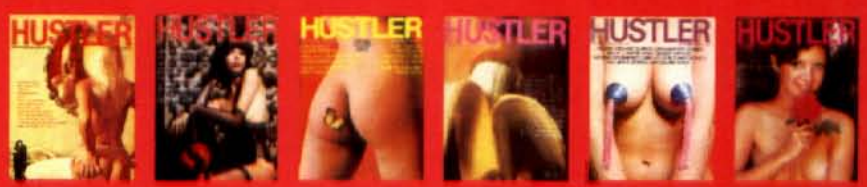
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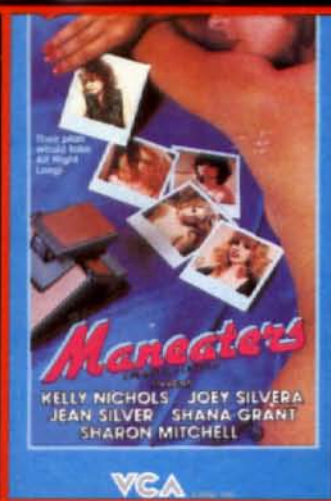
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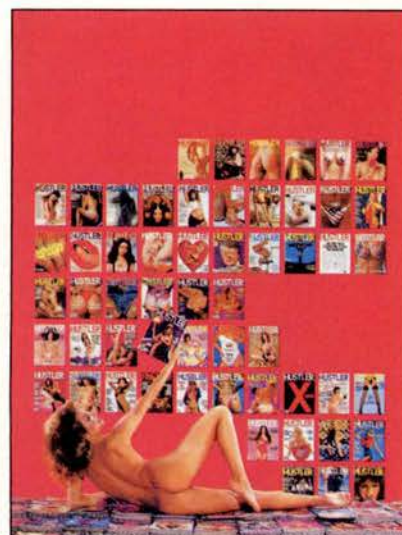
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# HUSTLER

## december

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**On the Cover . . .**  
We've really got you covered this month. Art Director James Stagnitta time-traveled all the way back to our very first issue—July 1974—in search of the 56 memorable covers you'll find on this one. We hope you'll agree that the intricate patchwork design he's created for them makes a distinctive cover in itself—and a fitting reminder of all the creative energy that's gone into—and onto—HUSTLER for the past ten years.

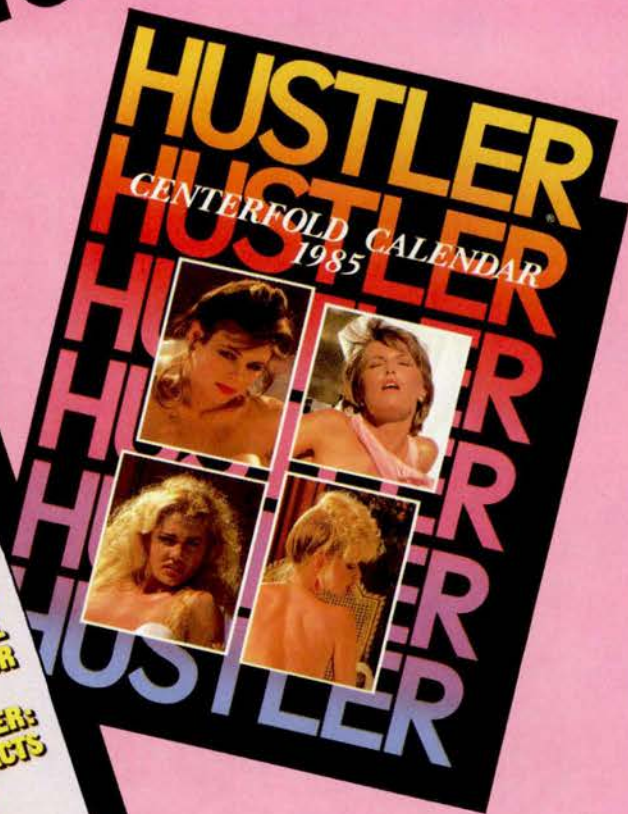
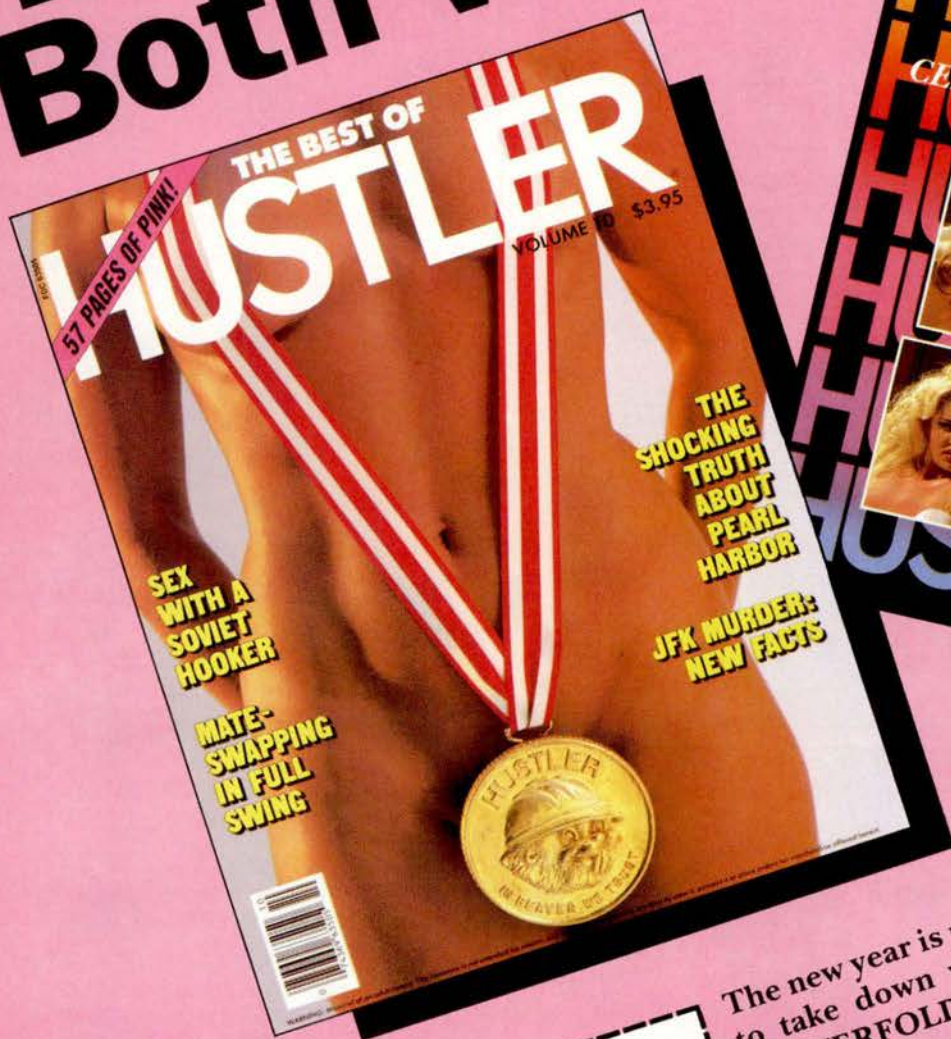
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The new year is upon us, and that means it's time to take down your copy of HUSTLER'S 1984 CENTERFOLD CALENDAR and replace it with the new, out-of-this-erotic-world 1985 edition. Packed with a dozen uncompromising photos taken from our hottest pages, you'll never miss an appointment with this baby hanging on your wall. And don't lose out on the long-awaited BEST OF HUSTLER. In Volume 10 you'll find a classic collection of provocative articles, lusty women, gut-wrenching humor and everything else that made up the year's best of the best magazine in the men's field.

CEYM



## MEETING THE CHALLENGE

I'm happy to be out of prison in time to write this month's *Publisher's Statement*. In my ten years of publishing HUSTLER, I've had a lot of ups and downs. I've been incarcerated three times for defending the First Amendment. I've been shot and paralyzed because the power elite disagrees with my philosophy. In this our Tenth Anniversary year I have tried with difficulty to look back on HUSTLER's brief but turbulent history. My intention from the beginning was to deal openly and honestly with sex and have some fun in the process. I guess I was naive to feel that freedom of expression, including that of sexual expression, should be absolute, that censorship was something only the Communists did, that a free press was a right we Americans could take for granted.

Every step of the way has been a struggle—a never-ending battle to keep HUSTLER on the newsstands without compromising the quality of its editorial content. I'm not just talking about the photographs. We seem to have more censorship problems over the outrageousness of our articles and cartoons than anything else, especially if they have religious or political overtones. But I'm not going to allow these problems to dissuade me from continuing to provide you with the best possible magazine you can buy.

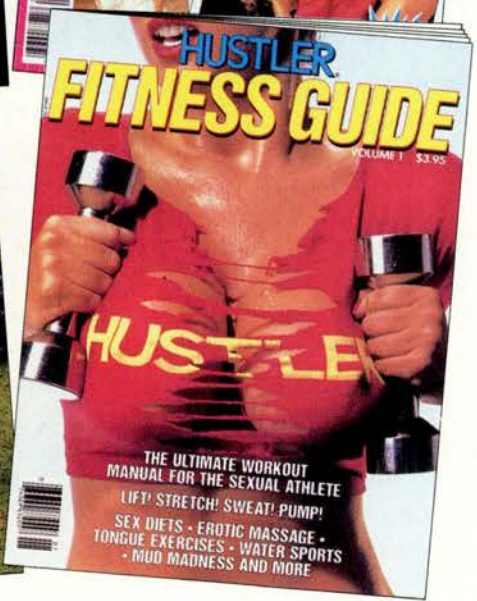
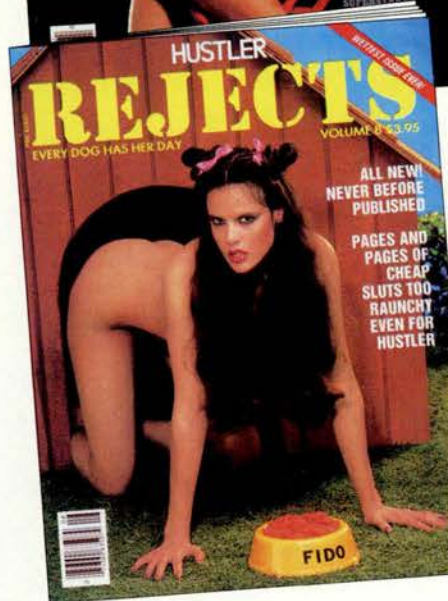
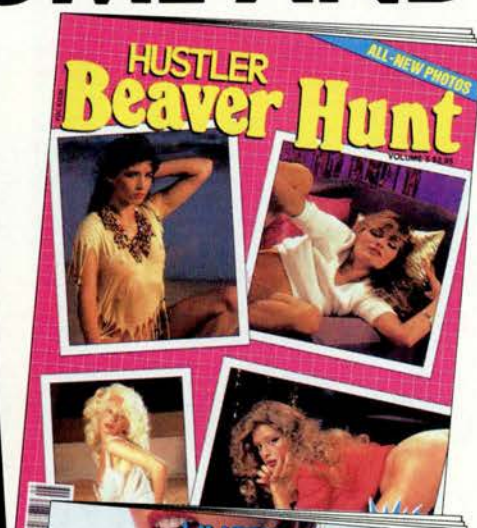
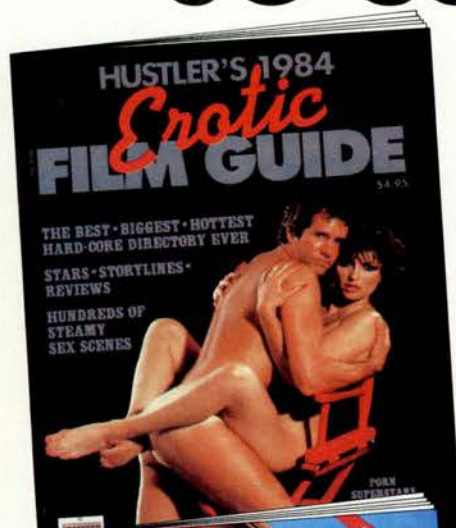
The second half of '80s offers an interesting challenge, and HUSTLER is prepared to meet this challenge. I'm the first to admit that in the past year HUSTLER has fallen short of delivering the goods, and the sales have reflected its shortcomings. It would be easy to blame HUSTLER's weak editorial package on the fact that I was in prison, but that would be a cop-out.

Shortly after I was imprisoned, there was a power struggle for control of my company. When my wife, Althea, lost the conservatorship bid in California State Court, she refused to participate in the running of HUSTLER. With Althea and myself both absent, the magazine became nothing more than one of our second-rate competitors. But Althea and I have both returned, and in the future you can expect your old HUSTLER back with some fresh new ideas. You know what you got without our presence. Now, in the coming months, judge for yourself just who and what makes a difference at HUSTLER.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Larry Flynt". The signature is stylized with a large, sweeping 'L' and a cursive 'Flynt'.

*Publisher & Editor*

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Jim Forrest

**I**t boggles the mind, but there may be a couple of people who don't know that **HUSTLER's** been around for more than *ten years!* To celebrate that enviable milestone, we've put together a birthday-year bonanza edition that's destined to be a collector's item. For openers, the editors have gathered together more foldout centerfolds than any other magazine—here or abroad—has ever published in one issue. Just to get your motor running, we present our ten best Honeys of all time—one from each year **HUSTLER's** been around—including the return of **MADELEINE: BEAVER OF THE DECADE**, a saucy blonde with more curves than Le Mans. We then shift into high gear with a sensational spread featuring **CHRISSY: HUSTLER'S HONEY OF THE DECADE**, last seen in 1978. Even then she could crank up a man's pistons.

Although we started out as a one-page giveaway newsletter, **HUSTLER** has exploded over the years into the hottest, most ball-busting magazine in the history of the civilized world. So come with us on a nostalgic trip down memory—and mammary—lane with a collection of our most outrageous and controversial moments, **HUSTLER 1974-84 ... A PERFECT "10."**

As usual, we've crammed *this* edition full of our tough and informative nonfiction articles, like **JIM FORREST's** disturbing **INSIDE THE MOONIES**, a look at the controversial Reverend Sun Myung Moon and his Unification Church. During his investigation Forrest posed as a would-be convert to the Moonies with the idea of doing nothing more than finding out if it was a sincere religion that had been subjected to persecution. "I discovered that it was much worse than it's made out to be," he tells us. In a gut-wrenching sidebar **SHELLEY TURNER**—the daughter of middle-class Catholic parents in Warwick, Rhode Island—supplies a horrifying account of her yearlong brainwashing by the Moonies and of her eventual deprogramming. The companion illustration is by frequent **HUSTLER** contributor **REN WICKS**.

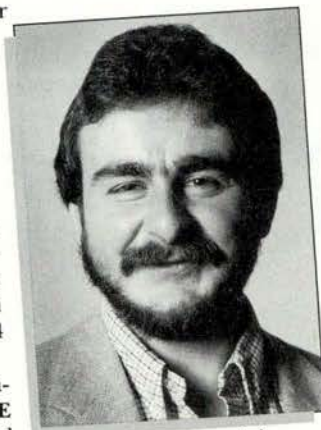
**STEVE MAGAGNINI**, a card fanatic and staff writer for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, gives an insider's view of **STU UNGAR**, big-time poker hustler, in the provocative profile **PLAYING WITH A FULL DECK**. This piece gets to the heart of the gambling life—the lust to bet on anything, a compulsion that goads men to wager hundreds of thousands of dollars on the turn of a card. The 29-year-old Magagnini won first place in the Associated Press California-Nevada Managing Editors writing competition in 1979 with his insightful coverage of Chul Soo Lee, a Korean immigrant convicted of a San Francisco slaying and later released after he was proven innocent. Magagnini is proud to report that he placed second in the media tournament preceding the World Series of Poker. For the accompanying painting we called on the talented **PAT DUNN**.

Although cardsharks are notoriously good with their hands, our pictorial **GETTING IN TOUCH** puts them to shame. **HUSTLER's** Director of Photography, **JAMES BAES**, provides a sizzling look at a feverish couple's hands taking a tour of one another's willing bodies. When we say, "Let your fingers do the walking," there's more on our minds than the Yellow Pages. Then our stalwart staff photographer **CLIVE McLEAN** goes into the great outdoors for a candid peek at two snowbunnies caught in the act of **SNOWBALLING**.

First-time **HUSTLER** contributor **CHERYL SWEET**, a reporter for an Arizona newspaper, writes on the newest remedy for an age-old problem—not being able to get it up. In **PENIS IMPLANTS: THE PERPETUAL HARD-ON** she examines recent medical developments in overcoming the limp-dick syndrome. "It's very difficult for men to get information on this subject," explains Sweet. "They don't know where to turn, and they're reluctant to discuss it. I thought that with the large circulation of **HUSTLER**, I'd be able to reach a lot of men with this problem and help them overcome their difficulties."

**THEODORA BARRON** shares her wild adventures with two basketball stars who had no problem getting themselves and Theodora up for action. In December's *Kinky Korner*, **DOUBLE-TEAMED**, Barron tells how she was fast-broke all the way to multiple orgasms. *Washington Daisy Chain* spills the latest dirt along the political-campaign trail, and *Bits and Pieces* takes another insane look at a not-so-sane world.

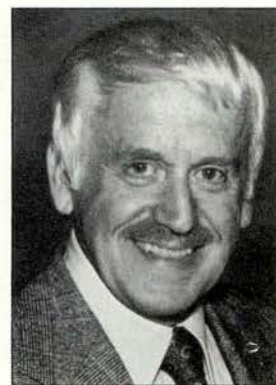
So celebrate our birthday year with us by helping blow out more than just candles. This issue's guaranteed to blow your mind as well. It's got everything that's made us great over the years—the pinkest girls, the hardest-hitting articles and the raunchiest humor anywhere. We've got it all, and that's why we're looking forward to the *next* ten years and beyond. 🍻



Steve Magagnini



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# HOT LICKS

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# Feedback

## MISS AMERICA FANFARE:

Because he published those nude photos of Vanessa Williams, I would like to nominate Bob Guccione, head honcho of *Penthouse* magazine, as Asshole of the Month. He could have held off for a couple of months and then printed the pictures. Instead, he chose to capitalize on the sensationalism without any regard to whom he destroyed in the process.

He's the kind of guy who gives pornography in general and pornographers in particular a bad name. —Andy Breglia  
Fremont, California

*Mr. Guccione has already been named Asshole of the Month, in July 1975.*

Don't be miffed (muffed) because of the *Penthouse* scoop involving Vanessa Williams. Don't get mad; get even. Please do a spread of Jesse Jackson going down on Geraldine Ferraro—or vice versa.

—S. Strassman  
Elmont, New York

Mr. Flynt, I'd like to say you're pretty fucked. You're an asshole in every sense of the word! You take anybody you can and drag their name through the mud and don't even give a damn! You're one sick motherfucker. You bought those pictures of Vanessa Williams, and you knew they would fuck up her life!

If you have any balls at all, which I doubt, you'll print this letter. Meanwhile, why don't you read *Playboy* instead of your trash? Maybe you'll learn something! Name yourself Asshole of the Month and make everyone happy!

—Dubious  
Antioch, California

*It was Penthouse that ran those nude pix of former Miss America Vanessa Williams. Needless to say, we are dubious of misinformed people who write us trashy, emotionally charged letters like yours.*

## PEDAL PUSHERS:

Your *Pedal Pushers* layout in the September '84 issue was simply divine. I long for the day that I'm riding my bicycle and run across girls as gorgeous as your two models. They can push my pedal anytime.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

## GUYS GETTING IT ON?

I am writing in regard to the girl/girl pictorial in your September '84 issue, *Pedal Pushers*. I can't believe that HUSTLER won't do a photo-spread featuring two men to accommodate your women readers. I'm tired of looking at women alone or with other women and never seeing any men even come close to touching each other. Is it because it stirs up too many uneasy emotions? Larry Flynt said that the uniqueness of HUSTLER was its fearlessness! Well, Larry and HUSTLER, I dare you to go against *society* and show men touching men the same way you show women. —Faithful Woman Reader  
Waterloo, Iowa



*Pedal Pushers*

*There are numerous magazines on the market that cater to those who dig guy/guy action. One of the most popular is Blueboy.*

## CHILD MOLESTING:

I would like to compliment you on the September '84 *Publisher's Statement*, "Stiff Sentences for Child Molesters." Abuse and molestation of children is a very big problem, and something should be done, like de-nut all of them sick motherfuckers or line them up against a prison wall and shoot them. On many occasions they receive only probation and counseling, and that's it. I think they should at least do anywhere from 20 to 100 years with no parole. This is what should be done to all the sick people who sexually abuse children.

I'm the father of four, and I hope HUSTLER will continue to expose and oppose sick behavior even after the ambulance-chasing press has tired of it.

—Michael Miller  
Salem, Oregon

*We'd all be better off if we realized that child molesters are sick individuals who should be given a chance to undergo psychological treatment and rehabilitation.*

I must write to let you know how offensive I find your publication, HUSTLER Magazine. It seems to thrive on sexually abusive material, degrading the relationships of men and women. In a world of crime you joke of rape and incest. In the

September '84 issue your *Publisher's Statement*, "Stiff Sentences for Child Molesters," strikes out against these sick individuals and then condones joking about the subject. I see no humor in child molesters—and therefore no reason to condone cartoons that depict sexual child abuse. I think it's a shame that you can't find more sensual, erotic material that would promote healthy sex lives between men and women, without degrading either.

—John Combs  
St. Louis, Missouri

*You may find this hard to accept, John, but we feel we are promoting healthy sex between men and women, without degrading either. And we do not joke about subjects like child abuse.*

#### RONALD REAGAN:

I would love to see you run advertisements this election year for bumper stickers depicting Ronald Reagan as a terrorist for invading Grenada, buying the elections in El Salvador, trying to overthrow the government of Nicaragua and for the assassination attempt on Muammar Kaddafi in Libya. I would also like to see a bumper sticker of Ronald Reagan sucking defense contractors' dicks.

If I see a positive response on your part, I'll send you my version of the conspiracy against the people by the present dictatorship.

This anonymous letter is from a descendant of Robert Morris, financier of the American Revolution and a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

*You'll have to make the bumper stickers yourself, but we agree with your assessment of the power-hungry nuclear cowboy.*

#### DOOMSDAY:

After reading *The Night I Nearly Started World War III*, by Clair Tomlinson (September '84), I didn't know what to say. Good God. It makes you realize that the entire living Earth can be erased simply by one man's finger. It's stuff like this that makes me believe in your magazine. Thank you for another great piece of reporting.

—D.G.M.  
Lowell, Massachusetts

#### PRISON SURVIVAL:

My name is James Supino, my California Department of Corrections number was C-39940, and I would like to let you know that everything in Mike Canale's article titled *Doing Time: A Basic Survival Manual* is the truth. I worked with him at the Chino Correctional Institution. Mike and I were a two-man crew assigned to perform specific jobs.

For once the truth has been told by

someone who lived it, and I know because I was right there with him while it was happening.

—James Supino  
Downstate Correctional Facility  
Fishkill, New York

#### KILLER WEED:

I am a Board-certified, American-trained pathologist and am temporarily practicing at the Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center. Almost every day I am involved in the diagnosis of lung cancer at this 800-bed hospital. This was also true in Hong Kong, where I recently practiced and taught for a year. Two days ago I picked up your magazine at a newsstand and was very impressed with the fact that you have not advertised cigarettes since October 1975. I commend you on your stance.

I was also impressed with your anti-cigarette posters and would like to obtain copies of each one you've printed over the years. How can I do that?

—John E. Gerber, M.D.  
New Hyde Park, New York

*The posters are not available at this time, but if there is a large-enough demand, we will seriously consider making them available to the general public.*

#### SHAUNA GRANT:

There certainly must have been a better way to express the sad loss of porn star Shauna Grant than your September '84 tribute, *Death of a Covergirl*. To say she apparently took her own life and allegedly put a loaded gun to her head leaves the reader uncertain as to where the real guilt, if any, should lie. Certainly the pictures of her only scratched the surface of our loss and make the reader want to know more about her.

—Phillip B. Sindlinger  
Fresno, California

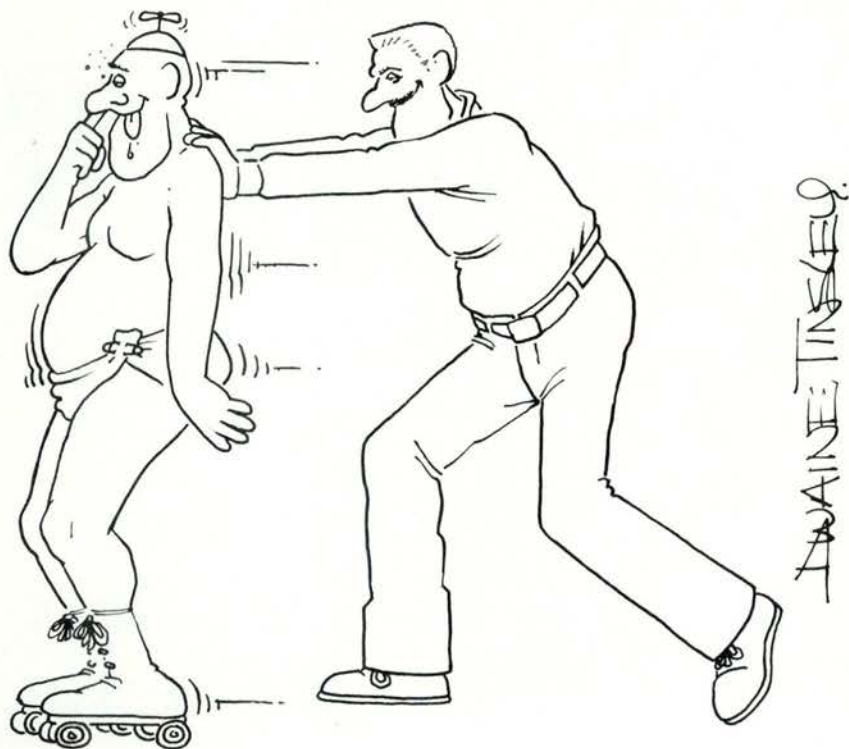
#### STONED & BONED:

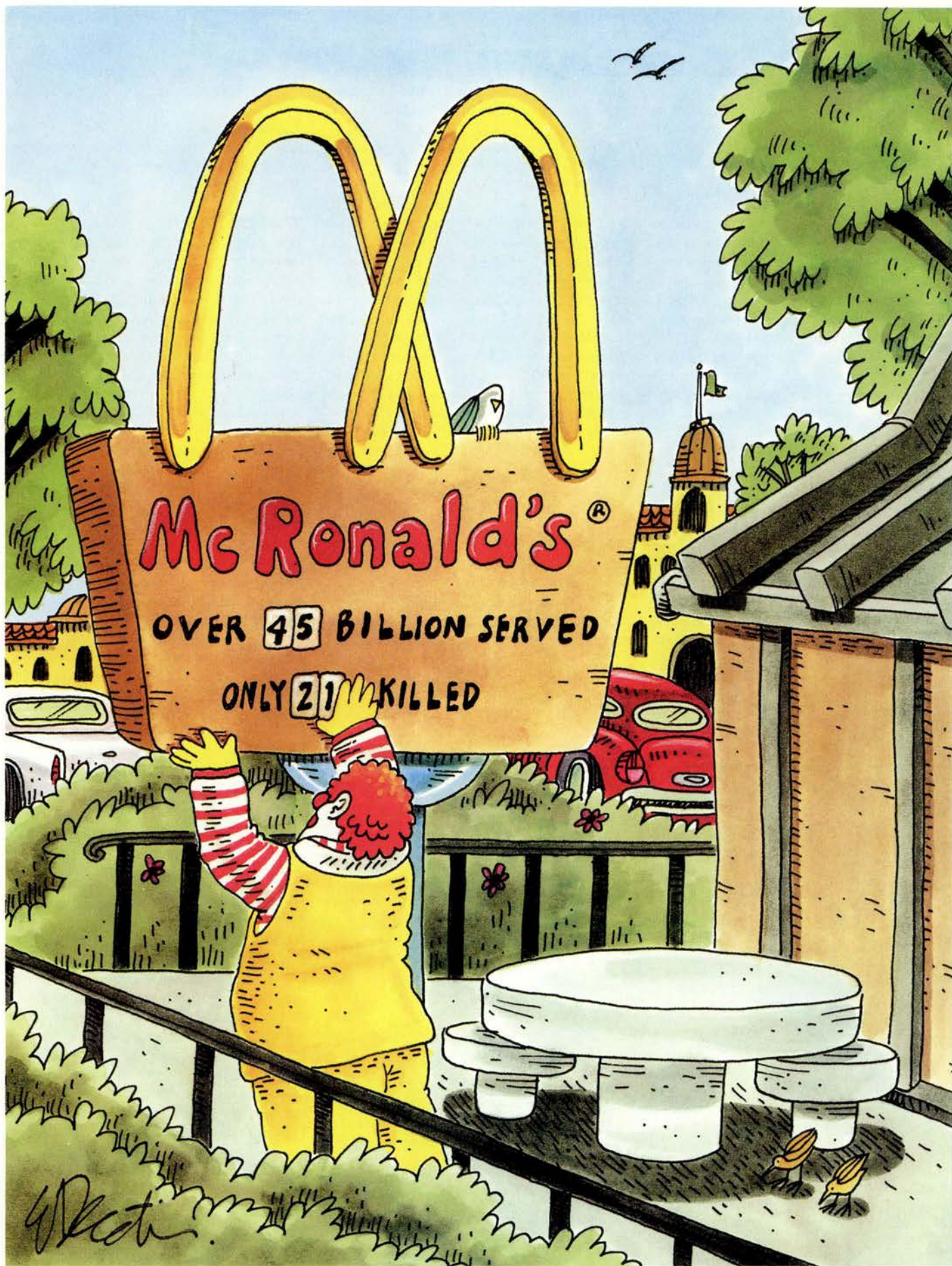
I have been subscribing to HUSTLER for two years now, and the October '84 issue was the best ever. I especially liked *Ron Jeremy in: Stranded, Stoned & Boned*. But why didn't you show the girl sucking Jeremy's cock fully in the mouth? Why didn't you have cum dripping on the side of her mouth and in it? Why didn't we see the guy's penis inside the blonde's pussy? His dick sure was big enough to fit in there!!! I'd love to give Ron Jeremy a blowjob and have him come in my mouth. That girl in the pictorial was stupid if she didn't want to be fucked by a handsome dude like him.

In closing, if it's for legal reasons that you can't publish hard-core, I still don't think it's fair. If that isn't the reason, make HUSTLER hotter with cum scenes and sucking and fucking. HUSTLER is

DECEMBER HUSTLER

## POLISH DOPE PUSHER





one of the best men's magazines around. With more hard-core it would even be better.

—Name Withheld by Request  
Warwick, Rhode Island

*Over the years we have made HUSTLER as hot as it can be and still be distributed to your favorite newsstand.*

#### HIGH-BALLIN' FANTASY:

I'd like to compliment you on the August '84 issue, especially your pictorial *High Ballin'*. My husband, Don, drives 18-wheelers for a living, and we thought putting a truck in one of your photo-sets with a couple of pretty girls and a good-looking driver would be great.

We've always wanted to stop along the highway and screw like that. Thank you for making a fantasy come true. And if anybody ever says *High Ballin'* was nasty, tell 'em to stick it where the sun don't shine.

—Teresa  
Address Withheld by Request

#### MANDY:

Being an avid HUSTLER reader, I just had to write after looking through your July '84 issue and finding that absolute knockout, *Mandy: Beauty and the Beach*. Every angle of her body appealed to me with all the right proportions that could truly keep a man happy for life. The photo of her standing in a ripped T-shirt

caught the feminine look with an underlying tone of seduction in her stance.

Please give my compliments to photographer Clive McLean and tell him that any future beach-shots should include a wet look. Otherwise he did a decent job.

—D.M.D.  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

#### CHRISTIANS?

My husband and I really love HUSTLER. No one can match your great sense of humor, pictorials and written material.

But when I read a *Feedback* letter, "Born-Again Asshole" by Kevin Reid Alt-house (#1601-74), in your September '84 issue, I could ask myself only one question: Why the fuck is a born-again, holier-than-thou Christian reading such a supposedly sinful magazine, even if he is in prison? Every good Christian I've ever met, male or female, would never touch a magazine like HUSTLER.

—Chrystal  
Phoenix, Arizona

*A person can read HUSTLER and still be a good Christian.*

#### HARSH CRITIC:

Dear Madam: Recently I was exposed (accidentally) to a copy of HUSTLER. I was shocked, amazed and embarrassed by its contents! Shame on girls and boys who expose their organs in such a gross and

ungodly manner! Sexual perversion such as this is a disgrace and makes a mockery of God's creation.

—Mrs. Emmett Sensabaugh  
Rockbridge Baths, Virginia

*Thanks for your totally ludicrous appraisal of HUSTLER Magazine. However, one thing puzzles us. Why did you open your letter with "Dear Madam"?*

#### BEAVER HUNT:

I've noticed that you still haven't featured a black girl in *Beaver Spotlight*. I'm black, and I look very good. For a while I've wanted to submit my picture, but I feel you'd overlook it for that of a white woman. You see, guys like black Beavers, and I would hate to send a picture in if it didn't even stand a chance of winning \$100.

—Heidi Thereasa Williams  
Hernandino Beach, Florida

*Send in your snapshot, and we'll take it from there, Heidi. If you've got the right stuff, you may be the girl we're looking for.*

As usual, there were plenty of nice women and informative articles in the September '84 HUSTLER. But while I was drooling over all the beautiful cunts in *Beaver Hunt*, I realized something was missing. A few of the written descriptions didn't mention the girls' hometowns. I was totally bewildered. After I get through salivating over the Beavers' luscious bodies, I like to see where they're from. I'm always hoping to find one from my area so that someday I might actually get to see her in person. Plus I like to compare and see which locales have the best lookers. How can you hunt Beavers if you don't know where they're from?

—Stanley H. Griffin  
Key West, Florida

*Like the little furry creatures, some Beavers play hard to get. Good hunting nevertheless!*

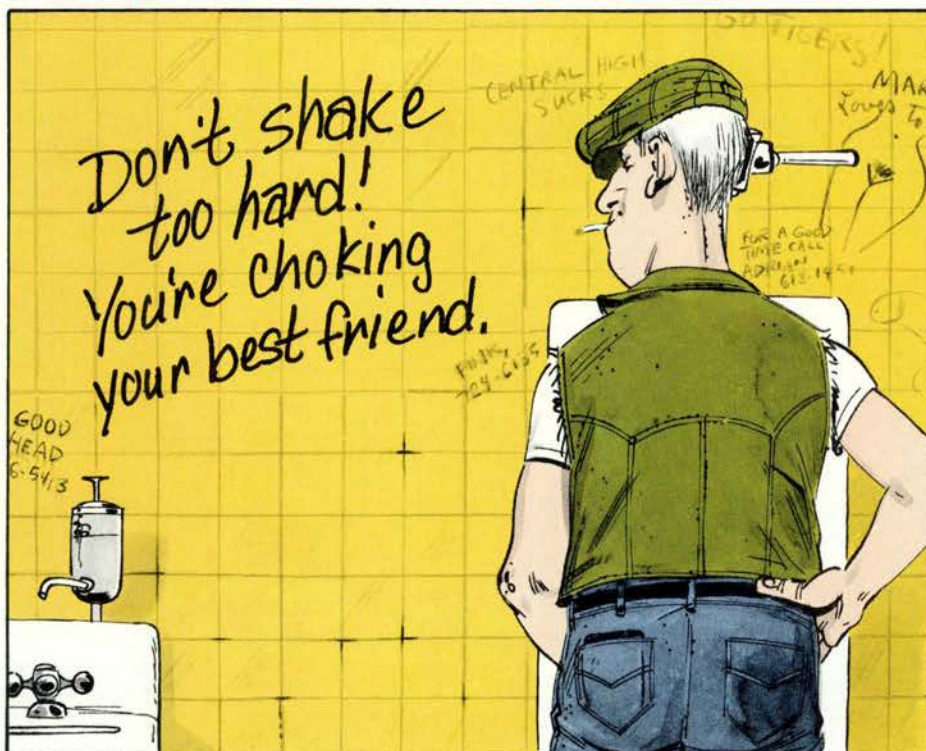
#### HUSTLER THERAPY

I'm writing this letter for all those assholes who read your magazine for one week and complain about it for the next three. HUSTLER doesn't provoke criminal sex acts. I'm 22 years old and haven't had any pussy for two years. Consequently, my thoughts about females have almost become unlawful. Just about the only thing that keeps me from doing what I'm thinking is HUSTLER. A little fantasy can go a long way. For one thing, it keeps me out of jail.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

*Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.*

# GRAFFITHTHY



THANK AND \$50 TO S.T., VAN NUYS, CA.

# WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN

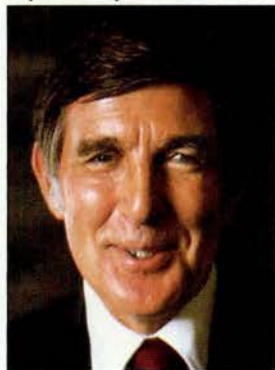
## Capital Capers

### Campaign-Trail Romances and How Kissinger's Bankroll Advances by Larry Flynt

National political campaigns have a strange way of bringing together wives and husbands who had previously been estranged. Witness Ted and Joan Kennedy's reconciliation four years ago and Gary and Lee Hart's earlier this year. As in the case of the Kennedys, such reunions usually dissolve after the spotlights are turned off.

But most of the campaign bedroom action goes on among the candidates' staffs and the press corps that covers the whole circus. According to veteran observers, all that life on the road, combined with the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat, makes for great sex. Which is why, in the wake of each big election, marriages all over Washington fall apart.

This year, because of the lengthy Democratic-primary process, most of the playing around was done by Democrats. Look for the marriage of a former candidate's press secretary to crumble because of a campaign-trail romance. One married *Washington Post* reporter spent weeks with his girlfriend on the West Coast while fil-



Morris Udall: His campaign was hit by a staffers sex scandal.

ing an occasional story for his wife's consumption back home. And at least two state-campaign coordinators for a certain Democratic hopeful were placed in their jobs to put them closer to their lovers.

Extracurricular romances can actually damage a campaign itself. During Democrat Morris Udall's bid for the Presidency in 1976, for example, one highly placed—and highly sexed—woman on his staff conducted simultaneous affairs with three men on the Udall team. The jealousy and infighting among the trio threw their underlings into disarray and, says one key staffer, lost Udall a couple of critical states during the primary season.



Ex-Congressman Daniel Flood: He was hooked on downers and painkillers prescribed by Navy medics.

For years our country's lawmakers have obtained free prescription drugs from a little-known outlet on Capitol Hill: the office of the Attending Physician to Congress. Staffed by Navy personnel, it supplies drugs virtually on demand. Who's going to say no to legislators who ask for a vial of painkillers?

One congressman—a bachelor who likes to escort models around Washington—has gotten drugs from the office for years to combat venereal disease. Another, former Representative Daniel Flood (D-Pennsylvania), received sleeping pills, tranquilizers and other painkillers from the Navy medics. After ten years Flood got hooked on the drugs, claim two court-appointed doctors who examined him when he was investigated in 1979 on bribery and perjury charges.

Three years ago Irwin Arieff, an enterprising Washington reporter with *Congressional Quarterly* magazine, filed a Freedom of Information Act request for a record of the drugs supplied by the office. He knew he wouldn't get the recipients' names—that would be a violation of privacy.

But Arieff's general request and a later lawsuit panicked Congress. Lawyers for the Senate and House argued that releasing even the list of drugs supplied might reveal what pharmaceuticals were given to members afflicted with obvious physical problems. Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker (R-Tennessee) threatened legislation to block release of the records.

Recently Arieff settled out of court for just a trickle of information. So now we know that between 1980 and mid-1983 the Navy admits to having spent at the very least approximately \$1,500 a year (wholesale) to supply the Attending Physician's office with

narcotics such as Demerol and morphine, as well as sleeping pills, tranquilizers and other controlled substances. And just so such unpleasant prying doesn't happen again, congressmen and senators now obtain their drugs from private suppliers instead of the Navy. Private companies are not subject to Freedom of Information Act requests.

\* \* \*

Financial-disclosure statements filed by Supreme Court members reveal that Justice Lewis Powell is the wealthiest, listing assets of \$2.6 million to \$5.6 million or more. Sandra Day O'Connor is the second richest, while the only black member, Thurgood Marshall, is at the bottom of the list. Marshall declared assets of between \$1,000 and \$5,000 in a savings account. It figures.

\* \* \*

Washington bureaucrats are upset over a recent cost-saving measure. Under new rules, federal office space per employee is being reduced from 168 square feet to 135 square feet. That's sacrifice, Potomac-style.

\* \* \*

Be careful to whom you speak about your personal finances. Under new regulations issued by the Internal Revenue Service, its agents can now assume a variety of disguises in order to conduct their investigations. With permission from the Washington office, IRS snoopers can pretend to be reporters, doctors, lawyers and even clergymen.

\* \* \*

Leave it to Henry Kissinger to figure out how to make a few more bucks from government service. Some fellow members of the National Bipartisan Commission on Central America—headed at Ronald Reagan's request



Henry Kissinger: He's now cashing in on the lecture circuit.

by Kissinger—are grumbling about how Henry is cashing in on his role. While others on the commission are making public appearances at no charge to tell of their findings, Kissinger is reportedly including his Central America spiel at stops along the lecture circuit for as much as \$20,000 a shot.

(For future *Washington Daisy Chain* columns, *HUSTLER* will pay \$1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by *HUSTLER*.)

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**'LONG HARD NIGHTS'**

**'WOMEN AT PLAY'**

**THE WOMAN WHO  
LOVED MEN**

HYAPATIA LEE'S  
**'BODY GIRLS'**

**'BLONDES LIKE IT HOT'**

HENRI PACHARD'S  
**'GIVE IT TO ME'**

# DEAR GRANNY

**G**ot a problem? You need some advice but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle—your girl and your best friend or your girlfriend and man's best friend—no problem! *Dear Granny* has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you—and probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe to: *Dear Granny*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

**DEAR GRANNY:** I'm a dominatrix, and my slave has been serving me loyally for nearly two years. He and I both desire his total domination by me—in every way. The other night, however, a good friend of mine, who is also a dominatrix, introduced me to a type of pleasure that I'd like to ask your opinion of before trying.

My friend tells me she has her slave begging for the extreme privilege of drinking her urine. And if he is completely obedient—without a whimper—she squats over him, pisses into his mouth and then orders him to swallow. She says that he loves it and that he's been drinking her pee for about a year.

I'd like to try this with my own slave. But is it safe for him to drink urine? —In Command  
New York, New York

*Dear In Command:* I'm sure your slave appreciates your concern. Besides, good help is hard to find these days. Some people insist that urine is actually sterile when it first comes out of the body and that urine drinking—for various purposes, including survival in mining accidents or the desert—has been going on for hundreds of years. But if the urinator has hepatitis or VD, you're in big trouble. To play it safe, I'd suggest more conventional thirst-quenchers like Gatorade or Dr Pepper.

**DEAR GRANNY:** My problem is that I'm not sure how to keep my boyfriend home and happy. You see, he's kind of sex crazy. Even though we've been together for four years, he still wants it at least once a night. But all the cooking, cleaning, running after our 16-month-old baby and taking care of my man keeps me home totally exhausted. Are there any vitamins, herbs or some other kinds of stimulants I could take to get my sex drive back in gear?

—Out of Tune  
Royal Oak, Michigan

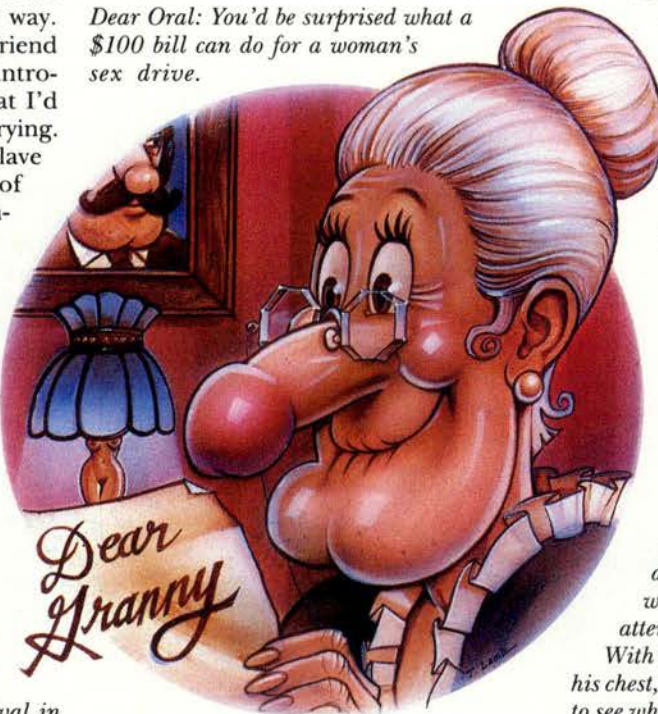
*Dear Out of Tune:* I'd prescribe something, but it sounds as if you've already got a real pill on your hands—your boyfriend. If he can't understand that you can't get it up sometimes, he doesn't seem to be very caring. If you insist on staying with him, honey, here's some ad-

vice: Exercise is the best way to gain extra energy. So twice a week make your boyfriend stay home with the kid at night while you take a trip to the local gym. It'll make you a better woman—and him a better man.

**DEAR GRANNY:** My girlfriend and I have been seeing each other for six years. The lady gives great head when she wants to, but she says she doesn't enjoy it, because my whole cock won't fit into her mouth. How can I talk her into sucking me off more often?

—Oral Fixation  
Fort Dodge, Iowa

*Dear Oral:* You'd be surprised what a \$100 bill can do for a woman's sex drive.



Honestly, dearie, I don't think your lady friend's being completely honest with you about her reasons for not wanting to blow you. She probably has some psychological aversion to sucking your cock; it could be that her mama always told her everything "down there" is dirty, and subconsciously she believes it. Or there may be other reasons. I'd try two things: First, tell her exactly what you want her to do and how, and encourage her by saying what a great job she's doing. Second, try 69ing it more often. Sometimes receiving can make giving a whole lot easier.

**DEAR GRANNY:** I need your advice about a matter I know you're an expert on—getting acquainted with members of the opposite sex. At my office there's a girl I've had a crush on for months. She's a woman of the '80s and has no problem talking about sex. But how do I ask her to go to bed with me? I've hinted around about it, but I don't think she gets the picture.

—Horny and Bashful  
Lindenwold, New Jersey

*Dear Horny:* Have you tried pointing at your crotch and grunting when your co-worker walks into the room? Actually, sex isn't always the best topic to open a conversation. Only the suavest guys can get away with a line like, "Hi, I'm Harry, and I've got a hard-on. Care to see it?" Try asking the young lady questions about her interests or her favorite movies before you start inquiring about her favorite bedroom positions. After all, you've got to get to know her as a human being before you can get to know her as a sexual being.

**DEAR GRANNY:** My husband and I have been married for a year and a half. Since I love him very much and we always indulge in a lot of foreplay before having sex, I'd like to know if there are any other ways of getting him hot besides just sucking and rubbing his cock. Also, after we have sex, I'm often very sore. Is there any way I can remedy this?

—Give Me More  
Mason City, Iowa

*Dear More:* As my Aunt Prissy used to say, "There's more to a man than just his cock." You should be paying attention to your hubby's entire body, not just his prick. For instance, men's nipples are actually even more sensitive than women's and deserve the same kind of attention that men pay to our breasts.

With your lips and fingers try exploring his chest, ears, buttocks, feet and anything else to see what turns him on the most. As for your problem with soreness, you might want to try using extra lubricant. Water-soluble types are best, and they can go a long way toward reducing friction between you and your mate so that neither of you becomes a sore loser.

**DEAR GRANNY:** Since I came back from overseas with a case of the drip (which was quickly treated), my wife has been operated on for a vaginal cyst. While I was overseas, I used to masturbate over your magazine all the time, sometimes once or twice a day. Could that be the reason my wife is having trouble getting pregnant? I'm afraid I might have wasted a lot of good sperm on HUSTLER, or given my wife the clap, which resulted in our infertility.

—Storkwatcher  
Goose Creek, South Carolina

*Dear Storkwatcher:* The cyst or the clap might be the culprit, but the only way you can find out for sure is to have your doctor do what's known as a "complete fertility workup" on both of you. Part of this test includes having

you jack off into a jar while reading your favorite men's magazine (although you might have to bring your own copy). So have a ball.

**DEAR GRANNY:** I'm a 25-year-old male who desperately needs your advice. When I was younger, my penis stood up straight and hard with barely any tilt to it at all. Lately, however, whenever I get a hard-on, the damn thing curves about 30° to the left. It still functions as well as ever, but I'm almost afraid to go to bed with a woman because of my slanted stick. What can I do to make my penis stand up straight and normal again—the way it used to?

—Bad Angle  
Gainesville, Florida

*Dear Bad Angle: Have you tried Popsicle sticks and rubber bands? How about plaster of Paris? Maybe you could have your pecker bronzed. Actually, sweetheart, yours isn't really a problem. All that's happened to your pud is that it's growing older. Most men start out as teenagers with a hard-on like a ram-rod, but it gradually sags over time along with the rest of them. So don't worry; it happens to the best of us. If you think you've got problems, you should see my tits.*

**DEAR GRANNY:** I am a 30-year-old woman with something that's been bothering me for more than 12 years. Whenever I have an orgasm, I get terrible

cramps in my upper legs and lower back. If I don't reach a climax during intercourse, though, I don't have any problem. Should this be checked out by a doctor?

—Cramping My Style  
Davenport, Iowa

*Dear Cramping: If I were you, I'd stop making love while standing on my head. But seriously, honey, my doctor friends tell me your complaint is very unusual, and you should see a gynecologist about it immediately. And the next time you have a problem like this, don't let it go for 12 years before telling someone about it.*

**DEAR GRANNY:** I am a well-built 33-year-old male with an unusually large, uncircumcised penis—about 9½ inches long when erect. With a few of my girlfriends I've found it necessary to put some device—like a cock ring—around the base of my prick while we're fucking. This keeps me from going too deep, which these women say can be painful. Is this a common problem among guys like me? And is there something else I could—or should—do to remedy it?

—Hung Up  
Long Beach, California

*Dear Hung: What problem? Get in a cab right now and come on over! So far you're doing everything right. As you've discovered, not all women are built to handle a stud like*

*you without denting their ovaries. And a cock ring sounds like an excellent way to take the pounding out of your porking. Keep up the good work, tiger!*

**DEAR GRANNY:** My girlfriend and I read your letters all the time, usually in bed over a bottle of champagne, and we love every one of them. At times the advice you've given to others has even helped us. Now we have a question. We've heard a lot about Kegel exercises and how they can really increase a man's staying power. What are they, and can they do more than just prolong intercourse?

—In Training  
Boston, Massachusetts

*Dear In Training: First, attach your Kegel to some weights . . . just kidding, honey. These exercises—named after Arnold Kegel, who developed them—are designed for both sexes and are a great way to increase women's potential for orgasm as well as men's staying power. The basic exercise involves stopping and starting the flow of urination several times whenever you pee. By doing this, you can get a feel for where your "PC" muscle is—that's the muscle that both controls the urine flow and your sexual sensitivity.*

*After you've been doing stop/start urination exercises for a few weeks, move on to the next stage. For women that means sitting in a chair with legs spread and clamping down on the PC muscle ten to 15 times in a row. For men it involves getting the penis erect, draping a handkerchief over it, using the same set of muscles and trying to bounce the handkerchief up and down. After doing these exercises once a day for two weeks, you'll see what a difference good training can make for the serious sexual athlete. If any of you studs can work up from a handkerchief to a beach towel, let me hear from you—pronto.*

**DEAR GRANNY:** I'm a 32-year-old man who just loves to eat pussy. In fact, I wouldn't dream of fucking a chick until she's come on my face. But I've always had this fear of eating out a lady with VD. After all, women, unlike men, don't have any visible symptoms when they've got the clap. So if I did eat a woman with gonorrhea or some other sexually transmitted disease, would I catch it? A nurse friend of mine says there's no way. Is she right?

—Picky Eater  
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

*Dear Picky: You sound like my kind of guy—a man who prefers women who taste good to women with good taste. So I'm sorry to pass along the bad news: You can contact VD from cunnilingus. If you get a sore throat that just won't go away, see a doctor. As for your friend the nurse, it's time for her to bone up on her medical facts—especially those involving boners.*



"Uh-oh! Looks like we're testing laxatives today!"

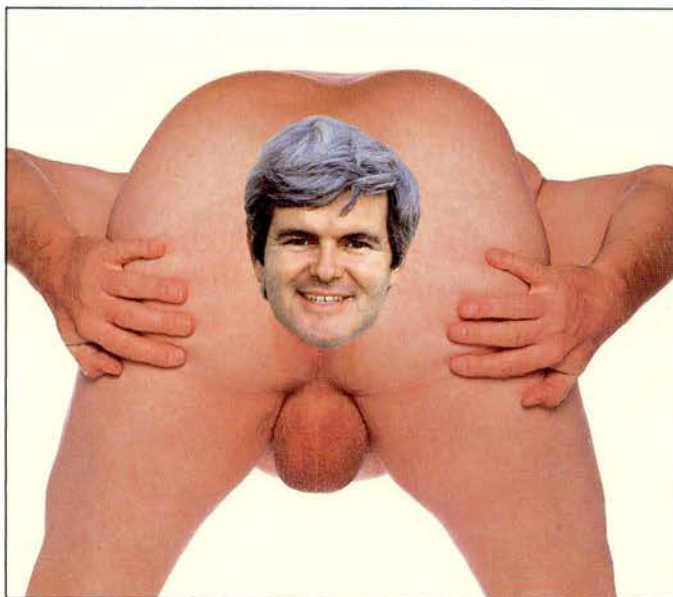


## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

At the Republican National Convention in Dallas last August a smooth-talking hit squad of arch-conservative fanatics seized control of the party's platform committee and rammed through several "planks" that could make a mockery of the American way of life. Ronald Reagan and his Bible-spouting stooge, the Reverend Jerry Falwell, beamed their approval over this slickly wrapped package of right-wing repression—a blueprint for economic enrichment of big corporations that will also greatly expand the government's authority over our private lives, stripping citizens of basic rights guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution. The man behind this ominous program is Congressman Newton Leroy Gingrich (R-Georgia), HUSTLER's December Asshole of the Month.

The Gingrich guidelines insist that prayer be made compulsory in public schools, defying our Founding Fathers' decision to separate Church and State. His manifesto prohibits anyone from becoming a judge who has not taken a strong public stand against abortion. It would force the 8 million Americans who are out of work—because of the Reagan Administration's shortsighted economic policies—to go back to school in order to qualify for the meager unemployment benefits that enable them to survive. Gingrich also intends to give hefty tax breaks to families that can afford to buy home computers—while offering no tax reductions for the millions of workers who must hold two or more jobs to put food on their tables.

### Newton Gingrich



But the cornerstone of the congressman's thinking underlines exactly what he is—a certifiable space cadet. Newt the Beaut is convinced that our economic salvation lies in outer space—which he wants to sell to the highest bidder. Auctioning off Mars or the moon may sound ridiculous, but Gingrich is serious.

"I sense a growing movement, the whole *Star Wars*, *Star Trek*, *Empire Strikes Back* thing," he says. "There is a much bigger future for space than most politicians think."

A former history professor at obscure West Georgia College, this bumbling Baptist served as Nelson (Trilateral Commission) Rockefeller's Georgia campaign chairman

in 1968 and was later twice defeated before being elected to Congress in 1978. The behind-the-scenes factors that helped him win are a matter of conjecture. Larry Flynt believes this "hitman" of the New Right earned numerous Brownie points by helping to finance the headline-making attempt on his life. Whether that opinion is true or not, Gingrich's political fortunes have escalated ever since. So have his hawkish stands on key issues, such as voting for the MX-missile system and doing everything in his power to undermine the proposed nuclear moratorium—a decision that could lead to global devastation.

Gingrich cloaks his fuzzy philosophy in the folds of the American flag. He claims to be staunchly anti-Communist and suggests that those who disagree with him are enemy sympathizers. Gingrich insists that he and his fat-cat friends, who call themselves the Conservative Opportunity Society, are dedicated to "helping America's poor" through free enterprise and the miracle of high technology. But this Asshole isn't selling progress; he's just peddling the same old Reagan bullshit in a new package.

Rather than deliver his muddled message before the House of Representatives—which would have given him limited (if any) attention—he chose to take advantage of C-SPAN cable TV. This service permits members of Congress to speak for the record without being interrupted after fellow legislators have gone home.

Night after night he rambled on before the empty legislative chamber and a single C-SPAN camera—trying to create the illusion that he had the rapt attention of his fellow lawmakers. That deceit ended when Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill had the camera turned around to show that Gingrich had no other listeners. "It is the lowest thing I have ever seen in my 32 years in Congress," O'Neill scolded.

The real danger of repressive fanatics such as Gingrich is that they never willingly vanish from the public eye. They must be driven out by the harsh light of truth. Gingrich's perverted program to undermine democracy is Reagan's new four-year plan for America. Don't say we didn't warn you.

## FARTS IN THE WIND

While Congressman Newton Gingrich took top "honors" this month, other individuals are worthy of recognition on this page. They are December's Farts in the Wind.

Manatee County, Florida's controversial Sheriff **THOMAS BURTON** has been accused of receiving an illegal campaign contribution and of using possibly unau-

thorized funds to purchase computer equipment. But what really pisses us off is "Bad News" Burton's harassment of the adult-entertainment industry. Local commissioners have given him far-reaching power to issue licenses to adult-book stores, massage parlors and X-rated-movie theaters and to police the establishments. One typical proviso re-

quires stores to pay a \$2,000 licensing fee to sell adult magazines.

The Reverend **DONALD WILDMON**, our November 1978 Asshole of the Month, has launched a campaign to pressure Memphis Cablevision to drop the Playboy Channel, which offers adult programming. But the cable company says it will refuse to comply because the Playboy Channel is an optional service and has a lockout device to prevent view-

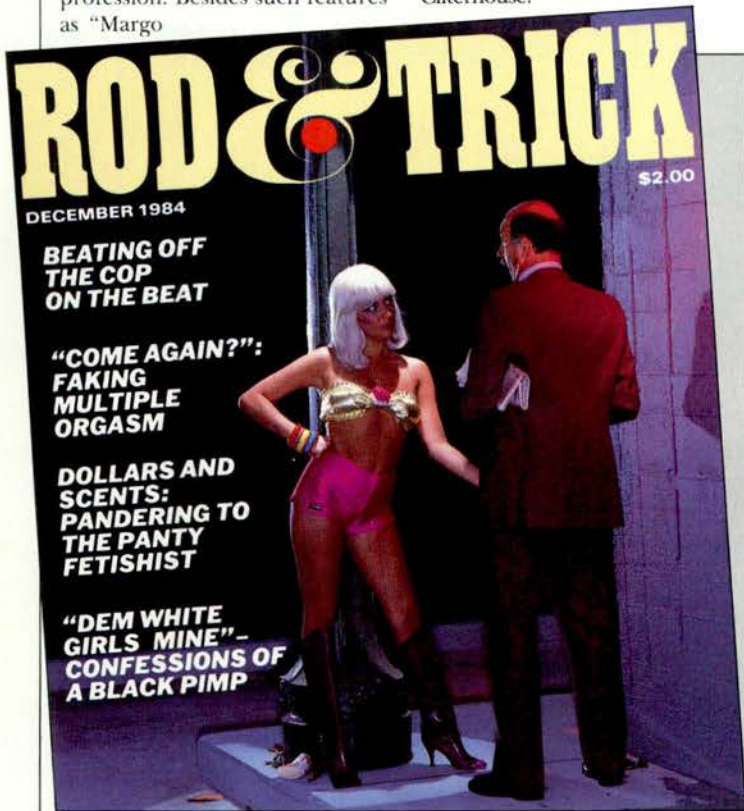
ing by children. Wildmon has accused Cablevision and Playboy of "feeding perverted minds."

Bowing to Wildmon's pickets, the **SOUTHLAND CORPORATION** has removed a number of men's magazines—including HUSTLER—from its company-owned 7-Eleven stores for a 90-day trial period. Regrettably, Southland doesn't have the courage—or the balls—of Memphis Cablevision.

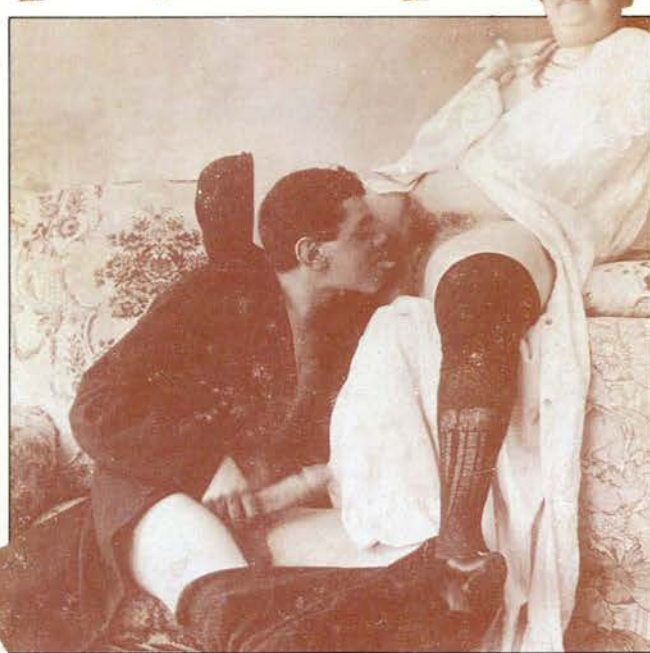
## Hot Copy

**W**e predict big success and bulging profits for *Rod & Trick*, a new magazine devoted to the world's oldest profession. Besides such features as "Margo

St. James: The Whore's Whore" and a look at paraplegic hookers, it boasts a can't-miss promotional campaign. The first issue is delivered personally by Subscription Fulfillment Manager, Lucy "38DD" Cliterhouse.



## Porn From the Past



**W**e don't believe it for a minute, but one of our editors swears that this woman in the throes of ecstasy is the mother of radical feminist Andrea Dworkin. He's also positive that the guy performing "Babaloo" on Mama's drums while keeping time with his stick is Robby "the Rock"

Ricardo—a distant relative of *I Love Lucy's* Ricky. Understandably, we gave that editor the day off to watch *Leave It to Beaver* reruns. If you have some great old porn that's hard to beat, mail it right away to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

## Go With the Flow

**I**s your old lady confused by all the ads on TV? Not sure whether to douche with vinegar or Pepto-Bismol? Unable to find the right pad for her monthlies? Why not clue her in to the convenience shop for all her feminine needs—Maxi Stop. This place has everything from the finest silk-lined protection to burlap disposables, in sizes ranging from petite junior to extra-super jumbo.

Need something that expresses your lady's individual personality? Maxi's douche boutique features every aroma from mint to tuna. So when your woman's "friend" comes for a visit, send her to the place that takes the drag out of being on the rag: Maxi Stop, the definitive feminine-hygiene store—period.



2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

December 1984

## LOSING HIS HEAD

Milan, Italy—According to reports in the newspaper *Corriere della Sera*, a treasured relic known as the Holy Foreskin of Our Lord has been stolen. The Virgin Mary allegedly gave the foreskin, stored in a vase filled with oil, to Mary Magdalene. Seven centuries later Charlemagne

supposedly presented it to Pope Leo III, and for the past several hundred years it has rested in a church in the town of Calcata. Attendants at the church recently went to check on the Savior's lost youth and found it gone. Obviously, this thief was a cut above the rest.



Illustration by Steve Sterling

## Rx: Sex

Stoke-on-Trent, England—Dr. Pravin Shah prescribed a curious cure for one housewife's depression brought on by the sorry state of her marriage. He recommended more sex—with him, in regular doses. The resulting affair went on for 16 months—until she blew the whistle to the General Medical Council. After Shah admitted to serious professional misconduct, the council decided to let him off with a "stern warning." As for the woman's original problem, she's pursuing another cure—divorce.

## Be Prepared

Dowagiac, MI—Carl Biek had the misfortune to live out in the sticks too long without women and was arrested for it. The 52-year-old scout leader received a nine-month sentence for paying boys to wear chains, metal collars and belts. If Biek had lived in the big bad city, none of this would have happened; there they do that kind of thing for free.

## Rubbed the Wrong Way

New Brunswick, Ontario, Canada—Judge C. Blake Lynch said he would have liked to deal out

harsher justice to Patrick Burns, who was convicted of throwing a 16-year-old girl to the ground and massaging her breasts. But touching an unwilling woman's breasts is technically not sexual assault, because breasts are not sexual organs, only secondary sexual characteristics—on a par with a man's beard. Thus, Judge Lynch had to restrict his sentence to 30 days for common assault. What an assailant might receive for stroking an unwilling man's beard is anybody's guess.

## Big Foot in Mouth?

Lhasa, Tibet—The latest reported sighting of an "Abominable Snowwoman" was a hairy experience for one young Tibetan, claim Chinese anthropologists Chen Naiwen and Zhag Guoying. They report that the man awoke on a recent morning to find he was sharing his Himalayan mountain cabin with a large hairy female creature who apparently had the hots for him. The idea of sex with her seemed pretty abominable; so the guy and a friend tied her up. He went back to sleep, but when he awoke again, she was gone. The lady apparently wasn't into bondage.

## LIBERAL EDUCATION

Montpelier, VT—James Cunningham, former guidance counselor at a Roman Catholic educational institution, is seeking applicants for the country's first nudist school. "I'm a traditional Catholic," says Cunningham, who for some reason believes that nudism promotes chastity. He sees the school as a latter-day Garden of Eden, but we think it'll take a saint to keep his mind on schoolwork when a pair of gorgeous gazongas go bouncing by. Good luck with the curriculum.



Illustration by Bill Allen

## Do You Take This Man ... ?

Little Rock, AR—Some folks say that living together before marriage can help a couple decide if they're really right for each other. But there are still some things you never find out until you tie the knot. Thirty-eight-year-old Claudia Jane Hawley says she shared an apartment with S. J. Elliott for a month and a half before they married, but it wasn't

until after the wedding that she learned Elliott was actually a lady, not a man. Elliott has a beard, due to some chromosome problem; so that makes the confusion a bit more understandable, but *still*. . . . A judge denied the divorce petition on the grounds that two people of more or less the same sex cannot be legally married under Arkansas law in the first place. Hawley was granted an annulment.



Illustration by Francisco Jue

## GOING DOWN

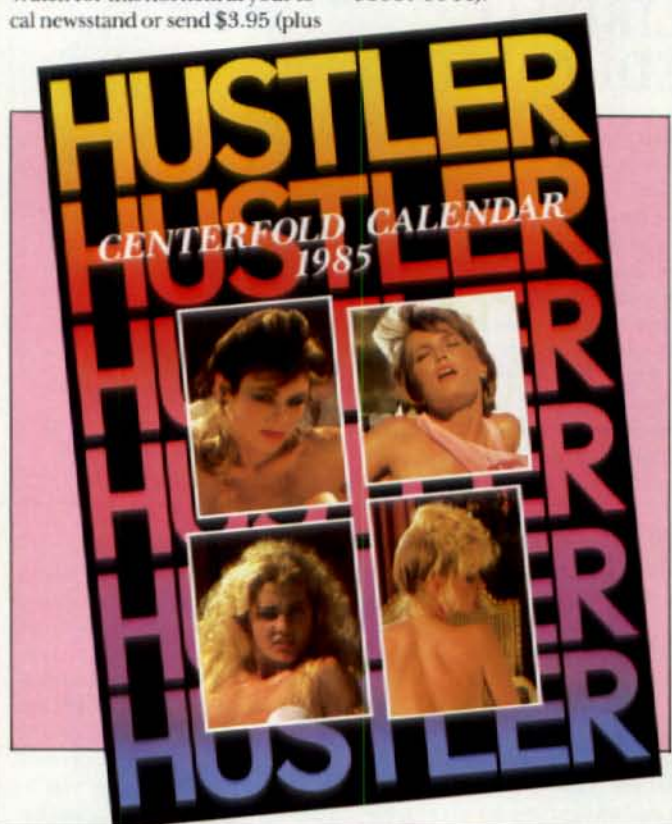
Atlanta, GA—Nineteen-year-old Tammie Diedrich and 27-year-old Charles Shelton were doing what came naturally—and without any clothes on—in an elevator of the Westin Peachtree Plaza

Hotel. Unfortunately, theirs was a less-than-private rendezvous. The elevator was glass-enclosed and ran outside the building. They came down with a thud—to charges of public indecency.

## Counting the Daze

It's time once again to hang up your annual HUSTLER CENTERFOLD CALENDAR. Watch for this hot item at your local newsstand or send \$3.95 (plus

\$1 postage and handling) to Flynt Subscription Company Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).



## Huh-Huh-Lelujah

Ever wonder who sings those stupid jingles on TV commercials? Well, here they are—the Moron Tabernacle Choir! Recruited from the vast herds of imbeciles that roam rural Utah, the choir has recently been touring the country demonstrating its incredible ability to drool in four-part harmony. These salivating geeks sing such favorite tunes as “Amazing Grease,” “Moonie River” and

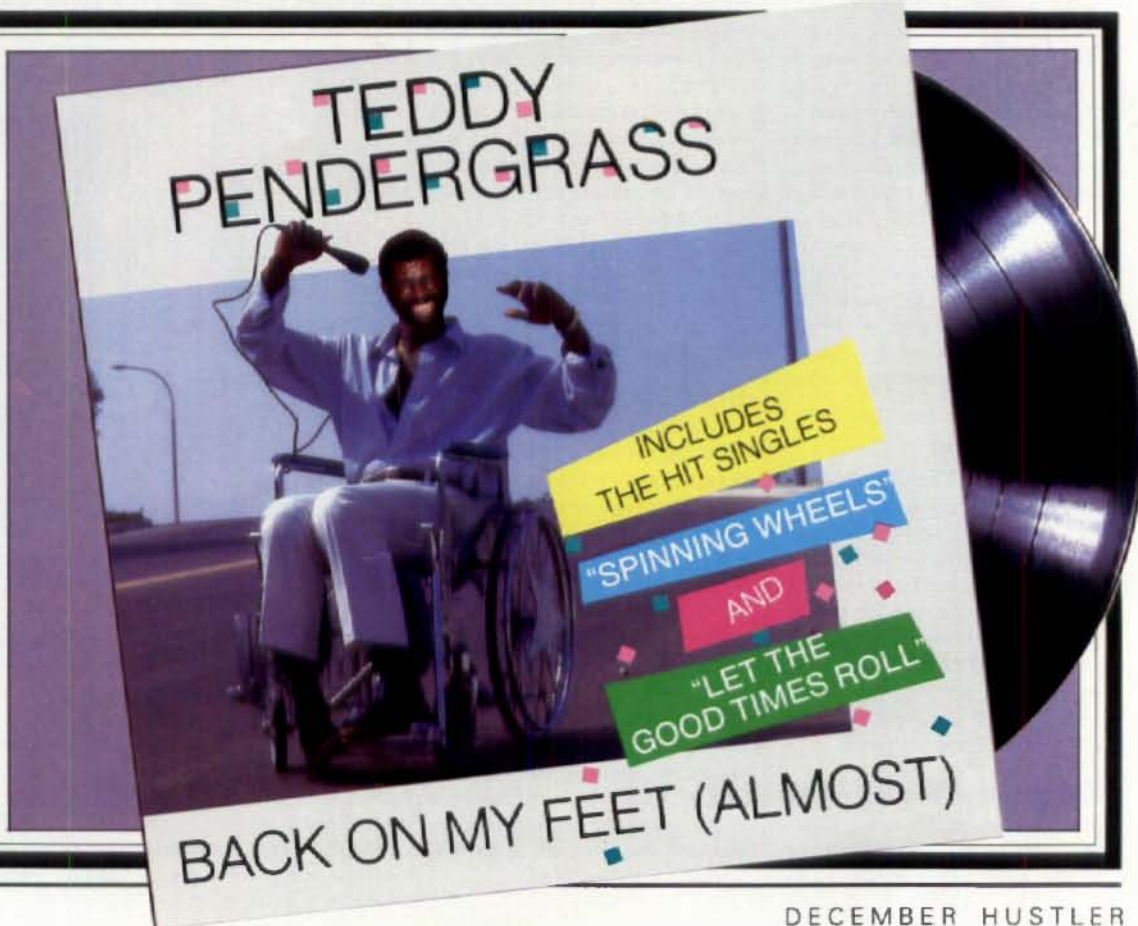
“Take Me Out to the Brawl Game.”

Dressed in their Big Mac-stained robes, the air-headed virtuosos are quite a sight to see. One usually reliable source insists that the MTC is scheduled to perform in Washington, D.C., during a reunion honoring lame-brain ex-Administration appointees ranging from James Watt to Ann Burford. It's billed as a meeting of the mindless.

## Life in the Slow Lane

You just can't keep a good man down. On his latest record album, crippled-for-life singer Teddy Pendergrass croons some hot tunes that are guaranteed to make you weak in the knees. Among the smash hits on this blockbuster album are the soul man's unforgettable renditions of “Someday, Wheel Be Together,” “You'll Never Walk (Alone)” and the swinging new toe-tapper, “Who Threw Those Rib Bones in Front of My Rolls?”

Pick up this fantastic LP today and give Teddy's latest collection of songs a spin. The critics say it deserves a sitting ovation.



# HUSTLER'S Christmas

## GIFT GUIDE

Christmas shopping time is here again, and that can only mean one thing: HUSTLER's annual gift guide. So if you've been searching department-store aisles in aimless pursuit of that perfect something for that special someone—and are still empty-handed—fear not. Our one-of-a-kind trinkets will restore your faith in free enterprise and allow you to beat more than the Yuletide rush.



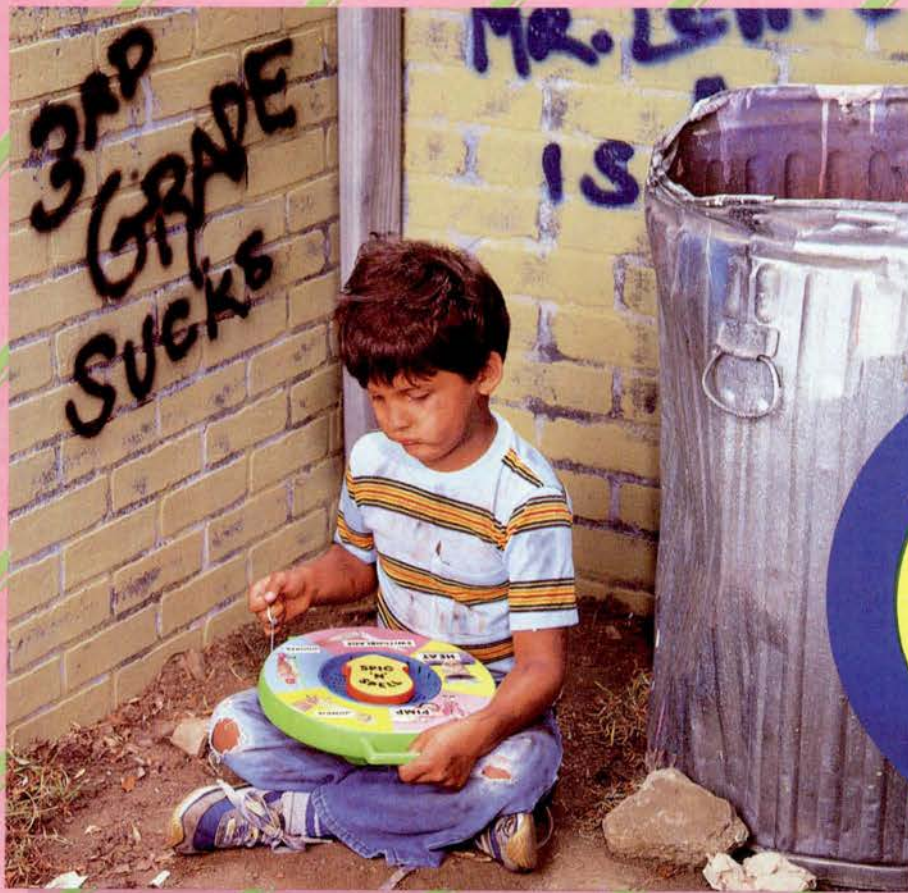
### EROTIC TELEPHONES

Looking for a present that makes a statement? Check out this new line of sexually explicit telephones. There's the Tittie-Touch Phone in sizes A to DD, and the two Hard-Cock models—your choice of either the reclining or the special Standup versions. The Penis Phones "come" in a variety of colors—black is \$10 more—with a choice of either a circumcised or an uncircumcised mouthpiece. Just pick one up at your local phone mart—and let your fingers do the walking.

Concepts and text by Lonny M. Friend and Mark Zaslove.

Design and Construction by Ralph Fowler and Ken DeMartines.

Photography by Ladi von Jansky.



### SPIC 'n' SPELL

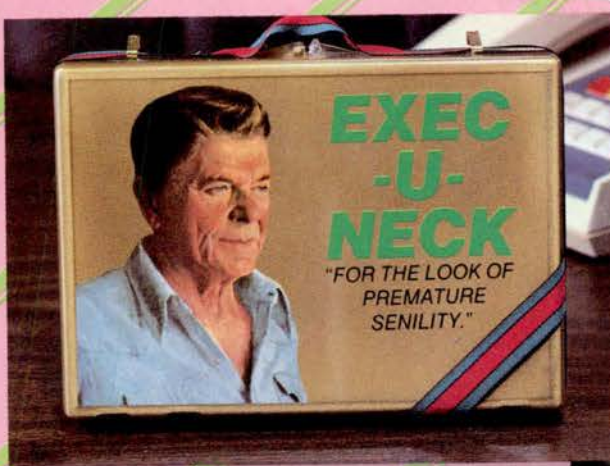
Here's the ideal learning device for the street-wise kid. It teaches your child such useful words as *pimp*, *junkie*, *hooker*—building a powerful vocabulary to help him get ahead in the big bad world. And it comes with interchangeable tapes for Mexican, Central American or Puerto Rican accents. Spic 'n' Spell is the one gift he'll play with more than himself.



### SUICIDE PACK

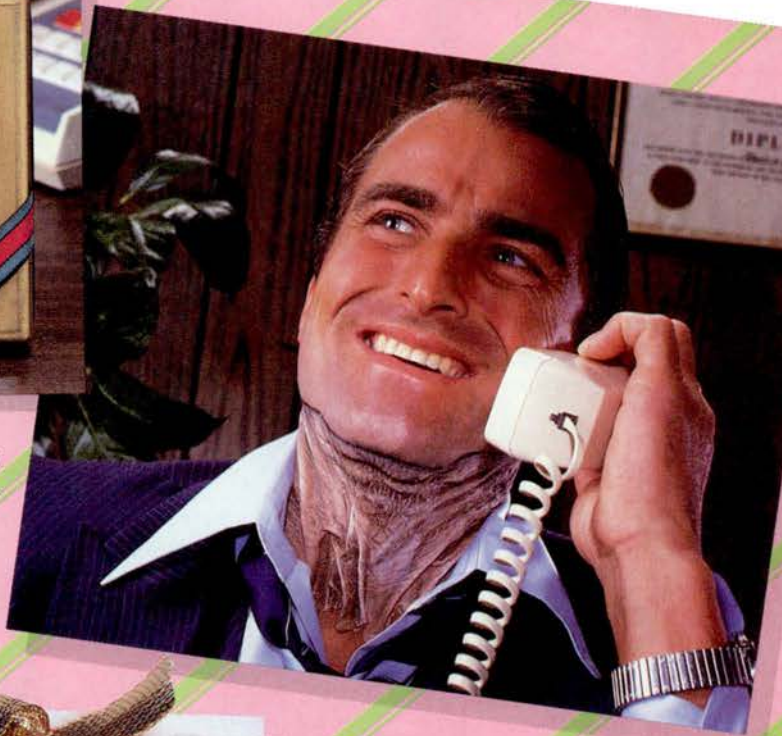
Statistics report that more people try to do away with themselves during the Yuletide holidays than at any other time of the year. So here's a killer of a Christmas gift—the Suicide Pack. It comes complete with a holly-wreathed noose in Rudolf red, six platinum razor blades, a lethal supply of Valium and Demerol, a .38 special with decorative handle and dum-dum bullets, a "Goodbye Cruel World" notepad, a personalized "Last Will and Testament" and the *Abridged Dictionary of Guilt-Laying Phrases*. It's obviously the last word in thoughtful presents.





### EXEC-U-NECK

For the up-and-coming young executive, how about a latex neck molded just like Ronald Reagan's? This ingenious iguanaskin gift item has snaps in the back for easy attachment. Put it on and feel that extra surge of confidence that you get from knowing you look like the commander in chief.



### HUSTLER'S DESIGNER CONDOM

Looking for the perfect gift for the man who has everything—including a huge schlong? Why not get your loved one HUSTLER's custom rubbers, fitted to the exact specifications of his dork. Each individual prophylactic is signed personally by Larry Flynt and has a moneyback guarantee—one year or 1,000 fucks, whichever comes first. Remember: Nothing comes between you and your "Larry's"—except cum.

### LA MACHINE GUN

So you live in a rough neighborhood but still have a taste for the finer things in life? Here's the newest appliance for the trend-conscious homemaker. La Machine Gun tenderizes a side of beef (or a human torso) in seconds. It slices, dices and juliennes pesky rats and cockroaches with ease. Great for disciplining the kids and hubby. It's an offer you just can't refuse.



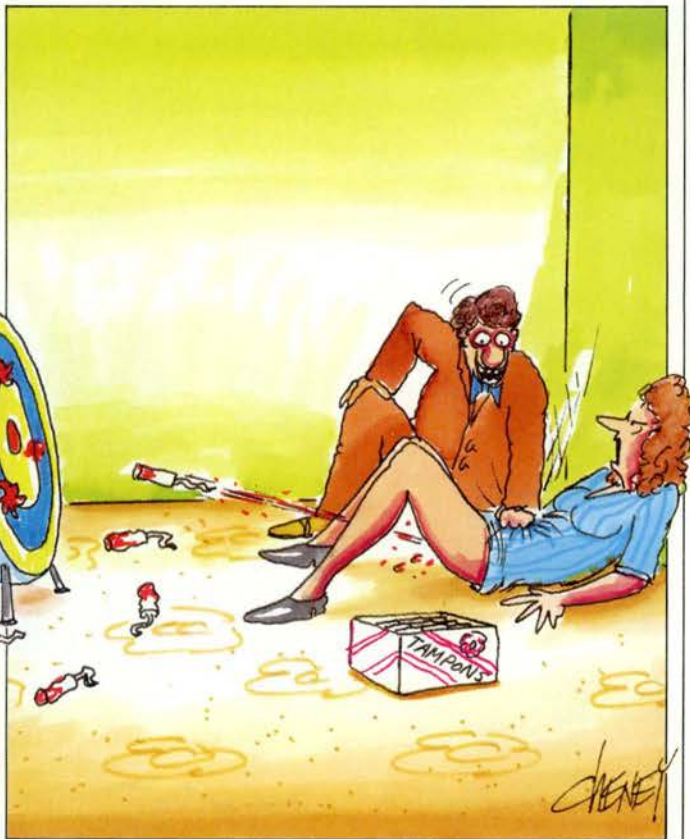
# Nine Years Ago In HUSTLER



In January '76 Larry Flynt used this photo in launching a hard-hitting campaign to redefine the word *obscene*. Later he distributed a booklet titled *The Real Obscenity: War*, which caused a stir all the way to the

White House. Yet the U.S. continues to involve itself in armed skirmishes from Lebanon to Grenada to El Salvador. We still feel now as we did back then. Senseless death and pain are obscene—not love and pleasure.

## Most Tasteless Cartoon



"This really isn't my idea of a fun date, Howard!"

## No-Pest Earrings

At your next party why not knock 'em dead—flying insects, that is—with these chic new No-Pest Earrings? Besides being practical and a versatile fashion accessory, they're

also economical: One pair lasts up to six months. So make sure that the only things giving you a buzz this Christmas are drugs and alcohol. Fifty million houseflies can't be wrong.



## HUSTLER Update

WALT  
PLANKINTON  
February '80

Our interview with the owner of Nevada's infamous "Chicken Ranch" revealed Walt Plankinton as an honest man who ran a whorehouse with the feisty integrity and dedication of the hard-working Bible Belt farmer he had once been. Operating out of trailers in Nye County, Nevada, Plankinton and the ranch were under constant attack by local bluenoses, ambitious politicians and rival brothel owners. Death threats, assaults and an arsonist's fire couldn't intimidate him. He continued to operate a clean, successful enterprise until his death last August. He will be mourned by thousands of satisfied customers.



AMERICA'S 10  
WORST CON-  
GRESSMEN  
November '80

Our exposé of these poor excuses for legislators supplied detailed examples of their corruption, hypocrisy and abuse of power. We're happy to report that six of them are no longer in office. Three of the four who remain—Senators Tom Bevill of Alabama, Jamie Whitten of Mississippi and Jesse Helms of North Carolina (who was named November's Asshole of the Month) are up for reelection this year. Louisiana Senator Russell Long's term doesn't expire until 1986. All of these survivors are still up to their old tricks. We hope to do a sequel in the very near future: *America's 10 Worst Ex-Congressmen*.



## Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted *Bits and Pieces* item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For December, \$150 goes to Larry C. MacIntire. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.



# FACE-LIFT



Under wraps for two years, the Statue of Liberty is getting a massive overhaul. What will she look like at her long-awaited 1986 unveiling? If the President is reelected in November, our guess is . . . Nancy Reagan. With White House china in one hand and copies of *Vogue* and *Town & Country* in the other, we suspect the new First Lady of the Harbor will greet hopeful immigrants with the words: "Don't Give Me Your Poor, Your Tired, Your Hungry . . . We Don't Want Them." All those homeless refugees will just have to do their yearning elsewhere.



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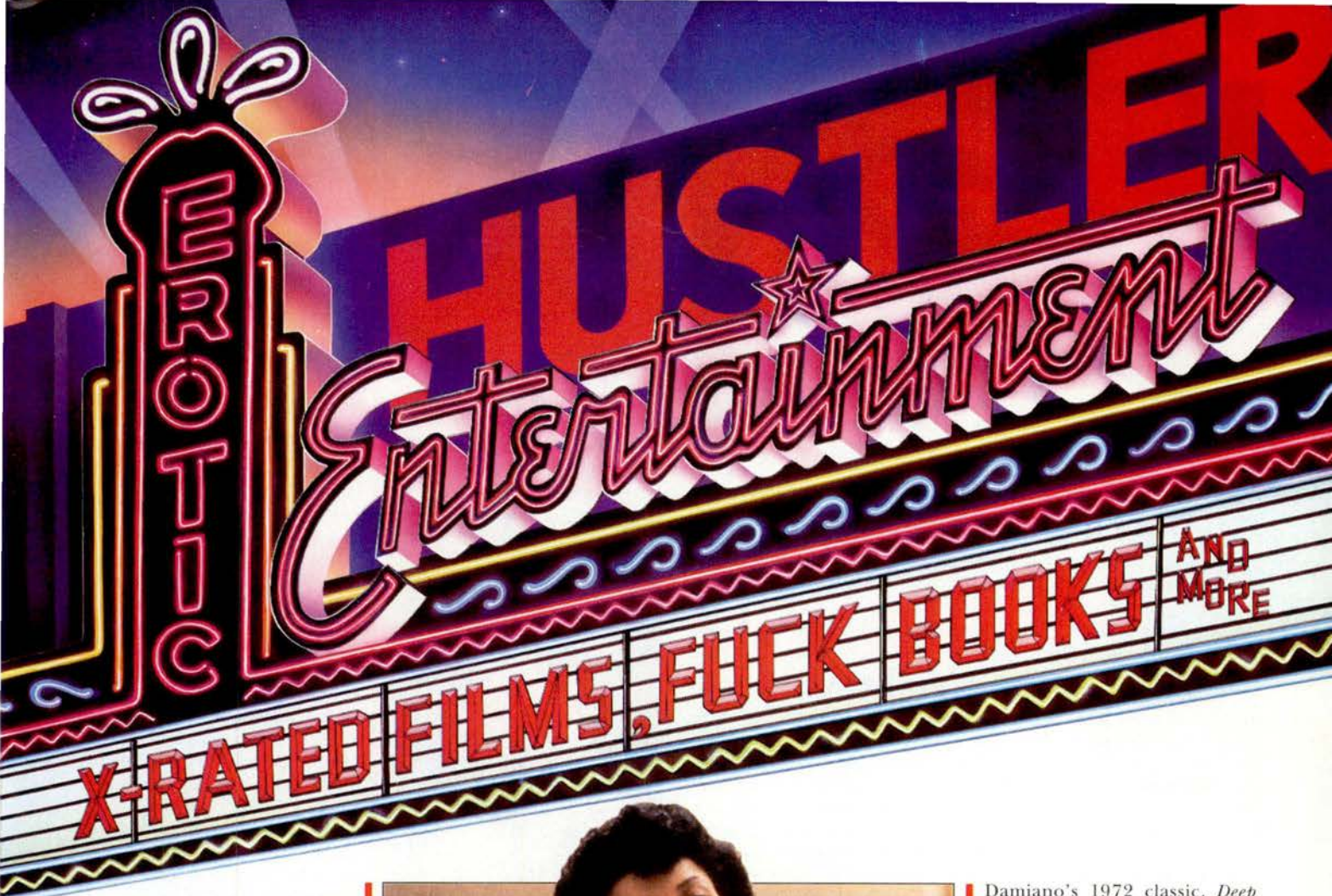
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## X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

### Throat... 12 Years After

*Three-Quarters Erect*. Produced, written and directed by Gerard Damiano; starring Sharon Kane, Eric Edwards, Jerry Butler, Sharon Mitchell, George Payne, Joey Silvera, Joanna Storm, Michelle Maren and Dan Stephens. Running time: 85 minutes.

This is not a sequel to Gerard



In 'Throat,' horny housewife Michelle Maren learns how to keep her hubby happy.

Damiano's 1972 classic, *Deep Throat*; so don't expect to see Linda Lovelace or Harry Reems sucking and fucking their way across the screen. Do expect to see some scorching, imaginative sex scenes by some of porn's most accomplished performers. This masterfully filmed production not only reflects our society's sexual awakening during the past 12 years, it's a testament to the refinements—in story, acting and production values—we've come to expect in hard-core films in the time since *Deep Throat*.

The story explores the relationships of two couples. The first has a traditional marriage—one in which the partners (Michelle Maren and George Payne) go behind each other's backs for the sexual excitement missing at home. The second couple (Sharon Kane and Joey Silvera) has quite a different marriage. They have sex with other partners but openly discuss their current affairs.

Within this framework we're treated to some truly believable and extremely erotic sex sequences. Nervous with his first hooker, Payne gets a blowjob beyond his wildest dreams from Sharon Mitchell. This almost-



'Throat': Sharon Kane provides the thrills George Payne is seeking away from home.

tender encounter is in direct contrast to the steamy fuck between Kane, hardened to the world of paid sex, and a male prostitute (Jerry Butler). "Don't you dare come yet!" she commands him.

The incredible finale, a veritable sex carnival, takes place in the Sewer—a sleazy sex club patronized by Silvera. Director Damiano has provided something for all tastes: leather and latex, bondage, oral, anal, genital and group sex. He's even tossed in a remarkable gent who fucks a bimbo with his balls (made stiff by wrapping a leather cord around his scrotum) while beating his meat outside her snatch.

The major flaw in this film is an extended stretch of ho-hum dialogue between housewife Maren and her mother, followed by another boring interlude between Maren and Eric Edwards—playing a power-company meter reader who has more advice than *Dear Abby*. After what seems like an eternity, Edwards finally breaks the monotony by giving Maren some firsthand (and first-class) personal instruction on how to



Joanna Storm has the situation well in hand in 'Throat... 12 Years After.'

please her hubby in the sack.

Other than the long dry spell, *Throat* is well paced and chock full of sex—a real credit to the man whose genius put Linda Lovelace's clit in her throat. —D.O.



## Night Magic

*Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Adam Tarasiacus; written by Michael Leonetti; directed by Bob Loving; starring Stephanie Taylor, Honey Wilder, Lisa DeLeeuw, Eric Edwards, Paul Thomas and Tom Byron. Running time: 85 minutes.*

*Night Magic* is a solid fuck film that features hot stars and plenty of crotch-burning action. Although the picture relies on the overworked device of introducing the sex scenes as fantasies of its characters, nearly any excuse to see prick-pleasing porn starlet Stephanie Taylor in action is okay by us. (Taylor also uses the name Laurie Smith, in case you're already a fan and want to catch her again.)

The plot is very simple: Three couples take off in an RV for a weekend in a mountain cabin. While on the road each person entertains a sex fantasy inspired by thoughts of the coming weekend. Paul Thomas's fantasy places him and Taylor in front of a roaring fire for an erotic romp on the rug. Full-bodied Lisa DeLeeuw (the redheaded Jane Russell of porn) imagines herself in a steamy lesbian encounter with muff maniac Honey Wilder. And boyish Tom Byron dreams of soaping up in the shower with all three willing women.

The final fantasy is Taylor's—and it's a knockout. She imagines herself directing her companions in a feverish, down-and-dirty orgy. Of course, she joins in, and when she does, her luscious body

gets probed, prodded, poked and penetrated by a dazzling combination of cocks, tongues and fingers. After watching this superhot sixway, there won't be a dry lap in the house.

Trivia note: *Night Magic* is the first porn film to feature a scene from William Shakespeare (with a boost from scriptwriter Michael Leonetti). Edwards and DeLeeuw take part in a short, spicy, innuendo-filled segment of *The Taming of the Shrew*—ending it with a juicy suckoff. If you're not into Shakespeare, don't worry. Edwards and DeLeeuw are into each other quick enough, and any limpness caused by their



Luscious Stephanie Taylor gets a licking from Paul Thomas in 'Night Magic.'

fucking with the classics will be hardened up as soon as they start devouring each other. —D.O.



## Inflamed

*Half Erect. Produced, written and directed by Lawrence T. Cole; star-*

*ring Misty, Billy Dee, Nick Niter, Jon Martin, Dan T. Mann, Lynx Canon, Debbie Green, Rene Tiffany, Blair Harris, John Younger, Don Fernando, Jesse Adam and Sharon Regis. Running time: 85 minutes.*

Take some bickering between the "voices of Good and Evil." Add Satania, a femme fatale with a weakness for turning up in people's living rooms wearing outlandish costumes. Throw in a flame-engulfed rock in a smoke-filled cave and a silver goblet full of cum. What do you have? *Inflamed*, one of the silliest porn epics to find its way to celluloid in many a blue moon.

The central character is the "irresistible" Satania (played by Misty, a shapely fuck machine who, like Bridgette Monet, still hasn't learned that just having a great body is *not* enough). Her mission, as a sort of apprentice she-devil, is to gather souls for her master, the Evil One. Apparently, it's easy work. After watching Satania bump and grind in a manner only slightly more alluring than a bored topless dancer whose go-go has long gone, her victims unhesitatingly offer their souls. (The price may sound steep, but no cost is too high to get Misty to stop dancing.)

What she actually collects is jizz, which she takes back to her cave and pours over the flames. In return for these gifts, Satania gets to writhe around on the flame-shrouded rock-like a woman whose vibrator is on overdrive—while her invisible master penetrates her. After a little more practice on mere mortals, she easily wins the soul of Jesse Adam (representing "Good") but makes the Evil One pay dearly for it. Dissatisfied with rolling on the



'Inflamed': Misty and friend warm up before loosing their charms upon helpless mortals.



Irresistible Misty fucks her head off to win Jesse Adam's soul in 'Inflamed.'

rock with an unseen lover, she insists that he come to her in human form. And he does—to his everlasting regret. Even the Evil One is no match for the fatal charms of Satania, who collects his "soul" in her goblet and robs him of his power. The film closes with "Queen" Satania laughing maniacally . . . the type of ending that usually means only one thing these days: a sequel. Heaven forbid.

As ridiculous as its story is, *Inflamed* does have some good hard-core action—as should any production of Lawrence T. Cole, a master of cum-drenched sex loops. There is some juicy pussy-munching by Jon Martin in the first segment, and in the showdown between Good and Evil, Misty appropriately fucks Adam like a woman possessed. Otherwise the only thing that distinguishes the sexual episodes is their duration. Cole has structured the hard-action scenes so that they last long enough for you to get it up, get it out and get off—provided that you're not stunned into limpland by the dialogue and acting.

—D.O.

## Sexdance Fever

*Half Erect.* Produced by Alex Robbins and Gary Anthony; written by Peter Gaines; directed by Alex Robbins; starring Eric Edwards, Pam Anderson, Ron Jeremy, Jesse Adam, Desiree Lane, Herschel Savage, Tara Aire, Tina Teresa, Toni Renee, Phil Moore, Tanya Lawson, Mark Wallace, Diva and Cara Lott. Running time: 90 minutes.

*Sexdance Fever* (which will be released on videocassette as

*Fleshdance Fever*) is the latest X-rater inspired by the mainstream movie *Flashdance*. Let's hope it's the last. It's possible, of course, for the burned-out *Flashdance* theme to be rekindled; but this production doesn't do it. *Sexdance* suffers from a stupid script, and the quality of the photography, editing, acting and sex is uneven. Still, despite these major flaws, the film does have good moments and manages to please as well as tease.

The teasing takes place onstage at the Green Panther, a bar that features exotic and erotic dancers for its patrons' titillation. Of all the girls who grace the stage, the biggest tease is Toni Renee, who plays Lupe LaCola, a fiery Latin-bombshell type who also happens to be the nightclub's biggest bitch. Renee's claim to fame is a pair of tits so crammed with silicone, they resemble cast-iron grapefruits—and so firm they wouldn't wiggle in a windstorm. She does no hard-core (her sex scene with Herschel Savage is apparently faked), but her bosom-baring stage routine is almost worth the price of admission—if only to marvel at her gravity-defying bazongas.

Offstage the performers and staff combine their sexual talents for some pecker-popping encounters. Insatiable porn cupcake Desiree Lane first screws club owner Ron Jeremy, then takes on bartender Savage in a fuck scene that nearly steams over the camera lens. Another guaranteed rod-stiffener is provided by newcomer Diva, who

sucks Savage dry while being boffed by emcee Jesse Adam.

Threading through this story of nightclub life is a sappy love affair between the wardrobe girl (Pam Anderson) and club deejay Eric Edwards that is more stomach-wrenching than heart-warming. Even their sex scenes barely relieve the tedium of their dull romance. And the phony ending where mousy Anderson saves the indisposed LaCola's job by donning a mask and going onstage as "the Bombshell" is too ridiculous.



Latin bombshell Lupe LaCola (Toni Renee) busts out in 'Sexdance Fever.'

All in all, *Sexdance Fever* is a moderately arousing and amusing film whose pud-pounding sexual highs are balanced by an equal share of dick-shriving lows. —D.O.



Nice buns are the main asset this 'Sexdance' lovely displays to rev up the audience.

## ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

### Fully Erect

Alexandra  
Dixie Ray-Hollywood Star  
Every Woman Has a Fantasy  
Firestorm  
Fleshdance  
Golden Girls  
Hot Pursuit  
Insatiable II  
Maneaters  
Night Hunger  
Reel People  
Rx for Sex  
Suzie Superstar

### Three-Quarters Erect

All American Girls in Heat  
Corruption  
Erotic Radio WSEX  
Female Sensations  
Girlfriends  
Hypersexuals  
Never Sleep Alone  
Piggy's  
Playing With Fire  
Pleasure So Deep  
Public Affairs  
Studhunters  
Temptation  
Unthinkable

### Half Erect

All the Way In  
Babylon Blue  
Flashpants  
Pleasure Zones  
Private Moments  
Sex Play  
Show Your Love  
Smoker  
Sulka's Wedding

### One-Quarter Erect

An Unnatural Act  
Sweet Young Foxes  
The Challenge of Desire  
When She Was Bad

### Totally Limp

A Bit Too Much Too Soon  
Bodacious Ta Ta's  
Virginia

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

## RATING GUIDE

- FULLY ERECT**  
Superior. A top production.
- THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**  
A well-made film.
- HALF ERECT**  
So-so. Limited appeal.
- ONE-QUARTER ERECT**  
Poor. Don't expect much.
- TOTALLY LIMP**  
A waste of time and money.

# PORNPOURRI

Edited by Doug Oliver

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, *HUSTLER* provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

## Star 84: The Tina Marie Story

(Video Exclusives) *Star 84* is not a big-budget singing-and-dancing



video bio of ultrahot porn star Tina Marie. It is a nonstop two-hour-long fuck-and-suckathon featuring five of porn's most gorgeous and uninhibited women: Tina Marie, Laurie Smith, Cody Nicole, Cara Lott, Erica Boyer and assorted male spear carriers. In place of a story we get a series of crotch-burning episodes loosely strung together by Tina Marie's sexy narration.

*Star 84* boasts everything from

female masturbation to jizz-spewing group sex—with tit-fucking, unbelievably hot anal action, a scorching threeway lesbian rape scene, lots of heavy-duty cocksucking, cuntlapping and good ol' cock-and-pussy humping squeezed in between. There's enough hard action here to make your pecker leave a permanent dent in your shorts.

—D.O.

## Personal Touch III

(Arrow Video) Director Bobby Hollander's *Personal Touch* series is a scorcher, and the latest edition carries on the tradition. Notable for its pud-popping sex, this line of tapes is also distinguished by having the stars talk directly to the camera—before they fuck, while they fuck and after they fuck. This device practically pulls you into the scene and is the next best thing to being there.

The opening vignette in *Personal Touch III* features the delicious Amber Lane and Craig Roberts in a romantic rug-rump set before a glowing fireplace. Sexy Amber's come-fuck-me face lights up with ecstasy as Roberts passionately dicks her. Next up, bitch dominatrix Tantala struts her stuff around a



manacled Jerry Davis, slapping his prick with a riding crop. The strikingly beautiful Nicki Randall watches secretly from the stairwell, rubbing her pussy. She retreats, however, when superstar Lisa DeLeeuw drops in to play with Tantala and her slave. Davis is then commanded to jerk off and watch while the girls get down to some serious pussy-munching, but thanks to Tantala's last-minute kindness he gets to come in her mouth. A steamy masturbation scene with Traci Duzit turns into a torrid butt-fuck when Steve Powers shows up and slides his big dick up her poop chute. The grand finale is an all-out, full-cast orgy that will give your wanger a big whack-attack.

—Jack Mortimer

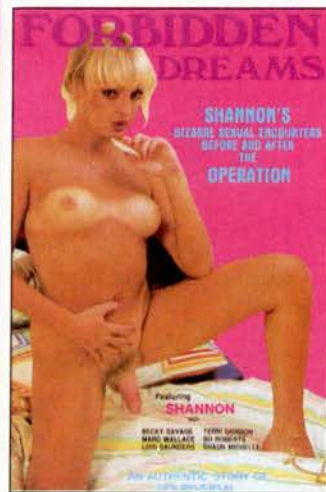
## Forbidden Dreams

(Bizarre Video) Picture this: A beautiful blonde walks into a bedroom, runs her hands invitingly over her curvaceous body, then removes her dress and reveals a pair of perfect tits. With her back to the camera, she continues to strip. Completely nude, she lies down on the bed, and what do we see? A cock! Not only that, it works. The blonde proceeds to beat off until she shoots a wad of jizz all over her own boobs. This is Shannon, one of the world's most beautiful she-males. At least she was a she-male. Shannon recently kissed her dick goodbye when she took the final step in her sex-change operation. *Forbidden Dreams* chronicles her transformation in before-and-after scenes ranging from Shannon balling a couple of

surprised lesbians to her being taught by a dyke doctor how to masturbate and fuck with the new pussy. Although we don't get much of a look at the surgical snatch or actually see any penetration, it's a pretty safe bet that there will be a sequel showing Shannon using her recently installed equipment.

If you're into the strange and bizarre, *Forbidden Dreams* is right up your alley. If you're turned off by the whole she-male/transsexual phenomenon, however, this tape might better be more aptly titled *Forbidden Nightmares*.

—J.M.



## Diamond Collection #54

(Cinderella Distributors) This latest *Diamond Collection* video comprises three 20-minute segments, the best of which is a steamy doctor/patient episode starring "Dr." Ron Jeremy. It's easy to see why he makes house calls, when we get a glimpse of his patient, pert and sexy Shana Evans. Her complaint is that she hasn't shit



Super-bimbo Cara Lott and voluptuous Tina Marie in a sapphic moment from 'Star 84.'



for weeks. No problem for Dr. Ron, who puts a thermometer in her mouth, a stethoscope on her tit and his face in her pussy. Once she's relaxed, he gives her the cure by sliding his long rod up her tight little butt-hole. Evans grits her teeth and takes her medicine like a big girl as Jeremy helps put her anal problems behind her.

Then there's a hot threeway lesbian scene and an almost-kinky segment in which a horny black dude wants to pork his pregnant partner; they fool around a lot without any penetration. This videotape will appeal mainly to those with extremely specialized tastes.

—J.M.

## Let Me Tell Ya 'Bout White Chicks

(Video Company of America) *White Chicks* brings new meaning to the



'White Chicks': Black dicks meet white pussy in this Dark Bros. offering.

word *sleaze*. This sure-to-be-controversial video from Dark Bros. Productions spotlights big-dicked black studs who crave tight white snatch. It plays shamelessly on a number of racial stereotypes, from Uncle Toms to smooth-talking jive-ass pimps. The only thing missing here is watermelon.

Largely unscripted, the often-humorous story centers around five black guys talking about their experiences with—what else?—white chicks. Actually, *chicks* may be stretching it. These girls (with the exception of cupcake Sondra Stillman) are dogs. But that's no big deal for our heroes: They slam their black beauties into this bevy of uglies as if they were fucking Brooke Shields clones.

The action is hot and heavy, with enough pussy-pounding, butt-banging and cocksucking to satisfy even the most jaded voy-



Bubba the Black plugging Sondra Stillman is one of the highlights of 'White Chicks.'

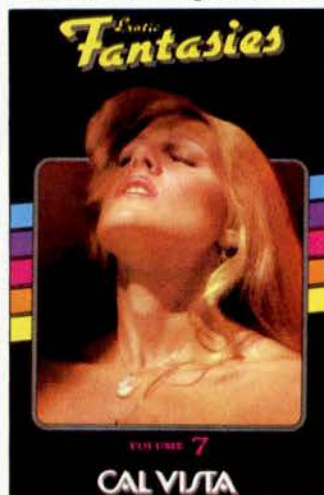
cur. For salt-and-pepper freaks, *Let Me Tell Ya 'Bout White Chicks* is 70 minutes of pure paradise.

—D.O.

## Erotic Fantasies Volume 7

(Cal Vista) These six vignettes, mostly shot on film, are of excellent quality and absolutely crammed with hot sex. Who could ask for anything more? In one sensational segment an uncredited gent who looks like mild-mannered reporter Clark Kent finds himself locked in a room with five naked, sex-hungry bimbos. After doffing his glasses and his duds, he boffs like Superman in a sizzling fuckfest that leaves the ladies lying exhausted on the floor.

Another episode starring Samantha Fox and Colleen Anderson takes place in a barn, where three horny cowgirls are dreaming of cock. When a dim-witted ranchhand wanders in, the country cunts climb all over him. Fox takes the lead and gets the meat,



leaving the other two girls to some sensuous sapphic sex.

The hottest encounter on this video, however, stars Jamie Gillis and Serena. Instead of "shaking"

on a business deal, Gillis waves off Serena's outstretched hand, unzips his pants, grabs her ponytail and pumps her head up and down on his cock until he comes on her face. This one's a must-see for all dedicated bone-strokers.

—J.M.



## PORN STARS IMMORTALIZED

Veteran blue-screen stars Eric Edwards and Kay Parker—whose combined erotic-film appearances number more than 100—recently made their marks in a new medium: cement. No, it wasn't an all-expenses-paid trip to the bottom of New York's East River. In a ceremony accompanying the West Coast premiere of Cecil Howard's porn epic *Firestorm*, the two superstars immortalized their extremities in the forecourt of Hollywood's Pussycat Theater. The durable duo's hand- and footprints joined the impressions of porn luminaries Georgina Spelvin, Linda Lovelace, Harry Reems and Marilyn Chambers.

Considering that the performers bare all as part of a day's work, it seems overly modest that these are the only body parts to be cast in cement. On second thought, it's probably for the best. Even Hollywood isn't ready for the commotion that would be caused by passersby stripping and hurling themselves to the pavement in front of the theater to see how they measure up to the stars.

# BOOKS

Edited by Doug Oliver

## Weakness and Deceit: U.S. Policy and El Salvador

By Raymond Bonner; Times Books, 130 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011; \$16.95.

**Weakness:** The United States has failed to stop the torture, murder and genocide in El Salvador; the Reagan government can't even force the Salvadorans to arrest known killers of American citizens. **Deceit:** The Carter and Reagan administrations (and the press as well) have systematically lied to the American people about what is really happening in the tiny Central American country.

New York Times correspondent Raymond Bonner at last gives us the facts in *Weakness and Deceit: U.S. Policy and El Salvador*. From secret government documents, rare interviews and personal experience he presents a horrifying tale.

Between October 1979 and January 1984 Salvadoran armed forces murdered at least 40,000 innocent civilians. In that same period Washington gave nearly \$300 million to aid this "human-rights-oriented" regime. First Carter and now Reagan have insisted that these appropriations are to help a nation working toward democracy. Actually, as the author carefully documents, the Salvadoran government has simply taken our money and proceeded to rule the country in the same ruthless fashion it has for nearly half a century.

While Reagan has been telling us that conditions are improving in El Salvador, he's known full well that nothing has changed. And Bonner proves that conclusively. The influx of U.S. dollars has only encouraged a better-equipped army to rape, torture, pillage and kill its fellow citizens.

Bonner's well-written, gruesomely detailed book is a devastating indictment of America's vile actions in El Salvador. These policies are quickly turning that nation into another Vietnam—as HUSTLER, in a July 1981 article,



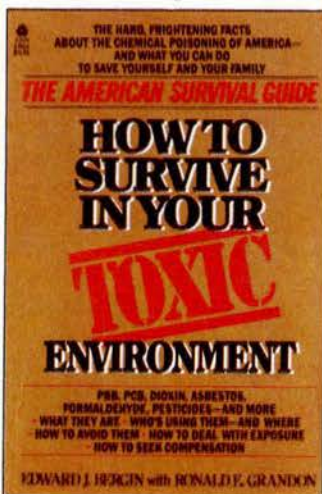
Anti-fascist guerrillas oppose U.S.-backed right-wing Salvadoran government.

was among the first to point out. (Our own reporter, John J. Sullivan Jr., was one of the first foreign journalists killed while on assignment there.) Clearly, the message in Bonner's exposé is that if we don't want another Vietnam, we must vote our current policymakers out of office. Otherwise we become the willing accomplices in the butchering of innocents. —J. D. Brancato

## How to Survive in Your Toxic Environment

By Edward J. Bergin and Ronald E. Grandon; Avon Books, 1790 Broadway, New York, NY 10019; \$11.95.

This scary book details how chemicals endanger all our lives



and how countless Americans are suffering right now from their devastating effects. These deadly substances include not only the much-publicized toxic wastes, but also everyday products we

use on our bodies, in our homes and at our jobs—items such as permanent-press clothing, cosmetics, medicines, pesticides, paints, plastics and metals.

According to the authors, the big chemical companies have been deliberately pulling the wool over our eyes to blind us to the dangers of their products. Their job has been made easier because we've so willingly accepted several myths about toxic waste: "It costs too much to clean things up," "They wouldn't sell it if it wasn't safe," and "The government is protecting us." Bergin and Grandon expose every one of these beliefs as a lie—especially the last one.

The Reagan Administration has worked hand in glove with major chemical companies in an effort to water down existing regulations that *do* protect us and our environment from chemical poisoning. One example the authors point out is Reagan's determination that manufacturers may decide for themselves which chemicals are "risky." As we all know, self-policing has never been Big Business's strong suit.

In addition to pointing out the many hazards around us, the real value of this survival guide is that we're told exactly what we can do about them. Bergin and Grandon give specific instructions on how to find out what products contain killer chemicals and how to file for (and win) worker's compensation claims and Social Security disability benefits. There is also a rundown of federal agencies that are responsible for toxic substances, a directory—including names and telephone numbers—of "responsible officials" and current information available on legal rights in the

area of toxic-chemical lawsuits.

*How to Survive* is an important book. Reading it may save your life.

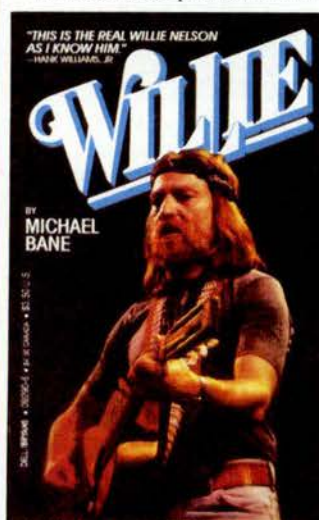
—Francesca Garrett

## Willie

By Michael Bane; Dell Publishing Co. Inc., 1 Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza, New York, NY 10017; \$3.50.

*Willie* is an unauthorized work—which might lead you to expect the kind of bloody hatchet job that's common to hack writers who whack away at the rich and famous in popular biographies. But that's not what this is. There are no rattling skeletons, no scandals, no ugly warts—or even faint blemishes for that matter—to tarnish the shining reputation of superstar Willie Nelson.

And that's the problem. Willie

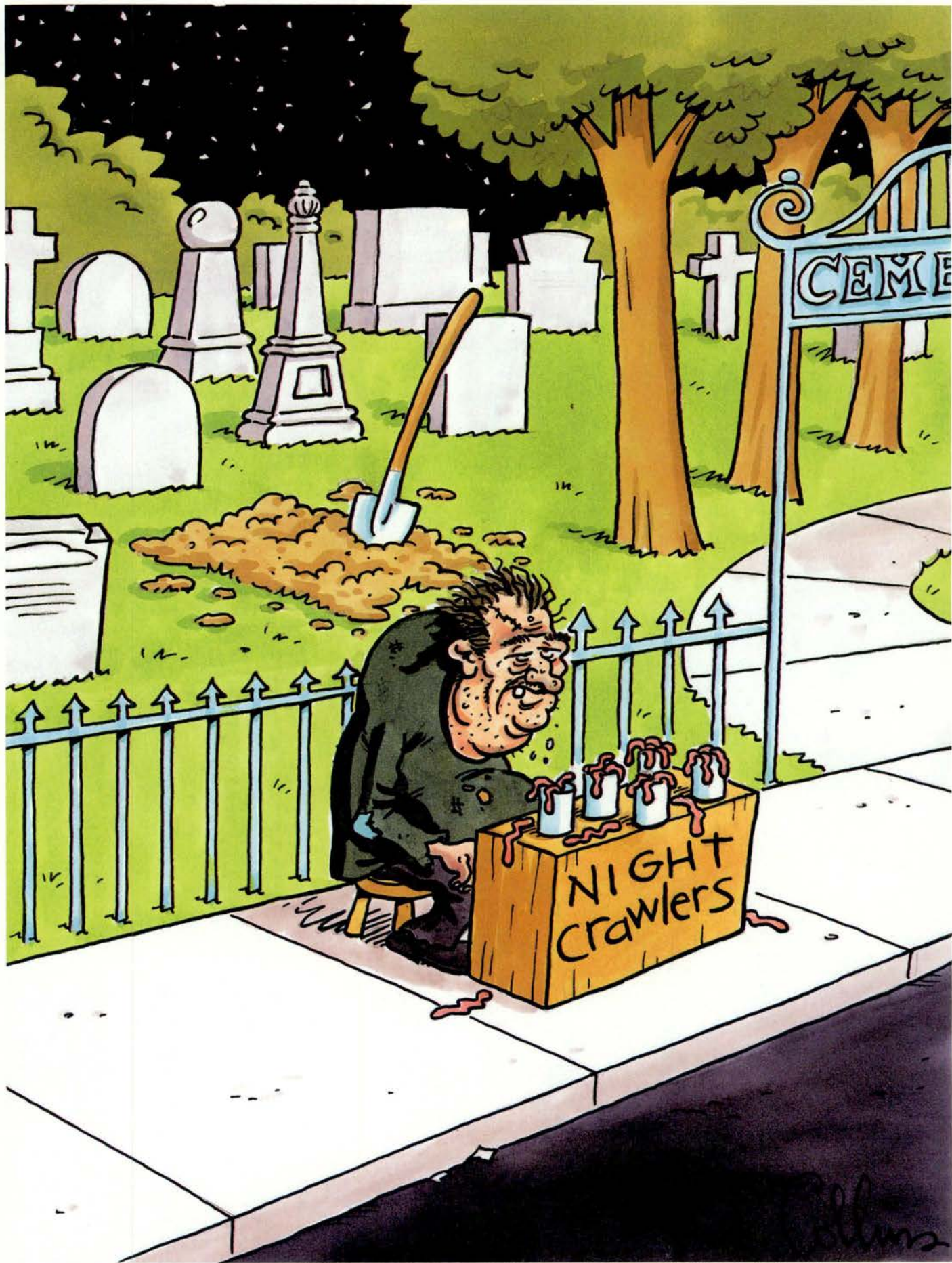


is almost an "official" version of Nelson's life—an outline without the flesh and blood of the "outlaw" who revolutionized country music.

Beginning with Nelson's origins as a cotton-picking kid with honky-tonk dreams, Bane faithfully registers the musician's high notes and low notes: the broken marriages, the sour days when, desperate for money, he sold songs like "Family Bible" for \$50 and "Night Life" for \$150. There are the frustrations he shared with fellow songwriters from Lefty Frizzell to Kris Kristofferson and the triumphs of double-platinum albums like *Stardust*.

Whether Willie Nelson was writing such classics as "Goodhearted Woman" with Waylon Jennings or scrawling "On the Road Again" in a jet bound for Hollywood, he was making history by making music. Unfortunately, *Willie* will do neither.

—Jonathan Russell

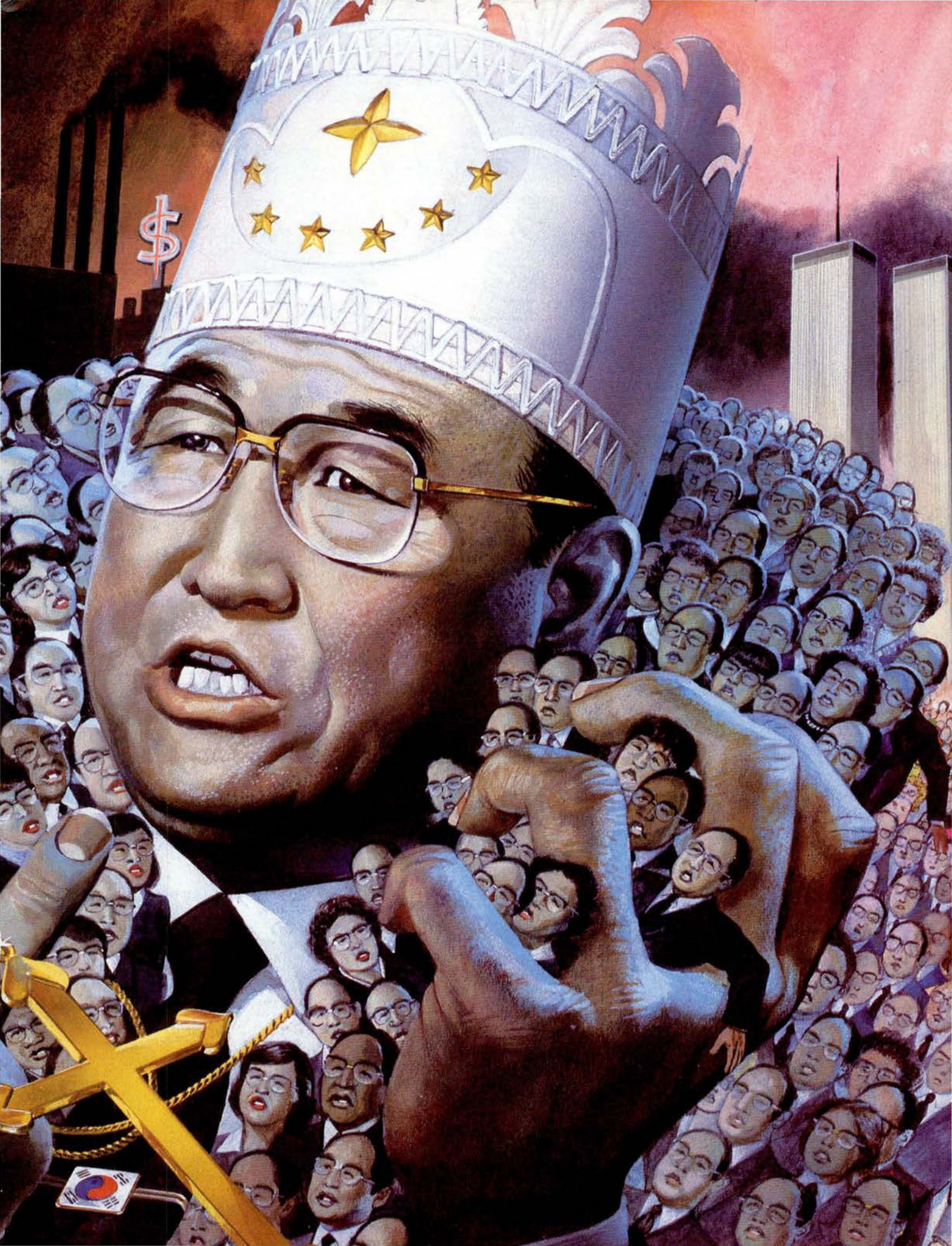


# INSIDE THE MOONIES

HUSTLER's investigative reporter goes behind the scenes to learn the truth about headlines linking the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church to brainwashing, income-tax evasion and the cult-leader's self-appointed destiny as the new Messiah.

**Report by Jim Forrest**





**T**he woman paused to glance at the leaflet a young Japanese girl had just given her. A second later I heard her snort, "Moonies!," and she dropped the paper on the sidewalk.

*Moonies?* I asked myself, looking down at the crumpled sheet. *What are they doing here?* I took a leaflet and saw that it was an appeal not only for contributions, but for new recruits. I'd read little about this controversial cult in recent months, but everything I'd been exposed to seemed to indicate that the Moon movement was rapidly fading into insignificance. Yet they were alive and well in my native Manchester, an old factory town of some 95,000 people in southeastern New Hampshire. And they looked as if they meant to stick around.

The founder of a religion claiming himself as the new Messiah, the Korean-born Reverend Sun Myung Moon has been in and out of the limelight for the past ten years. Now 64, the evangelist

first gained prominence in the early 1970s when parents accused his Unification Church of using brainwashing tactics to win youthful converts. Abandoning their families, homes and careers, Moon's followers seemed to become mindless robots scurrying to do their Master's bidding.

Moon attracted many of these recruits by promoting the church's moral attributes as an alternative to the "sex-and-drugs existence" outside the cult. The church has always frowned on the use of alcohol, tobacco and illegal drugs, and it forbids premarital sex. In their spare time many Moonies have picketed adult-book stores and movie theaters, claiming that sexual freedom is against the will of Allah, Buddha and the Reverend Moon. Members are not permitted to express love for any particular cultist over another, and all marriages in the church are arranged by Moon himself. Outsiders got a glimpse of this bizarre phenomenon in

July 1982, when the cult leader officiated at a mass wedding for 2,075 Moonie couples at New York City's Madison Square Garden.

Although the Unification Church boasts a total of 2.5 million members worldwide, its American membership remains small. Church President Mose Durst claims there are 10,000 "core members" (average age: 27) living in centers across the country, with an additional 40,000 Moonies who believe in the church's doctrine but are not involved in church work full time. Some experts consider Durst's figures to be highly inflated; one former Moonie estimates that there are no more than 7,000 Moon disciples in the United States, of whom 2,500 are Asians and Europeans.

The money to fund church activities comes from the Master's diverse business empire. Moon's companies employ cult members who either work for free or donate all their earnings to the church. The

## AN EX-MOONIE TELLS THE SHOCKING TRUTH

by Shelley Turner

*exhausting hours Shelley decided voluntarily to leave the church—but it took more than a year before she felt completely "cured" and was able to regain her mental focus and powers of concentration.*

*Now 30, she's living on her own, doing clerical work and taking courses at night. It's been a long road back.*

*This is her story.*

Our van, which belonged to one of the Unification Church's mobile fund-raising teams, stopped at the end of a highway off-ramp in Houston, and the team leader ordered me to get out. I tried in vain to argue with him, for I was afraid of what could happen to a 19-year-old girl out alone after midnight. But I had no choice except to obey, because his authority came directly from the Master himself, Sun Myung Moon.

Disobedience could not be tolerated; we were servants of the Master, and we had no rights except those he chose to give us. I had already learned firsthand what happened to transgressors, when I accidentally became separated from my group in Boston. Upon reaching the church center, our leader shouted at me and humiliated me as an example to my 200 fellow members who stood watching.

While I waited for cars to pass in the hope that I could persuade the occupants to buy some of my flowers, my fears magnified. I was afraid not only of my cir-

cumstances at the time, but also of my own fears, since I knew that they were the result of a lack of faith in Messiah Moon and that God, seeing the weakness of my faith, might allow the worst of those fears to come true. I was homesick and exhausted too—further signs that Satan was at work within me. The van didn't return to pick me up until early dawn.

These feelings of fear, homesickness and fatigue were not new to me. I had been experiencing them from the time I was lured, by deception, into joining the Unification Church several months before. I had learned to live with them, the way some people might learn to live with cancer. In my case, I persevered from the strength of my conviction that Sun Myung Moon was the Messiah and that unpleasant sacrifices were necessary to bring the world to him. What was the hunger or pain of a few compared to the salvation of all mankind?

Sometimes, however, I had doubts. I questioned my leaders when they told me I should lie if asked by a prospective donor about the uses to which contributions were put. The money would be used to "help young people get off dope," we were told to say. Or it would be put into a fund for a "Christian charity project." I found it difficult to believe that our exaggerated claims about the strength of the church could be justified by including among the members the names of dead



Before the nightmare: Shelley Turner as a happy high-school graduate.

Shelley Turner, the daughter of middle-class Catholic parents in Warwick, Rhode Island, was recruited by the Moonies at the age of 19 in June 1973. Invited by two girlfriends to join them at a Unification Church lecture, she was fascinated by the friendliness of the Moonies, their strong convictions and their sense of values. After hearing another lecture three weeks later, Shelley decided to drop out of school and join the group for good.

Neither friends nor family saw or heard from her until the next year, when she finally returned to town on a temporary assignment at Moon headquarters in Providence. Waiting for Shelley at home, along with her anxious parents, was cult "deprogrammer" Ted Patrick, who proceeded to subject her to the same intensive lecture/interrogation that he had used to set hundreds of other cult members free from the effects of brainwashing. After 24

Moonies have raised millions of dollars for the cult by selling flowers, candles, tea and peanuts door-to-door. When a person joins up, he or she usually turns everything over to Moon, and church leaders encourage members to pressure their families for donations.

Despite his religious, peace-loving image, Moon makes even more millions from his status as the leading arms supplier to the government of South Korea. His munitions firm manufactures anti-aircraft weapons, machine guns, rockets and M-16 rifles. Moon also enjoys the backing of some powerful Japanese industrialists; one of them, Sasagawa Ryoichi, is a convicted war criminal. A former official of the church believes that Moon receives money from the Korean government as well. And the same official suspects that the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency may be financing some of Moon's operations.

For Moon's followers, the rigorous,

20-hour-a-day schedule of lectures, recruiting and toiling in church businesses takes its toll. In 1975 one Moonie reportedly stripped naked, laid his neck on a railroad track and was decapitated by a train. At least three Moonies are said to have fallen or jumped from Manhattan's New Yorker Hotel. Others have suffered nervous breakdowns.

Moon himself has had his share of problems. In May 1982 a federal jury convicted the cult leader of failing to pay taxes on \$1.7 million in income from personal holdings. After appealing the decision unsuccessfully to the U.S. Supreme Court, Moon was sentenced to serve 18 months in the federal prison at Danbury, Connecticut. Clad in prison khaki, he now works five hours a day in the facility's kitchen, cleaning trays and loading dishwashers for some 200 fellow inmates.

Even though his reputation has been tarnished, Moon hasn't given up by any

means. Running church affairs from his 8' x 8' prison cell, he has taken pains to reduce the *visibility* of his operation even as he has quietly set in motion a worldwide drive to expand his power. The main objectives of the Korean's campaign are to achieve respectability for his church, to bring new members into the cult, to make even more money and, above all, to gain enough political power to enable him to influence government policy both in the United States and abroad.

\* \* \*

After running into his recruiters on the streets of my hometown, I decided to launch my own personal investigation into the status and goals of the Unification Church. I soon learned that the cult's carefully planned move on Manchester was a classic example of Moon's new strategy.

Several weeks before the recruiters arrived, church representatives had visited

(continued on page 40)

ancestors who were supposedly assisting us in the spiritual world.

Yet in the end I found myself able to accept all these things without question. My leaders had foreseen that Satan would deceive me in such a manner to blind me, if I wasn't careful, to the truth of the Divine Principle. In addition, most of the time we were kept too busy to think at all, let alone doubt. We rose early, exercised, ate breakfast, sang hymns, heard a lecture and then were sent out to collect donations or recruit until late at night.

To help keep our faith strong, we were paired with other Moonies whom we disliked or did not know well, though we were moved around the country so often that it was impossible to form normal friendships. This made it risky for anyone to engage in treasonous chatter and prevented idleness: The two members usually competed to raise funds. Our leaders said that when the time came for Reverend Moon to select our marriage partners, we would be paired the same way, with strangers or rivals. Soon I learned that the best course was to hide my feelings toward anyone, either positive or negative.

If we were seldom left to ourselves while fund raising, there was even less privacy at the Moon centers. On the occasions that I made telephone calls, I heard clicking sounds on the line, as if an extension phone were being picked up. We were encouraged to keep a supposedly private journal, and if Satan got the better of me and I found myself recording skepticism or complaints, a leader would invariably approach me the next day. By a remarkable coincidence, he would always happen to have a copy of *Master Speaks* with a quote from Moon addressing the very subject that I had

written about. To further reinforce our faith, we were forbidden to read newspapers and magazines—the devil's own tools. Our leaders kept us informed of all we needed to know with God's version of the news.

Our diet consisted mostly of starchy foods, and I found myself gaining weight. We were told that we couldn't afford meat, and while we were aware that we raised large sums of money and that Moon was quite wealthy, we knew our sacrifice was still necessary to help the Messiah win the world's wealth back for God.

Many of my companions were so zealous that they fasted voluntarily from time to time. Some of us bore the burden of atoning for our sins—and those of our ancestors—with cold showers and marathon fund-raising sessions. A girl suffering from a detached retina was told she was paying for the soul of an ancestor who had been a peeping Tom.

Eventually I became very ill. After several days in bed without improvement, my superiors gave me the opportunity to see a doctor. But my decision to get proper treatment left me with deep feelings of guilt because the leaders said that if I'd had sufficient faith, God would have healed me. During this illness I had a disturbing dream about false prophets that I told to some of my fellow members at the center. Immediately after news of this reached my team leader, I was ordered to return to fund raising regardless of my poor health.

A short time later I was assigned to work in a political campaign. At the candidate's house my companions and I made every effort to impress him, but when a guest asked me why I was supporting this candidate, I couldn't tell him; I didn't *know*. Following my orders I re-

ferred the man to my group leader for an answer.

I was next sent to the church's headquarters in Tarrytown, New York, where I saw the Master in person and heard him speak. His words filled me with an overflowing fervor for the cause. I felt I was a heavenly soldier in the Messiah's army, and my first allegiance must always be to him. I was told that if my own earthly father should someday attempt to use a gun on Moon, the ideal course for me would be to wrest the gun away from my father and use it on *him* to protect the Messiah's life.

By this time, needless to say, I felt alienated from my real family. I didn't feel any ties to the outside world; I knew it was an evil place. We were told that members of our church who had left the movement suffered hideous fates and that they were destined to be remembered as modern-day Judases once the Messiah ruled the world.

Then one day after more than a year in Moon's service I found myself back in my hometown. Despite my fears and against the advice of my superiors, I decided to make a brief visit to my parents. I knew something was wrong the instant I arrived, but before I could flee, I found myself in the presence of deprogrammer Ted Patrick.

I tried to resist him with quotations from the Bible and the Divine Principle. It didn't work. Patrick knew both better than I did. I couldn't bring myself to follow my leaders' instructions and commit suicide in this situation. But Patrick's words finally began to have an effect. For the first time in what seemed an eternity, I started to think again, to express and confront deeply hidden questions and doubts about my church association. I was on the road back to freedom.

## INSIDE THE MOONIES (continued from page 39)

*I found it difficult to believe that sensible young adults could be induced to surrender their individual wills.*

area bookstores, urging the managers to remove anticult literature from the shelves and offering to provide church publications as replacements. The Moonheadquarters building was purchased by a local couple fronting for the group. When the time came for the church's true ownership of the property to be revealed, it was careful to use only its seldom-recognized official title: the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity.

During my initial research I found myself in the local library, poring over news clippings about the organization. One of them led me to contact Ted Patrick, a well-known leader of the anticult movement. His insistence that the Unification Church, Hare Krishnas and other religious sects were using mind control to recruit young people and keep them in cults had made headlines in the mid-'70s.

Patrick believes that these groups pose a double-edged threat to society, placing too much power in the hands of individuals like Moon and depriving young people of the ability to think for themselves.

He developed a technique called deprogramming, claiming it was the only way to remove the brainwashing effects of cult indoctrination.

"The Moonies will plant a hypnotic suggestion in a potential follower's mind without his knowing it," Patrick told me. "Once it's planted, they'll use it to control him until they pull him into the church for good."

Patrick seemed eager to share his information. He explained that the reason he hasn't been heard from recently is not because the Moon threat has diminished. The Unification Church and other cults have buried him under some \$200 million in lawsuits, alleging that he kidnapped followers and held them against their will for deprogramming. Forced now to spend every available minute in court, Patrick is unable to continue his anticult efforts—a victory for Moon.

While I was sympathetic to Patrick's plight and believed his story about the growing strength of the Moonies, I was dubious about his brainwashing theory. Despite all I'd read, I found it difficult to really believe that sensible young adults

could be induced to surrender their individual wills to Moon through hypnotic suggestion.

A few days later I learned that W. Farley Jones, a former president of the Unification Church, would be visiting Manchester. I decided to attend the gathering, which was held at a local hotel.

When I arrived, I was surprised to find more than 40 people had shown up. A brightly colored banner proclaimed, "Reverend Moon and the Purpose of America." I made my way to a row of empty seats and was about to sit down when I heard a voice behind me.

I turned, half-expecting to see some glassy-eyed zombie spouting Moon quotations. Instead, I was facing a pretty blond girl in a light-blue dress.

"May I take your coat please, sir?" she asked.

The blonde helped me out of my jacket and thanked me for coming. My skepticism was quickly evaporating.

The crowd appeared to consist mostly of church members, with a scattering of high-school and college students. Only seconds after I was seated, another young blonde sat down beside me. Speaking with a mild Scandinavian accent, she told me her name was Inger and that she was a Unification missionary. She was to be my "companion" for the evening and would answer all my questions.

Korean church members opened the program with music and songs; then Jones rose to address the audience. Clad in a well-tailored gray suit and wearing glasses, he looked like any respectable businessman.

His speech was a fairly straightforward summary of what I'd already learned about Moon's doctrine: that from its founding the United States was ordained by God to play a special role in the world. God blessed the American people with the gift of liberty, designated America leader of the Free World and strengthened it as a bulwark against Satan's system—communism. Lately, Jones declared, the U.S. has been suffering a loss of power brought about by declining morals. He warned that if the country could not accomplish its heavenly duty, God would allow us to collapse and assign another nation the central role in His plan.

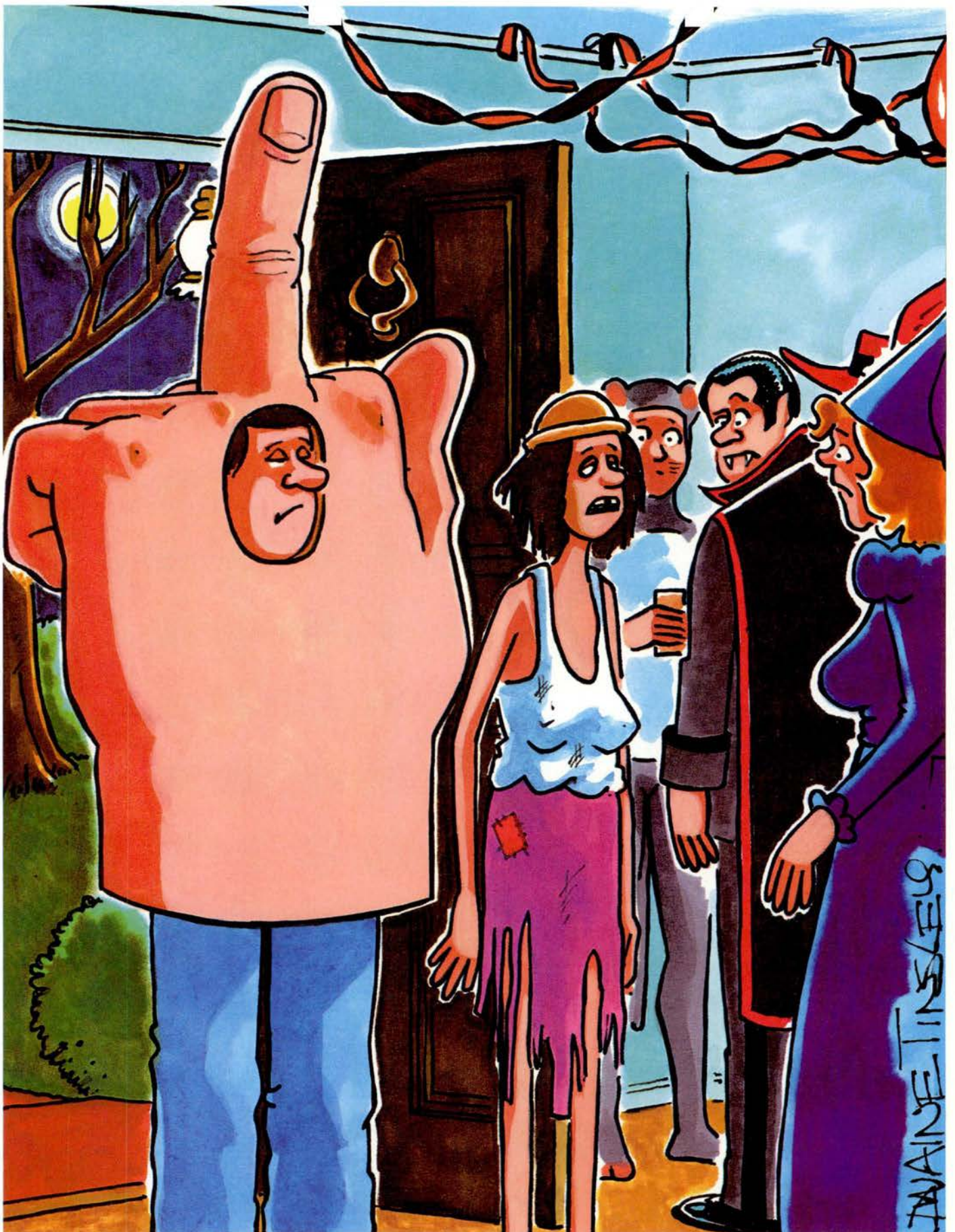
Despite the rather farfetched concepts, Jones's speech was well received by the guests. During an intermission Inger asked me what I thought of the talk.

"Well," I replied, "he certainly raised some interesting points."

"See, when you take time to listen, you find out that our church is really very sensible," she said. "All the bad things that people say about us are not true—like the brainwashing. I'm a Moonie. What do you think of me?" *(continued on page 54)*



"It's your kidneys."



*"I came as the poor and underprivileged. Harvey is Ronald Reagan's reaction to them!"*



Getting in Touch



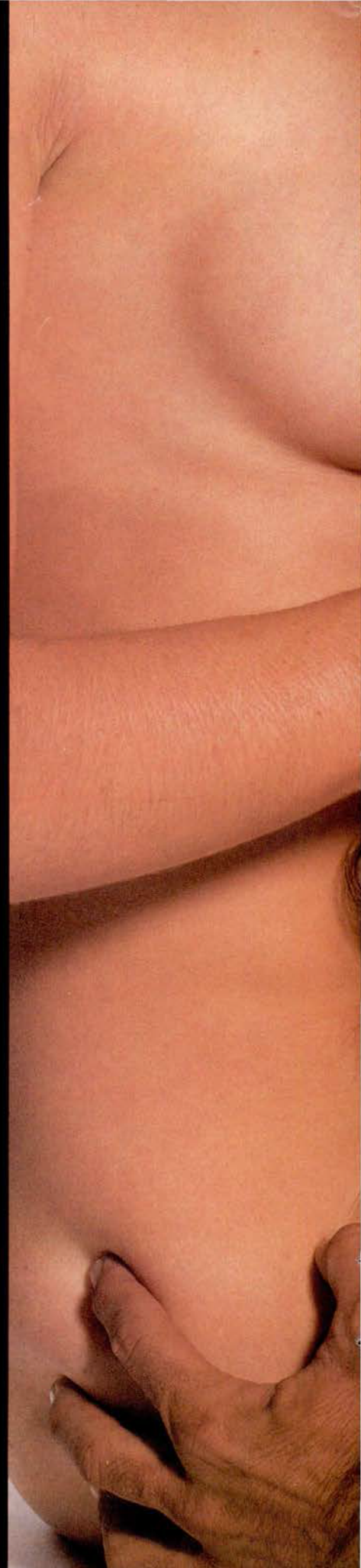
Photography by James Baes

**His hands glide slowly across her body—cautious yet curious. He swirls his fingers around her nipples like wine in the glass she offers him. He takes a sip and licks his lips.**



Her hands point the way. He responds, pinching her tender spots until she slides quickly into submission, and then he buries his head between her thighs.

[HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC](http://freemags.cc)



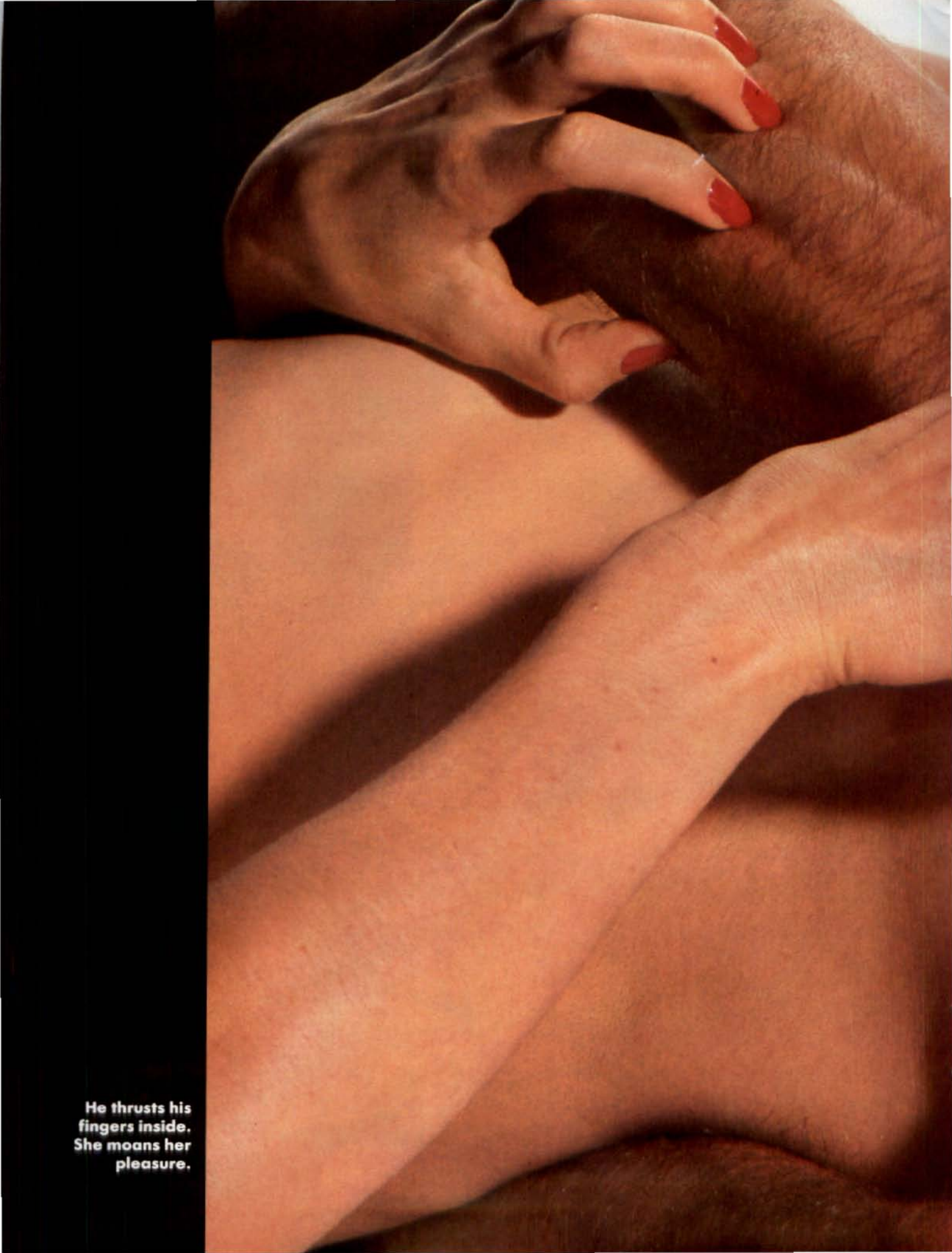




**They begin to explore each other with more daring and desire. She takes his soft flesh in her palms, and he spreads her open wide.**







He thrusts his  
fingers inside.  
She moans her  
pleasure.



**He holds her open  
like a target,  
preparing to  
penetrate the  
bull's-eye with his  
quivering shaft.**









**Afterward they lie spent  
and silent, but their fingers  
have ideas of their own—  
still moving slowly over  
one another's bodies—  
softly, caressingly, as if  
they had only just begun.**



## INSIDE THE MOONIES *(continued from page 40)*

*There was an aura present, a sensation of love and joy so real that I could almost physically feel it blanketing me.*

I had to admit that Inger seemed to be a rational and intelligent person.

She smiled. "I joined the church in Norway five years ago of my own free will. We have many members in Europe, and no one there is afraid of us. It is only in America that your newspapers make up these things about us."

Inger's statement echoed what Jones had said earlier in response to a question from the audience. "If there's any brainwashing being done," he asserted, "it is by these so-called deprogrammers. We have individuals who have decided to leave us, but they often remain friends with church members. We never stop anyone from leaving. The people who are deprogrammed have their heads filled with lies to keep them from coming back, and that's how these stories started circulating."

To my surprise, the meeting left me with more doubts about the accuracy of Ted Patrick's contentions than I had about the Unification Church itself. Jones had related some strange ideas, but they weren't half as wild as Patrick's brainwashing tales. The half-dozen

Moonies I had met seemed bright, alert and self-controlled.

In the days following Jones's lecture, however, I began to recall inconsistencies in some of his arguments. If the freedoms we enjoy in this country are gifts from God, for example, why is freedom of religion considered a blessing by the Moonies, while freedom of the press is regarded as an evil? This contradiction only made sense when I realized that freedom of religion is a useful tool for the Unification Church, while the press is considered the cult's enemy. It seemed to be a strictly self-serving viewpoint.

Another part of Moon's operation also had me puzzled. I had learned that the church spends millions of dollars each year on charitable work, ranging from sponsorship of the New York Symphony Orchestra to funding a group that provides food and medical care to the poor in 50 nations. But at the same time Moon is extremely wealthy, owning land in California, a dozen houses throughout the country, a 47-acre estate in New York, the \$1.2-million Columbia University Club in Manhattan, a fleet of limousines

and a luxurious yacht. He gained his wealth by presiding over a far-flung, highly profitable business conglomerate.

In South Korea, Moon controls Tong-Il Industries (which manufactures the weapons mentioned earlier), Il Shin Stoneworks and Ton Wha Titanium-works, among others. The United States is home to an almost-endless list of Moon businesses, including restaurants, fishing fleets, tea distributors and film-production companies.

Why, I wondered, would a church be involved in such widespread commercial operations? And if Moon was only using religion as a tax shelter to increase his profits, why would he spend much more money than necessary on religious-oriented enterprises that brought no financial return? To find the answers, I knew I would have to probe even deeper.

That's when I had a flash of inspiration: In order to get the information firsthand, I would allow myself to be "recruited" into the Unification Church. I was well acquainted with the brainwashing stories, of course, but skeptical of them by this time—and I didn't think I would be susceptible anyway. After all, I would be going to the Moonies as a writer, not as some gullible seeker of truth.

When I called the local center, I was told to come over the next evening at 7:30. I was somewhat nervous as I jabbed the doorbell of the three-story house that served as the church's headquarters. Seconds later I found myself surrounded by a dozen smiling young people who all seemed genuinely glad to see me.

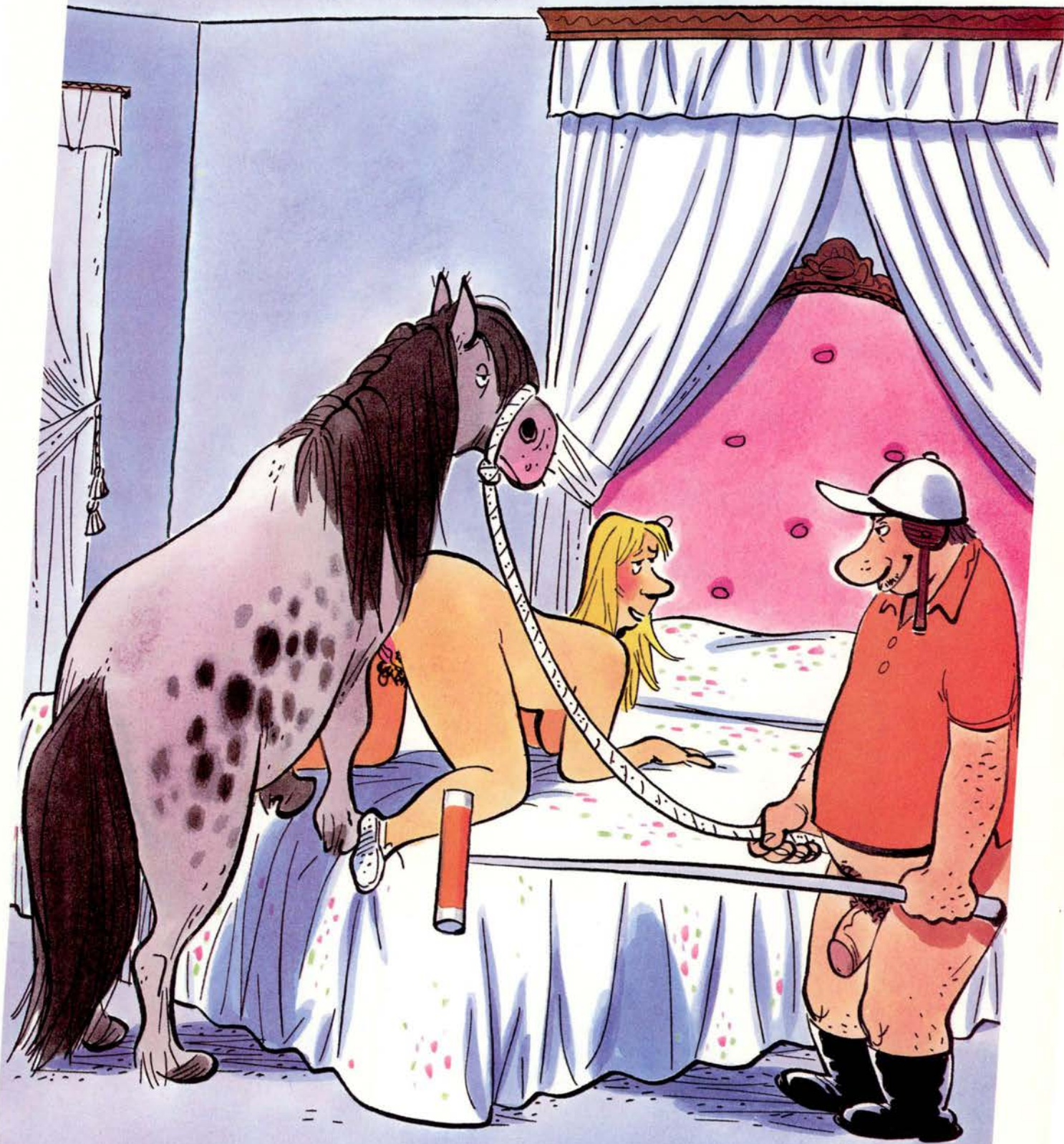
Beaming with pleasure, a Japanese girl named Toshie bowed, introduced herself and then led me into a small parlor that was crammed full of furniture: three couches, a coffee table, a videotape machine. In one corner were shelves filled with books, videocassettes and several photos of Sun Myung Moon. A cup of coffee and a tray of cookies were placed before me when I was seated.

Toshie introduced me to Steve, the center's director. He was thin, about 5-5 and wore steel-framed glasses. I guessed his age to be around 26. Steve promptly took over, introducing me to Marilyn, a chubby girl from Rhode Island who headed the 16-member "missionary team" currently in the city; Riko, a Japanese girl; Alan, a former Manchester resident who had returned as part of the center's permanent staff; Jean, a round-faced black girl from Guyana; and many others. None of the Moonies ever mentioned their last names.

We spent a few minutes talking, with most of the discussion concerning me and my reasons for coming to the center. Steve and Marilyn questioned me in depth about my background. I explained



*Billette*



"I don't usually do this kind of thing on the first date."

## INSIDE THE MOONIES (continued from page 54)

*I began to see the Unification Church as a cult that deprives its adherents of their freedom of thought.*

that I was a third-generation resident of New Hampshire who had been raised a Catholic and had attended college for a year before going into construction work.

The others were quick to point out similarities in their own lives. I wasn't surprised, for I had learned that one of the church's favorite tactics is to find and emphasize anything a visitor might have in common with cult members. This helps create a bond that can be used to influence potential converts.

"Are you ready to hear the lecture now?" Steve asked when I had swallowed the last of my coffee. I nodded and accompanied him and seven other Moonies into the lecture room.

Opening with a review of the problems faced by mankind, Steve discussed possible solutions and the likelihood of their success. The world is so complex, he maintained, that our troubles are beyond human solution. But he assured me that God would provide us with answers, as He had in the past.

On a green chalkboard Steve diagrammed the historical appearance of prophets sent to bring the world closer to

God. Abraham had done part of the work; Moses and Jesus had accomplished even more. Now, said Steve, a new spiritual leader has come who would completely restore man to God.

Steve then launched into an explanation of the new prophet's teachings, called the "Divine Principle." Using strange symbols, he illustrated the dual male-female nature of God, the inherent intelligence given to all things (including trees and stones) and numerous other "Principles of Creation." Although much of the material was outright foolishness, it was presented in a manner that made it seem almost believable.

Discussing human reason and animal instinct as examples of universal intelligence, Steve used the fact that plants send their roots downward toward nourishment and grow upward toward sunlight, for example, as proof that they, too, had "intelligence." While this obviously wasn't true in a strict scientific sense, it sounded just good enough to be acceptable. His next statement—that even atoms and the nonliving objects they form are capable of *thinking*—was com-

pletely laughable. But before my mind could digest it, Steve had switched to another subject.

Looking back, I realize the entire lecture followed this technique: Begin with a known truth A, add a second truth B, next a half-truth C, then top it off with an outright lie D, quickly change the subject, and the listener will find himself believing the entire concept A-D.

But I couldn't see that then. Gradually, my reasoning seemed to lose its focus, and Steve's words began to take on a different meaning. It was as if some hidden mental ability had been awakened within me, giving me a new depth of understanding. I didn't know how long the man had been talking, and I didn't care. The only thing that mattered was that he must not stop.

Slowly I became aware of something in the room besides the speaker, the other listeners and myself. There was an aura present, a sensation of love and joy so real that I could almost physically feel it blanketing me with its warmth.

The voice of reason deep in my brain screamed out, warning of a deadly danger, and for one brief instant I felt fear. Then the warmth came back and silenced the voice; I was free to concentrate again on the man's words . . . words of truth.

I was actually disappointed when Steve brought the lecture to a close, and we adjourned to the parlor for a discussion. I really didn't want to insult my new friends by expressing reservations about their doctrine—especially since I actually believed most of it at the time. Yet one question still surfaced.

"Didn't you say," I asked Steve, "that all creation is a reflection of God's character? Then why is there so much evil? Is evil part of God's character?"

"That's too long for me to go into now," Steve replied without hesitation. "The next lecture explains all of it. I hope you'll come back another time to hear it."

After I assured him that I would, I departed. The strange psychological high filled me with energy, and I was stunned when, checking my watch, I discovered that I had spent 2½ hours at the center.

All the Moonies were on hand to welcome me when I returned a week later for a second lecture. Speaking more freely than she had on my previous visit, Marilyn boasted of how well established the church had become in Manchester. Unification missionaries were working at the soup kitchen for the poor, visiting local churches to discuss religion with the pastors and even counseling troubled kids at the youth reformatory.

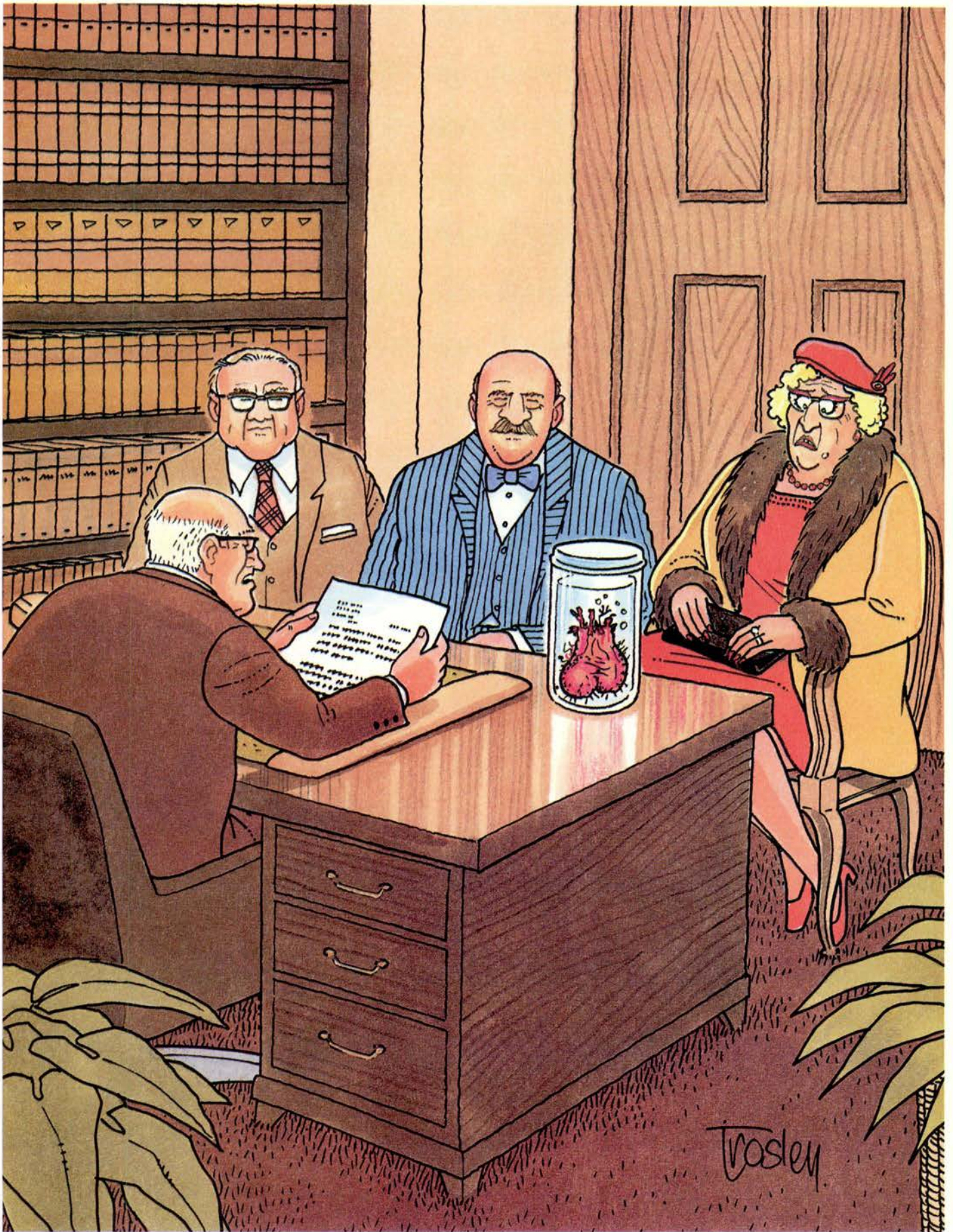
Steve's speech that night was based on Moon's supposed unlocking of secrets hidden in the Bible's Book of Genesis. According to Moon's interpretation,

(continued on page 66)



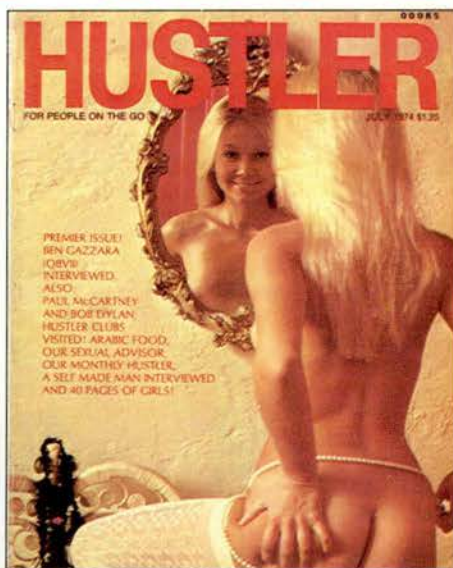
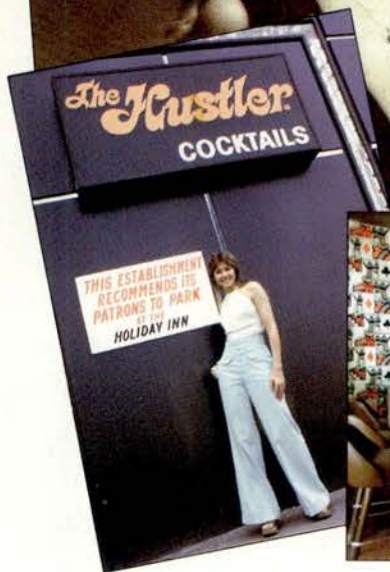
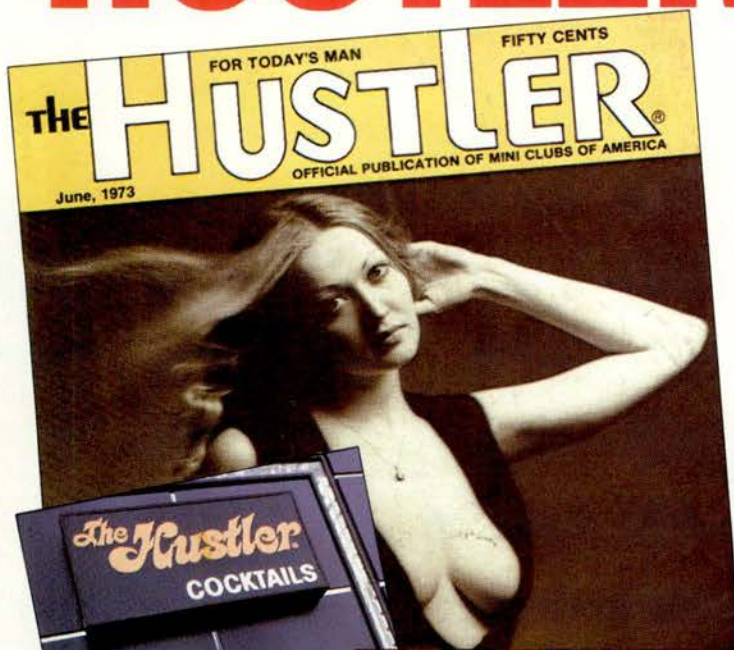
JARTOS

"Don't tell me—let me guess. You must be Kinky Karla's little boy."



"First, to my wife—who insisted I didn't have any—I leave my. . . ."

# HUSTLER 1974-84.



The amazing success story began innocently enough with The Hustler, a chain of nightclubs in Cincinnati, Dayton, Akron, Toledo, Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio.

"The name signified somebody getting ahead—somebody who works hard and hustles for a buck," said Publisher and Editor Larry Flynt, recalling the beginnings of what has become

the most controversial, uncompromising, ballbusting, eye-popping publication in the civilized world. More than a decade has passed since a single-page, black-and-white newsletter designed to promote Flynt's nightclubs developed into the premier issue of HUSTLER, dated July 1974. Throughout those ten years we've managed to turn on and/or piss off just about everyone who's picked up a copy. But at least one thing is for certain: No one has been bored by HUSTLER... and they never will. So return with us now to those glory days of yesteryear; we're proud of every one of the no-holds-barred articles, no-holes-barred pictorials and anything-goes cartoons that have made us what we are.

**THINK PINK.** The HUSTLER legend was off and running with a historic December 1974 photo-layout featuring a voluptuous young lady who opened more than her eyes for the camera lens. Our first "pink" pictorial revolutionized the visual direction of men's magazines and led the way for umpteen HUSTLER clones that followed suit in recognizing the true beauty of the totally exposed female anatomy. Everyone's doing it now. It just goes to show how good ideas really spread in this business. . . .



**HOLMES ON THE RANGE.** John Holmes displayed his pride and joy in June 1975. For the porn star

whose talent hangs between his knees, it was a career highlight.



# ... A PERFECT "10"



**MIX IT UP.** White Crackers spit up their grits when they saw the December 1975 pictorial featuring long-dong black stud "Butch" and his "Georgia Peach" (Desiree Cousteau). This interracial photo-set was among the most controversial—not to mention one of the hottest—we ever ran. The Ku Klux Klan and the NAACP were both phoning in or writing us letters. What protesting bigots didn't realize, however, was that HUSTLER Magazine was proving that lust-like love—is truly color-blind.

**FREEDOM FIGHTER.** Larry Flynt got in a red-white-and-blue mood for America's 200th birthday. Putting on his patriotic finest, Flynt noted that the same issue—July 1976—marked our second anniversary. The USA and HUSTLER have been successful, Larry wrote, because of a desire to be free—and the spirit of aggressive competitiveness. Wise words from our own Founding Father.



**KNOCK TWICE.** With our April 1976 issue HUSTLER became the first men's magazine to explore the full beauty of motherhood. Readers loved the set so much that we searched long

and hard for another mama-to-be, finally producing our second pregnant pictorial in December 1982. We proved once and for all that we weren't just "kidding" around.

## HUSTLER'S NEW SYMBOL



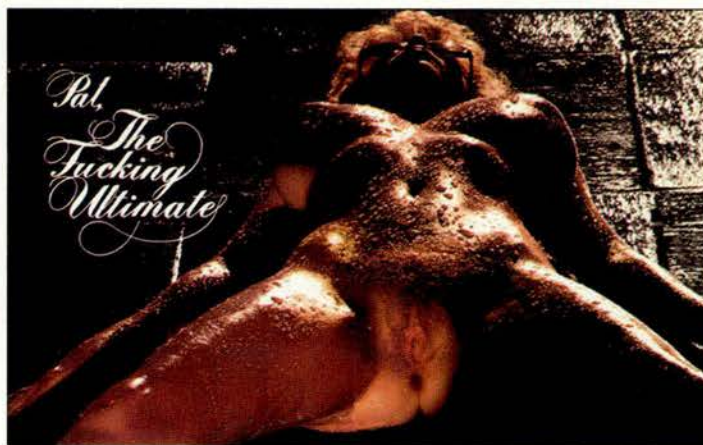
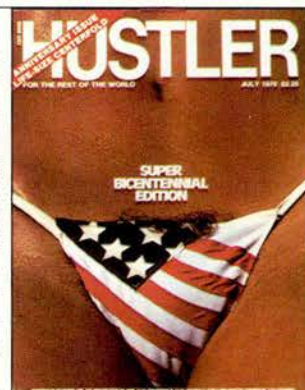
readers a true symbol with which to identify. To this day it remains as recognized a part of HUSTLER as the color pink.

In the same issue we broke even more publishing ground by introducing a new feature: *Beaver Hunt*. To our delight this monthly album of wide-open girls-next-door has proven to be one of the magazine's most popular departments.



**LEAVE IT TO BEAVER.** HUSTLER really began to "open up" editorially in July 1976, starting with a new Beaver logo. Our "working class" mascot gave HUSTLER

**WAVING OUR FLAG.** The American Bicentennial celebration included a unique homage to Old Glory; our July 1976 edition was the very first magazine ever to show pubic hair on its cover. Offended and amazed, people swore up and down that we'd never get away with it. But after the issue sold big on newsstands all across the United States, our adversaries soon capitulated. This cover set yet another precedent in the magazine-publishing world—one that put us just a hair above the competition.



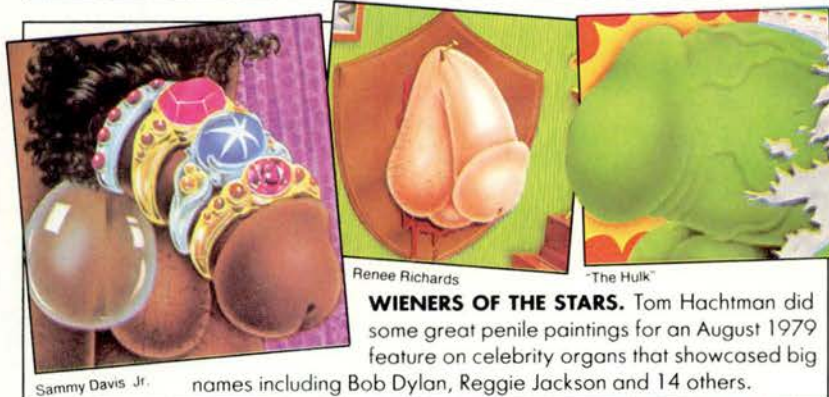
**SMILE . . .** Early in 1976 Flynt snatched renowned erotic photographer James Baes from his native France to join the staff of HUSTLER full-time. This breathtaking shot from a June 1976 layout is one of Baes's personal favorites. He has since become our Director of Photography.



**BITE THE BULLET.** Only *HUSTLER* and Larry Flynt would dare share the gruesome evidence of an assassination attempt on his life—to bring home the true horror of criminal violence (September '78). Now *that's* obscene.



**AMAZING GRACE.** Singer/model/actress Grace Jones—recent co-star of *Conan the Destroyer*—agreed to appear in front of our cameras for a no-punches-pulled pictorial that had the entertainment industry buzzing (December '80).



Renee Richards

"The Hulk"

**WIENERS OF THE STARS.** Tom Hachtman did some great penile paintings for an August 1979 feature on celebrity organs that showcased big names including Bob Dylan, Reggie Jackson and 14 others.



**THE TRUTH ABOUT NORMA JEAN.** In a revealing and eye-opening July 1980 article we explored the mysterious death of Hollywood sex goddess Marilyn Monroe. Was it suicide, or was it murder? The startling facts that we uncovered raised ominous doubts about how and why the blond actress lost her life.

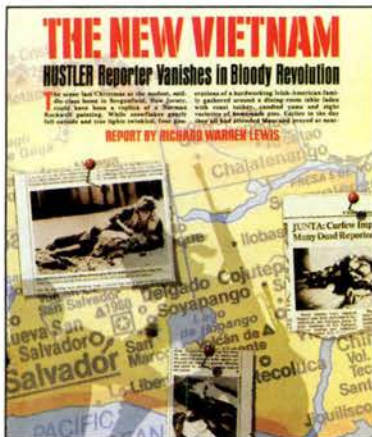
**RAPE OF JUSTICE.** When Larry Flynt took on the Atlanta courts, *HUSTLER* posed disturbing questions about free speech, freedom of the press and our civil liberties (August '79).



**RIGHT TO LIFE?** The issues concerning abortion—pro and con—were the controversial topics of a November 1978 exposé. Freedom of the press as well as freedom of choice have always been our motto.

**SHOCK THERAPY.** One of our more electrifying, as well as infamous, photo-features appeared in the February 1978 issue. We followed the trials and tribulations of a young woman as she was stripped, clipped and shaved on the last night before her execution. It gave an entirely new, erotic slant to the issue of capital punishment.





**WAR IS HELL.** In 1980 HUSTLER sent journalist John J. Sullivan Jr. to find out the truth about El Salvador's civil war and our government's growing involvement there. Hours after arriving in the capital city, Sullivan was murdered. In our exclusive report six months later (July '81), *The New Vietnam*, we uncovered the facts behind El Salvador's ruling junta: the gunrunning, the death squads and the wholesale slaughter of innocents.

**TUSK, TUSK!** It's ironic that millions stood in long box-office lines to see *The Elephant Man*, a movie about a pathetic creature most people could barely stand to look at while he was alive. We showed real pictures of him in April 1981.

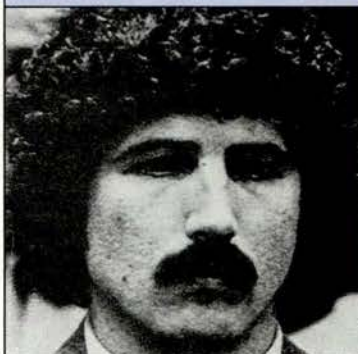


**CLASSICAL ASS.** The Reverend Jerry Falwell and his mindless Moral Majority have been trying to make America conform to their narrow views. These rabid censors want to remove sex and violence from TV and nude women from magazines. Where will it all end? In December 1981 we took their puritan ideas to the limit and showed how art classics might look after Jerry cleaned them up.

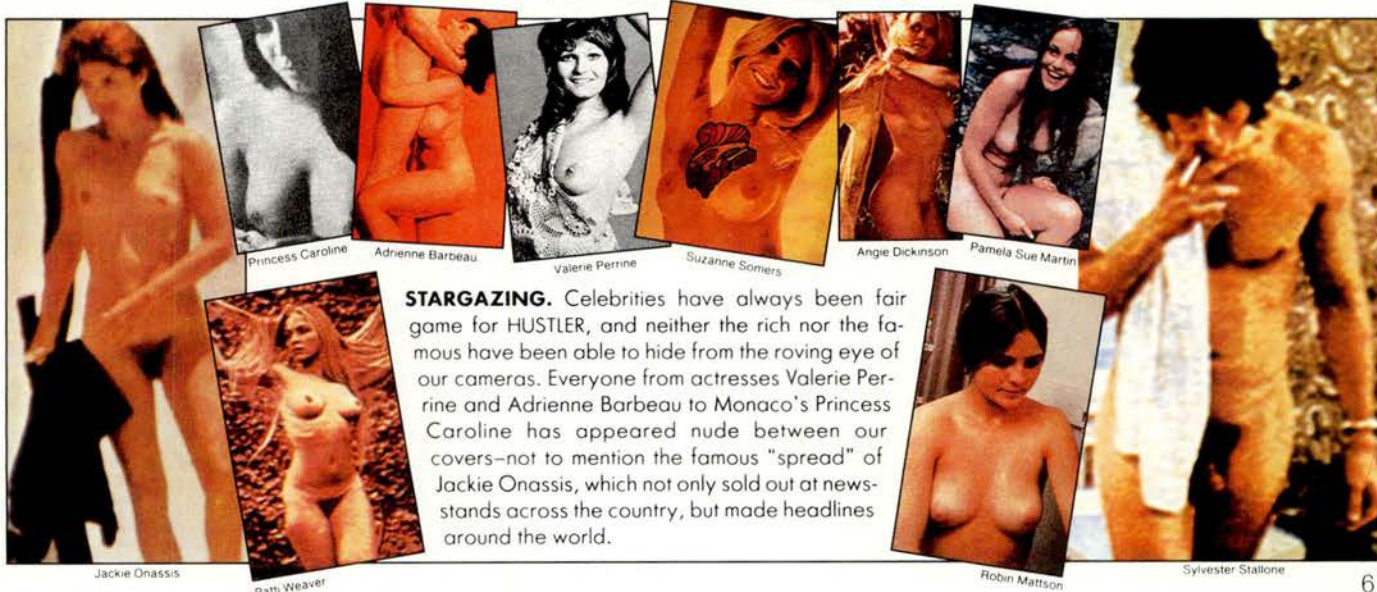


**MILLION-DOLLAR BONANZA.** In July 1981 ten HUSTLER giveaway finalists waited for the outcome of the Super Bowl. The one whose number matched the last digit in the final score would win. When Joseph Watkins accepted a winner's check, his smile spread wider than one of our centerfolds' legs.

**BLOOD, CUM AND TEARS.** L.A. women were afraid to walk the streets in broad daylight during the 121-day reign of terror by Kenneth Bianchi, the Hillside Strangler. But we got inside Bianchi's mind to tell the whole story in August 1981.



**LAST GASP.** Even at the risk of turning off potential advertisers, HUSTLER has always had the guts to take a stand against smoking. For years we've run anti-tobacco ads that have enraged the cigarette companies—and maybe saved a life or two by getting people to kick the habit.



**STARGAZING.** Celebrities have always been fair game for HUSTLER, and neither the rich nor the famous have been able to hide from the roving eye of our cameras. Everyone from actresses Valerie Perrine and Adrienne Barbeau to Monaco's Princess Caroline has appeared nude between our covers—not to mention the famous "spread" of Jackie Onassis, which not only sold out at newsstands across the country, but made headlines around the world.

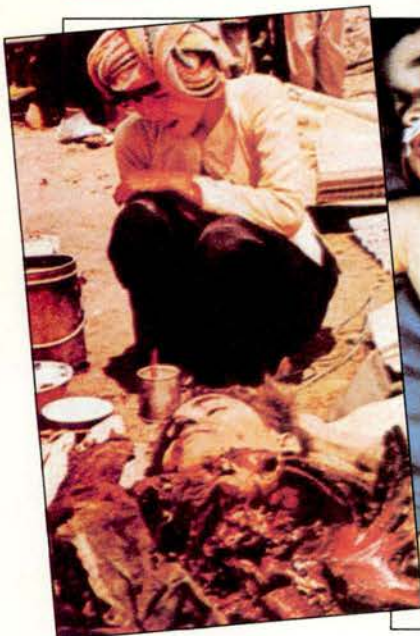


**GETTING BALD.** A June 1976 pictorial was a big hit with our regular readers and the Hare Krishnas. The model was later turned down for a starring role in the first *Star Trek* film because she bore too close a resemblance to Telly Savalas.

**UP IN SMOKE.** We've heard of lighting up after sex, but this is ridiculous. Fortunately, our March 1976 model didn't develop a cough, or she might have chafed her twat.



**GENDER BLENDER.** It took a lot of balls for Josephine-Joe, for short?—to peel off her bra and boxers for our February 1976 issue. But you loved seeing a she-male; so we gave you another glimpse in February 1984. We like to think we're putting the man back in the word *woman*. Or is it the other way around?



**NOT A PRETTY SIGHT.** While courts and Bible-thumping conservatives continually tried to take *HUSTLER* off the newsstand for being "obscene," we exposed real obscenities with shocking pictorials depicting the horrors of war (January '77) and child abuse (October '77). We've always felt it is more wholesome to show people engaged in the act of love than to show senseless violence.

**SWEET AS HONEY.** That elegant lady of the evening, Honey Hooker, has been satisfying her customers—and our readers—ever since the



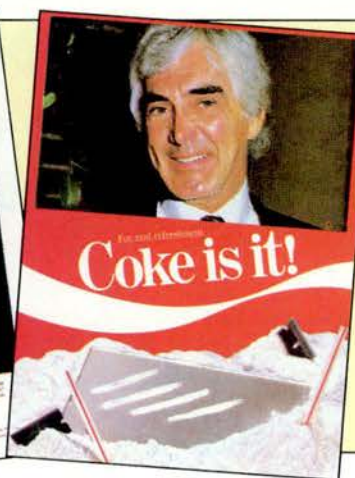
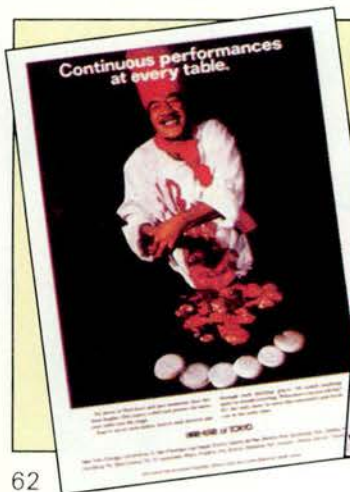
January 1975 issue. With a cast of sexy cohorts including the foxy fraulein Ilsa and an Oriental dish named Poon Tang, this redhead has diddled doctors, grappled with terrorists, cavorted with bluenoses and raised temperatures—among other things—just about everywhere she's gone.

**JUST FOOLIN'.** Devastating ad parodies—such as the ones we ran poking fun at Benihana restaurants (January '77), John DeLorean (December '83) and Toyota (October '83)—have long been hilarious mainstays on these pages. By deflating some of the lies, greed and pomposity of Madison Avenue and society's would-be big-shots, these tongue-in-cheek advertisements are an important part of what *HUSTLER* has always been about.

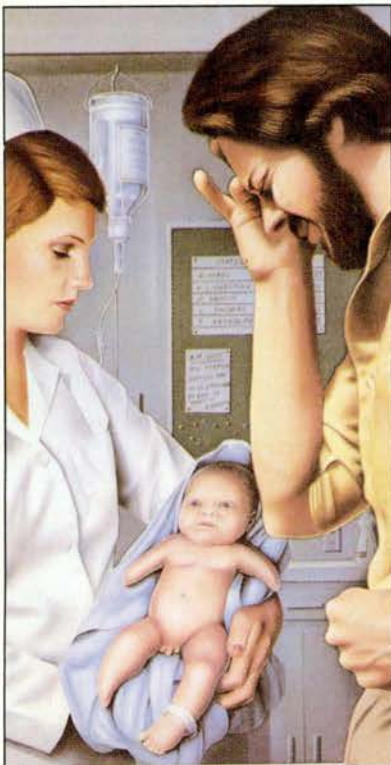
# TOYOTA



From those nice people  
who brought you Pearl Harbor.

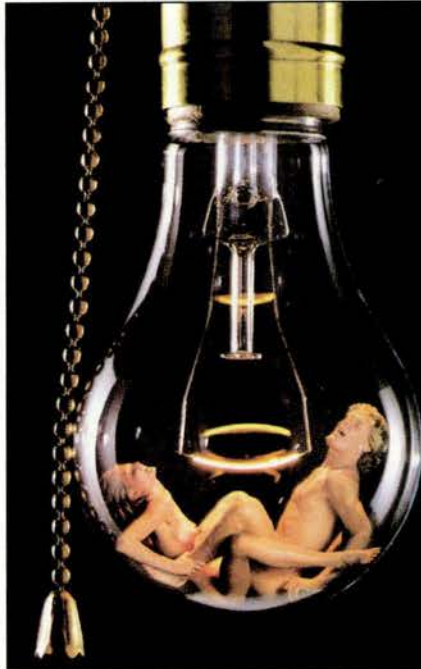






#### SEX AND DRUGS AND DISFIGUREMENT.

In June 1982 we took a chilling look at Bendectin, a drug prescribed legally by family doctors for morning sickness. Unfortunately, Bendectin had some tragic side effects—it caused mothers to give birth to malformed babies. Children were born with no arms, legs or eyes. Incredibly, the company that manufactured Bendectin—Merrell Dow Pharmaceuticals Inc.—may have known of the drug's dangers all along. Our searing exposé, which prompted heavy reader reaction, unveiled the horror that the company and the medical community inflicted on innocent women and unborn children.



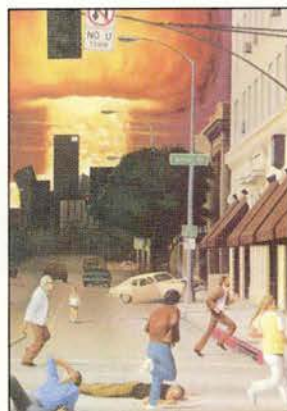
#### SCREWING IN A LIGHT BULB.

We've all heard of people getting sexually "turned on," but in our March 1983 issue longtime *Bits and Pieces* photographer Ladi von Jansky and veteran Production Designer Ralph Fowler took the expression literally when they created this illuminating picture of a romantic pair making it inside a 100-watt bulb. This shot is typical of the wildly inventive, off-the-wall humor that has made our *Bits and Pieces* section a long-running smash with HUSTLER's millions of readers—and an object of envy for our less-innovative rivals.

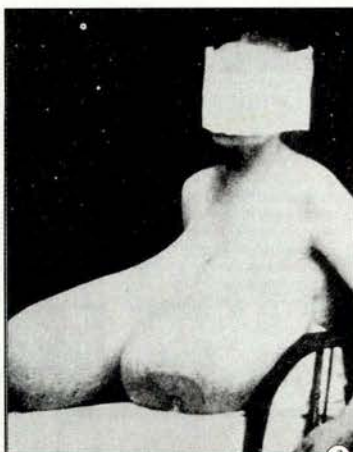
**BAGMAN.** America's top "sack" symbol—The Unknown Comic—joined such pundits as Garrett Morris, Al Goldstein, Gerard Damiano, John Mayall and Pat McCormick in January 1983's installment of our *Annual Unbiased Review of Men's Magazines*.



**TAKING CHARGE.** After Larry was shot in 1978, his wife Althea Flynt kept HUSTLER moving. Without her driving force we wouldn't be here today.



**END OF THE LINE.** HUSTLER pondered nuclear war and found our civil defense sadly lacking (September '82).



**STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.** In February 1982 we gathered together the most amazing collection of sexual abnormalities ever: from a pair of 82-inch boobs and a love canal like the Holland Tunnel to a woman who had no nipples.



**VD-DAY.** A venereal-disease epidemic has been swiftly spreading in the U.S., and in October 1982 we brought the ugly truth into the light—as these pictures that accompanied the article show.

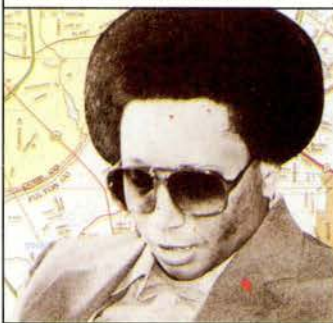


**CLIVE'S BEST.** One of HUSTLER's gifted staff photographers, British-born Clive McLean became captivated by a beautiful girl and her pet. Thus was born one of our most mind-blowing sets, *Shana: Snake Charmer* (April '83).



**MOTHER OF INVENTION.** Frank Zappa was one imaginative celebrity who created photo-fantasies just for HUSTLER. Others have included Dennis Hopper, David Nelson, Burt Ward and Marjoe Gortner.

**POLICE FARCE.** Did the cops arrest the wrong man for the Atlanta murder spree? Detective Chet Dettlinger, with reporter Jeff Prugh, examined the facts behind the fiction in April 1983.

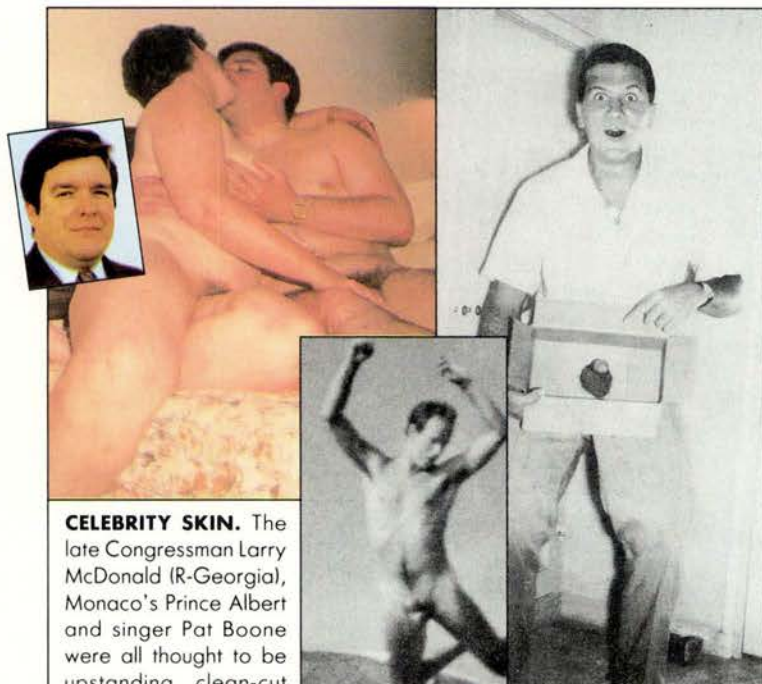


**NANCY'S** **FREE PHONE SEX**

*My husband's been screwing you for years—so I thought it was the least I could do.*

**1-202-456-1414**

**CAMPAIGN PROMISE.** Thousands of calls flooded the White House in February 1984.



**CELEBRITY SKIN.** The late Congressman Larry McDonald (R-Georgial), Monaco's Prince Albert and singer Pat Boone were all thought to be upstanding, clean-cut individuals who rarely got caught with their pants down . . . especially on film. That was true until HUSTLER Magazine exposed this trio of hypocrites for the entire world to see.



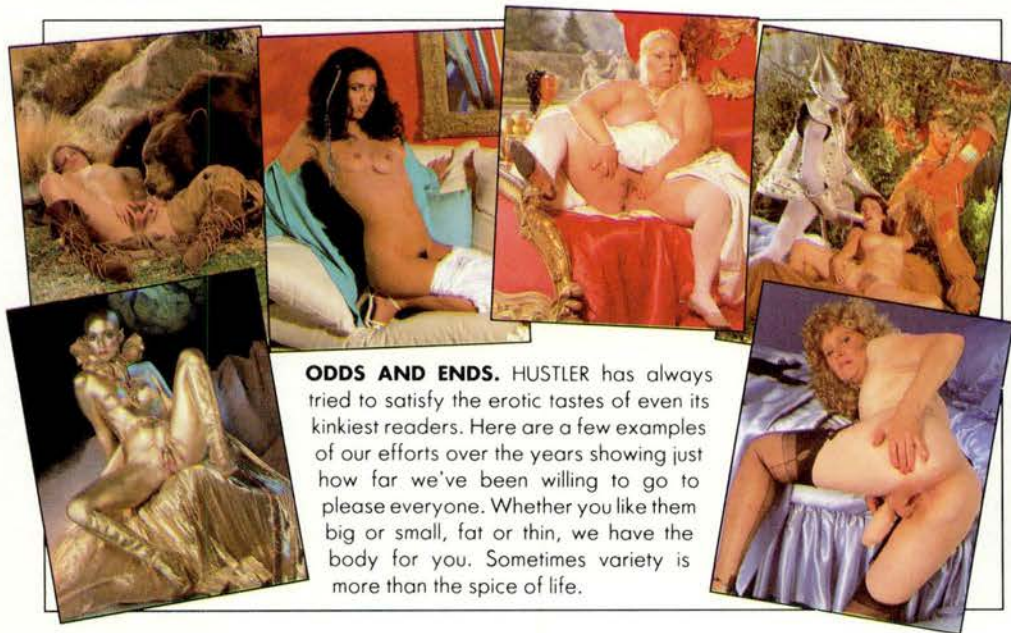
**SAY CHEESE.** When Larry Flynt said he had sex tapes involving members of Reagan's inner circle, the White House didn't find it amusing. We unleashed this satiric version in December 1983.

**LARRY FLYNT FOR PRESIDENT**

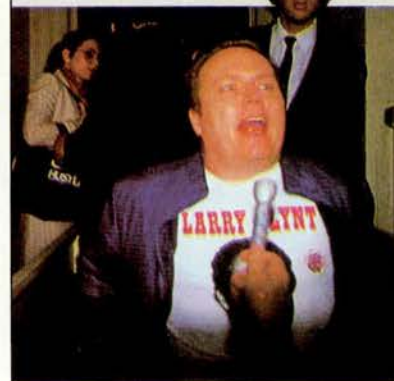


**WRONG TURN TO THE WHITE HOUSE.**

Larry Flynt tried to swap the dirty job of running a men's magazine for the dirtier job of running the country. Unfortunately, his campaign was halted in mid-roll, but he vows he'll be back in '88..



**ODDS AND ENDS.** HUSTLER has always tried to satisfy the erotic tastes of even its kinkiest readers. Here are a few examples of our efforts over the years showing just how far we've been willing to go to please everyone. Whether you like them big or small, fat or thin, we have the body for you. Sometimes variety is more than the spice of life.



## INSIDE THE MOONIES *(continued from page 56)*

*Another certainty is that Moon's followers are convinced he is the Messiah, come to unite all the world's religions.*

God created Adam and Eve to found a perfect family that would grow to become the kingdom of heaven on Earth. Satan, however, grew jealous of God's affection for Adam and Eve, and furthermore he himself was in love with Eve. Satan finally tricked Eve into having sex with him. Eve subsequently seduced Adam, and thus man fell from grace.

Steve identified this as the source of all the world's problems. Only the coming of a second Adam, who would found a new and holy family, could restore mankind to a state of grace.

The feeling of euphoria I had experienced the previous week (and lost a few hours after leaving the center) returned in full force. Perhaps sensing that I was now a prime target for conversion, Marilyn suggested that I attend a Moon workshop in Duxbury, Massachusetts, where I could "learn what it's like to really live the Divine Principle."

Had it not been for one incident, I might have gone. But as we left the lecture room, something momentarily startled my senses back into operation.

Steve had just finished explaining how

the lust for material things was Satan-inspired and how people who succumbed would find their Cadillacs and Mercedes-Benzes useful only to drive them straight to hell. As I entered the parlor, I noticed four Moonies watching videotapes of their Master. Onscreen a crowd cheered Moon's arrival at a Unification gathering. He was driving up in his chauffeured Cadillac limousine.

Nevertheless, the psychological effects of the three-hour session lingered. I awoke several times that night, my head filled with the circle-and-arrow diagrams that Steve had used to illustrate the principle. If I hadn't previously familiarized myself with Moonie conversion tactics, I might have thought that I was experiencing a profound spiritual rebirth. Fortunately, however, I retained enough of my wits to realize something was wrong.

Struggling to banish the Unification doctrines that had practically taken over my brain, I remembered Ted Patrick's warning. Once the Moonies have planted a suggestion in your mind, he had said, they'll use it to pull you into the church.

It took almost a week before I felt com-

pletely free of the Moonies' influence. But even then I knew that I might still be vulnerable if I went back to the center; so I decided not to return.

During the days that followed, I examined the Unification Church in light of my experiences. Patrick's brainwashing theory was certainly true. At first I hadn't believed that any of the Moonies were held under mind control; now it began to dawn on me that they could talk only about their religion and its leader. They lacked the capacity to view *anything* as real or meaningful outside Moon's concept of the universe.

I began to see the church as the evil organization it really is—a cult that deprives its adherents of their freedom of thought and then puts them to work in its various enterprises. Politics, publishing, arms manufacturing—Moon has spread his tentacles into all these areas.

What, I wondered, are Sun Myung Moon's true motives? He has enough money. Is he after something more? I felt the answers lay in his religious beliefs, and to find them I would have to attend more lectures. This time, though, I would devise some type of defense against the conversion tactics.

As I reviewed their methods, I finally hit upon the factor that made me most vulnerable: The Moonies always managed to drown my initial skepticism in a sea of warmth and friendship. Despite the fact that I now knew the cult's true nature firsthand, it would still take a determined effort to resist. But I felt that if I could position myself more in the role of *observer* than participant, I could avoid getting caught up in the fast-paced swirl of the lecture.

Alan picked up the phone when I called the center. "Come on Friday," he said. "Seven-thirty."

Not having seen me in two weeks, the Moonies were overjoyed at my reappearance; apparently they felt that anyone who associated with them for this much time must be close to joining. They didn't question my long absence, and Steve referred to it only when he asked if I wanted to review the earlier two lectures before hearing the third. He smiled when I announced that I wanted to move on right away to the new information.

Lecture number 3 dealt with the role of Christ. Jesus, Moon believes, ultimately failed in his Messianic mission. Instead of alienating the Jewish leaders, which resulted in his crucifixion, Jesus should have become leader of Palestine. From there he could have expanded his power until he grew strong enough to depose Tiberius Caesar and be crowned ruler of the Roman Empire and the world. Meanwhile, Jesus would have found a perfect

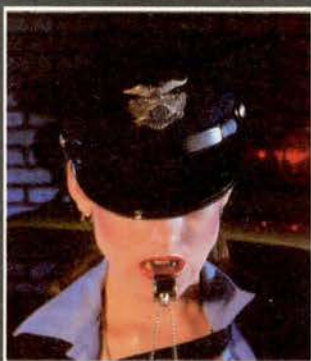
*(continued on page 132)*



*"Sis wants to know how to tie an umbilical cord. . . ."*



# 10 YEARS of TORRID CENTER FOLDS



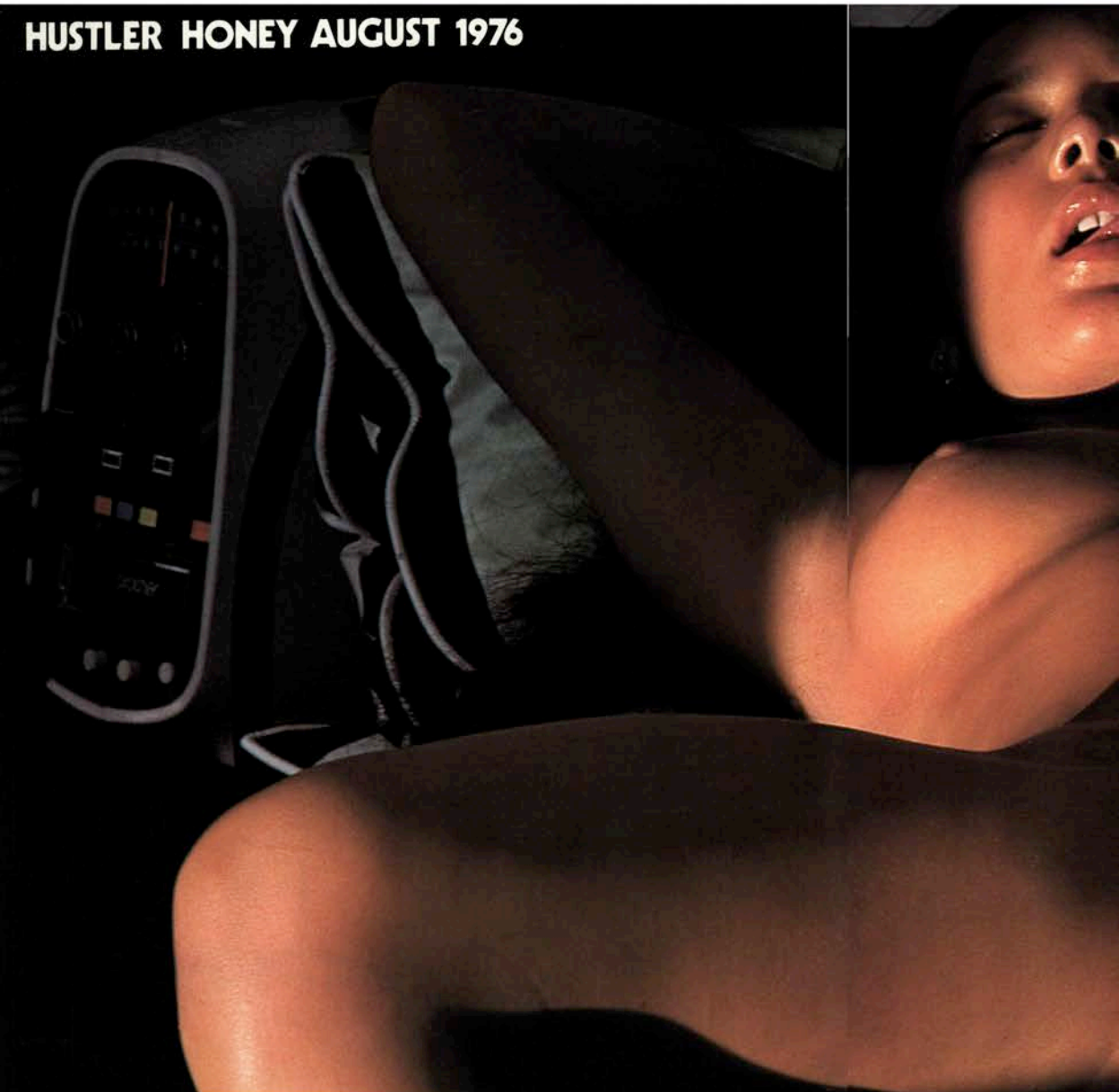
Ten years ago in HUSTLER's first issue, Publisher Larry Flynt boldly predicted, "Our girl-features are destined to become classics." Now, after a decade of decadence, it's easy to see how prophetic he was. Other editorial features may be blockbusters in their own right, but it's the ladies—those unashamedly sexual beings—who make HUSTLER what it is: the world's greatest magazine. We've always shown them in *all* their splendor, without false modesty or photographic gimmicks, because that's what our readers want. And we intend to keep giving it to them for the next ten years and beyond. On the following pages are the editors' ten favorite centerfolds since 1974—one for each glorious year. From the premiere of pink to Scratch 'n' Sniff, HUSTLER has been the pioneer in erotic photolayouts. Now we're doing it again by becoming the first publication ever to print *ten-count 'em-ten* gatefolds in a single issue, plus Chrissy, our Honey of the Decade.



LER'S HONEY DECEMBER 1971



**HUSTLER HONEY AUGUST 1976**





SCRATCH'N' SNIFF  
HUSTLER'S HONEY  
AUGUST 1977





# HUSTLER'S HONEY OF THE DECADE CHRISSY JANUARY 1978

When Chrissy's centerfold appeared in HUSTLER, she was fresh out of high school and eager to take on the world. "I want to see what I've been missing," she told us then. "I'm curious to find out about older men, since boys my own age are so shallow. To tell you the truth, most of what I know about sex and men is hearsay from other girls." Now 24 and still modeling in California, Chrissy was thrilled to hear she was our unanimous choice for Honey of the Decade. She laughed, however, when reminded of her comments back then. "Would you believe I'm living with a *younger* man now? Wow, times sure change. Of course, everything I know about sex isn't just hearsay anymore. Not that I know *everything*. After all, the secret of being a good lover is to be willing to learn—and keep your mind, and your legs, open!" Clearly words to live by.





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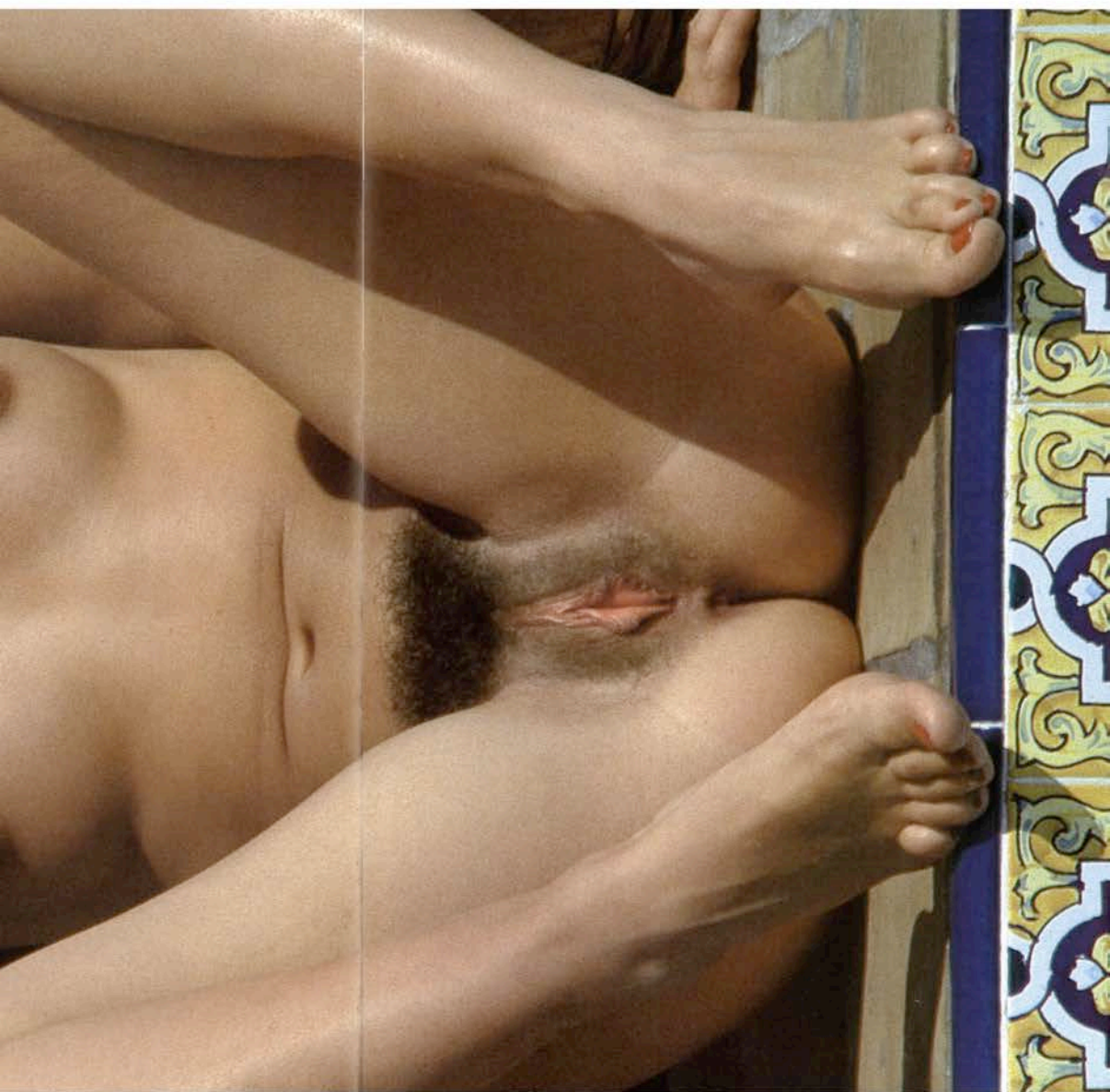




HUSTLER · DECEMBER 1978



HUSTLER'S HONEY • FEBRUARY 1979

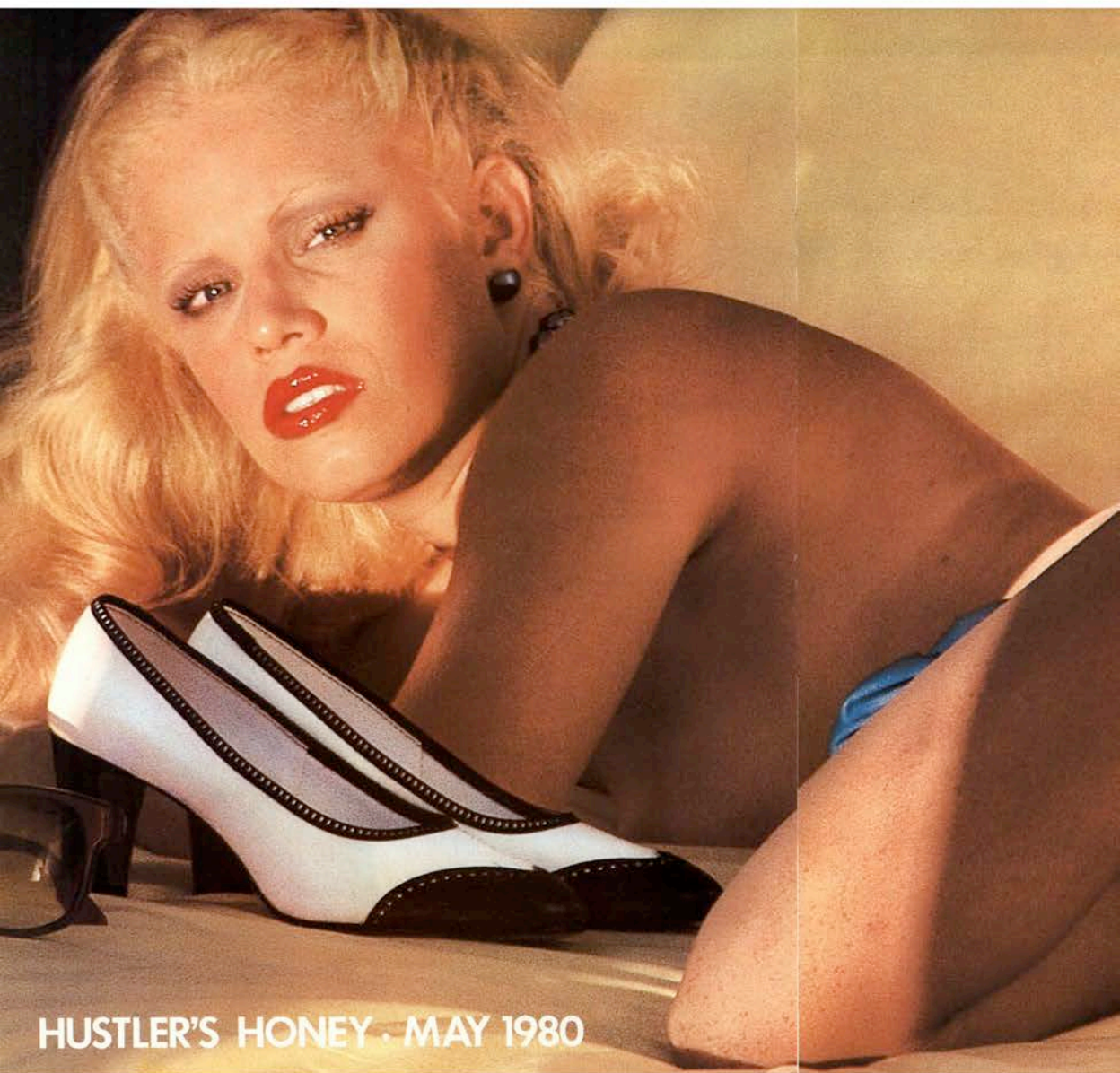


# HUSTLER'S BEAVER OF THE DECADE MADELEINE MAY 1980

From the moment Madeleine's *Beaver Hunt* entry arrived in HUSTLER's offices, we knew she was a winner. That's why this knockout blonde was featured as our first Beaver of the Year in May of 1980. Now, four years later, she's been chosen again—this time for Beaver of the Decade. "I can't believe it," the 27-year-old cocktail waitress from Miami kept saying when we called to tell her the good news. "I mean, in ten years HUSTLER's had literally thousands of Beavers. And to think that I'm the best . . . what an honor! The guys down at the bar where I work will be thrilled too. My tips will be astronomical when they see me in the magazine." How will she celebrate? "I'll get drunk and get laid," Madeleine says. "Or better yet, both at the same time." We just *knew* we'd picked the right girl.







HUSTLER'S HONEY · MAY 1980







*Sometimes I can  
be creative in  
other ways.*

*Clara*

HUSTLER'S HONEY • SEPTEMBER 1981

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HUSTLER'S HONEY • SEPTEMBER 1983

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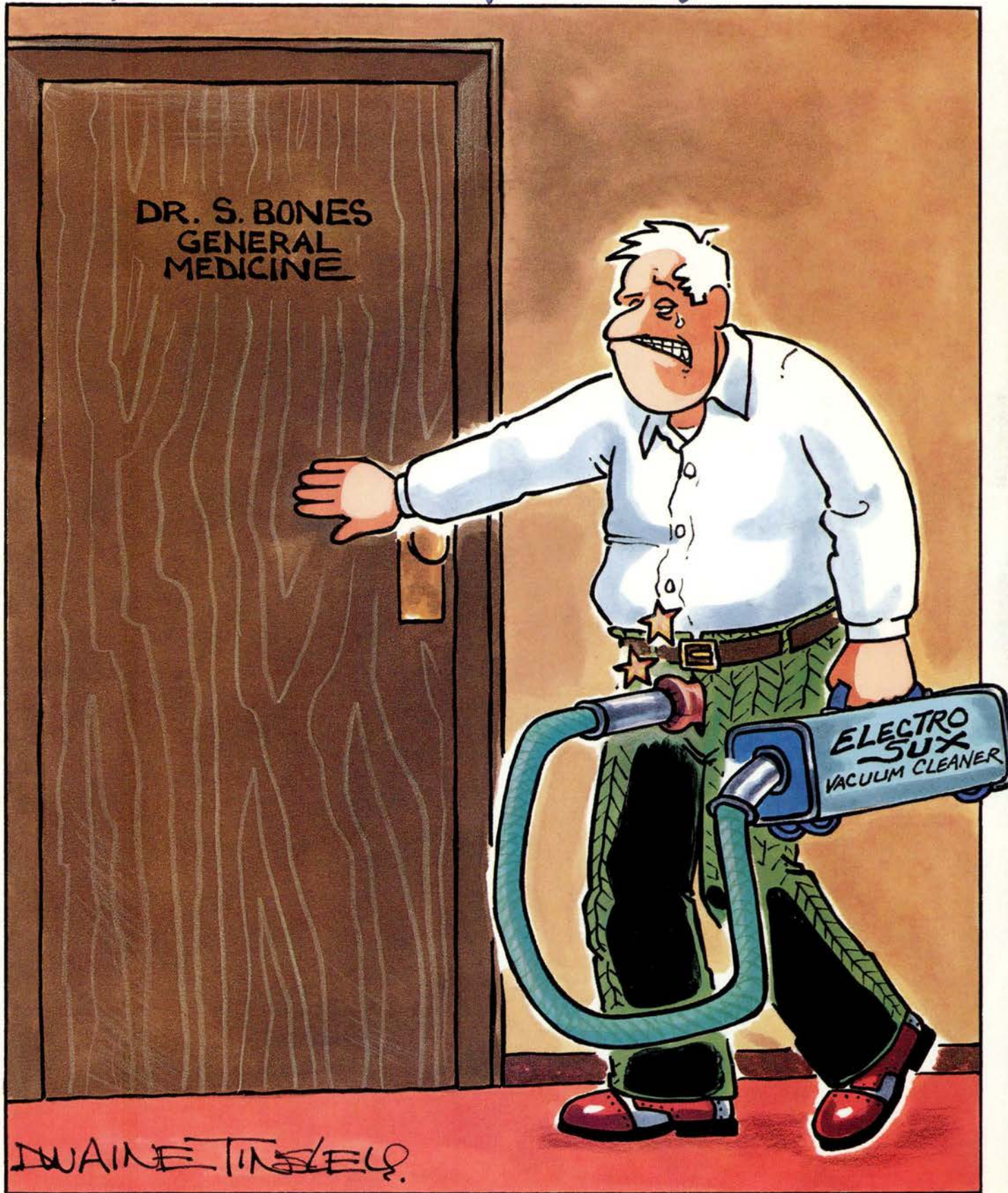


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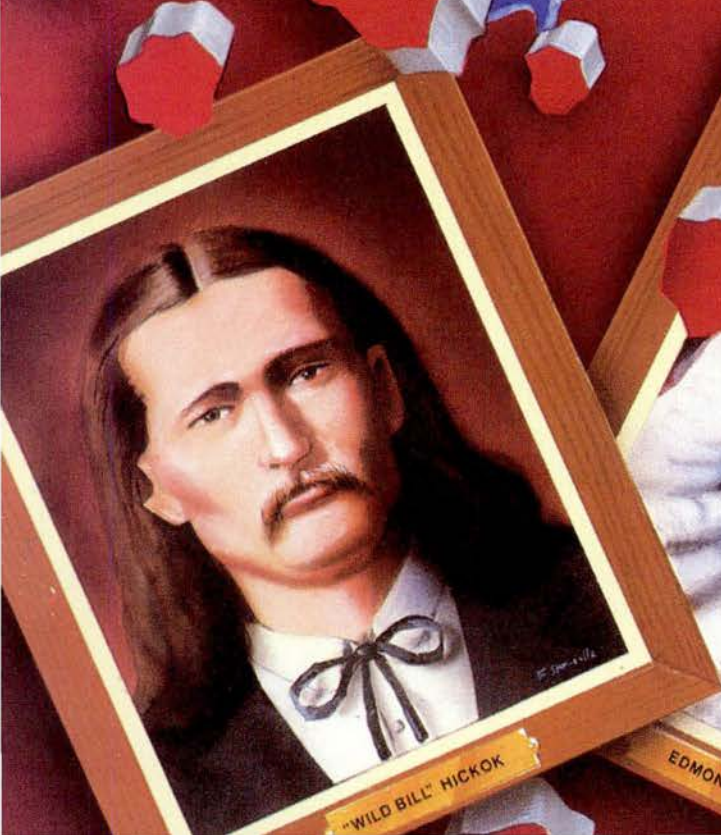
PEAK INSIDE  
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# Ghesier the MO'lester

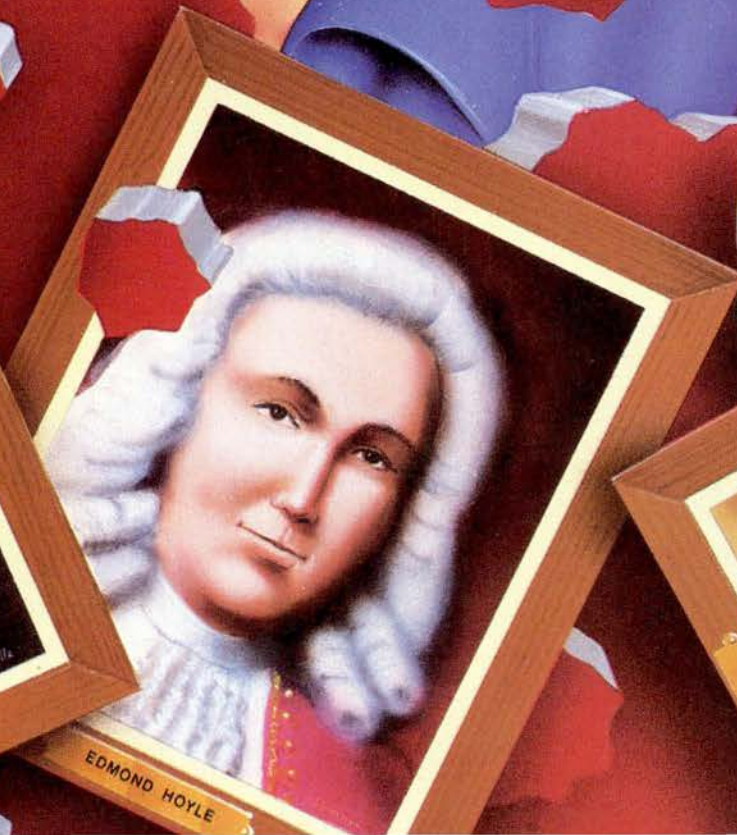




NICK THE GREEK  
NICHOLAS DANDOLAS



"WILD BILL" HICKOK



EDMOND HOYLE



JOHNNY MOSS

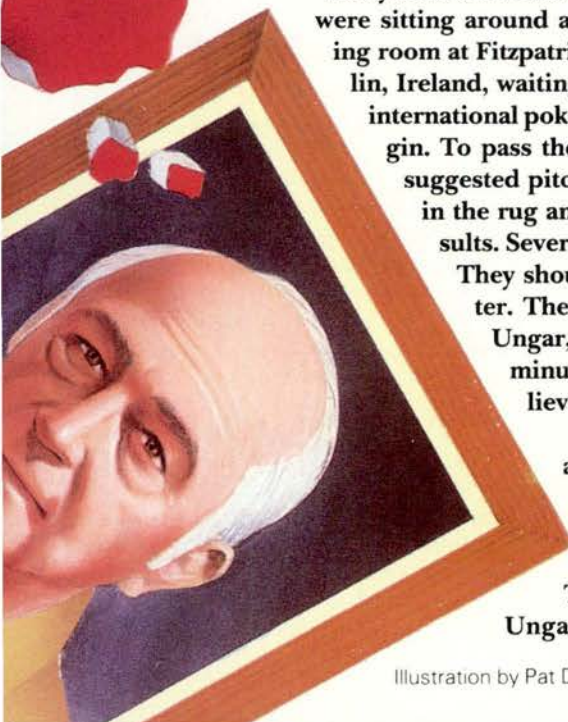




# STU UNGAR

## PLAYING WITH A FULL DECK

by Steve Magagnini



Last year a dozen world-class card players were sitting around a 16th-century drawing room at Fitzpatrick Castle near Dublin, Ireland, waiting impatiently for an international poker tournament to begin. To pass the time, one of them suggested pitching coins at a hole in the rug and betting on the results. Several took him up on it. They should have known better. The challenger was Stu Ungar, who in the next 40 minutes proceeded to relieve them of \$27,000.

He didn't do nearly as well in the tournament, but as he said afterward, "So what?"

Thirty-year-old Stu Ungar is a *player* in every

sense of the word, and he doesn't much care what he's playing as long as there's money in it. He lives for the action, whether it's no-limit poker with a \$100,000 buy-in, gin at \$1,000 a hand, table tennis at \$10,000 a game or shooting basketballs at \$20,000 a free-throw.

What Ungar lacks in skill—which isn't much—he makes up in intimidation. He's 5-5 and 110 pounds, but he plays bigger.

Some call him a genius, citing his photographic memory and computerlike mind. Others swear he can read minds, that he knows the next card off the deck.

"If I had extrasensory perception, I'd go to the race-track," Ungar says, obviously enjoying the mythology that has sprung up about him. "But I really do have a sixth sense for cards. When I'm playing gin and can tell all ten cards in my opponent's hand, I take a lot of pride in that."

Blessed with total recall, he claims to have never written down a telephone number. More important, he says, "I remember almost every significant poker hand I've ever played—in fact, every one of them." But the secret

*Ungar says, "I've got the best killer instinct you've ever seen. I'm the best poker player there is right now."*

to his success is an attitude found on every outdoor basketball court, back porch and pool hall in a thousand New York City neighborhoods like Hell's Kitchen, where Ungar grew up. "Show me a good loser, and I'll show you a *loser*."

\* \* \*

The primary showcase for Ungar's remarkable talents is Binion's Horseshoe Casino in Las Vegas. The crowded, dark, smoky betting emporium hosts the premier gambling event in the Western Hemisphere—the World Series of Poker, a high-rollers' convention held there every May for the past 15 years.

A player's "seat" costs \$10,000, and the biggest, most flamboyant and savvy names in gambling buy in with cash. So do the low-limit players, the hometown heroes and the rich foreigners who hope that somehow this will be their year, that they'll wind up with all the chips and a place in the Poker Hall of Fame (a gallery of portraits hanging on the back wall of Binion's buffet restaurant).

Ungar has been waiting to see *his* face on the wall ever since 1980, when he first entered the Poker World Series. At the

time he was just another brash, aggressive, shifty-eyed kid from the Big Apple who knew his way around a deck of cards and not much else. When Ungar sat down at one of the green-felt tables, he was a 100-to-1 longshot to win. But he rocked the poker world by taking the title—and \$360,000 in cash—on his initial try.

Just in case anybody thought the win was a fluke, he came back in 1981 and won the title again, this time for a \$375,000 cash prize. Three years later—after failing to repeat in '82 and '83—he's back again with a vengeance. About eight hours before the 1984 World Series begins, Ungar swaggers into Binion's buffet room wearing a purple-silk jacket, white-linen pants and white-patent-leather shoes. His attire has come a long way since the days when he dressed like a shoeshine boy.

"You *know* I'm planning good things for this tournament when I get dressed up," he says with a smile.

"They've been popping [betting on] Stuey like crazy this morning," says bookmaker Jackie Vaughn, who has made Ungar a strong favorite to win.



*"Stop hyperventilating, Horace . . . no one ever died from blueballs!"*

The bookie's optimism might have something to do with the fact that Ungar added Lake Tahoe's Super Bowl of Poker, worth \$275,000, to his long list of championships three months earlier. "He's playing good, he's playing lucky, and he's playing fast," commented rival Perry Green just hours before Ungar made good on his pre-tournament prediction of victory in Tahoe.

Beating Ungar has almost become an obsession with Green, a genial cherub of a man who is considered the best poker player in the Pacific Northwest. The Alaskan furrier has finished second to him in more poker tournaments than he'd care to remember. A poster-size picture of Ungar holding \$360,000 in cash and the words "Smiling Winner" hangs in Green's Anchorage office, and every day of the year he writes out the message "My picture is going to be there. My picture is going to be there."

Despite his up-and-down play in the months since Tahoe, Ungar is as confident as ever.

"If I get ahead early, I'll be real tough to beat," he predicts. His eyes brighten as he considers the prospect of \$660,000 in first-place money—the most ever in World Series competition.

"I'm so psyched up, you can't believe it," Ungar says, warming to his subject. "I'm like a tiger. I've got the best killer instinct you've ever seen. I think I'm the best poker player there is right now." He adds that he's been getting wake-up calls all morning from friends in New York who are betting on him to win the title a third time.

Ungar is part of a 132-player field, the largest ever assembled for the World Series. But when someone asks if he'll be brought down by the law of averages, he replies curtly, "I don't believe in that."

Many world-class players religiously follow a scientific formula that compares the odds of pulling a certain hand against the potential amount of money to be won. For example, if the odds of making a flush are 5-to-1, but the pot is only three times their investment, most players will fold.

Not Ungar. He relies on his card sense, his lightning-quick mental reflexes and his knack for seeing through his opponents. "He's so good at reading people, he could be a psychiatrist," Green says of the high-school dropout.

"His strength is recognizing weakness," observes Doyle Brunson, considered to be the world's greatest Hold 'Em player (the game featured at the World Series). "When both he and his opponent have hot hands, Ungar wins 95% of those hands. Stuey irritates me—but I don't get as upset as he does. He's constantly challenging me at different things. It's an ego

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*W. P. Martin*



*Three hours later Ungar is already deep in the hole, his \$10,000 buy-in reduced to a puny pile of chips.*

trip. He's always trying to prove himself to me. When I gave out my list of top ten players and ranked Stuey number 5, it was almost impossible for him to take."

Scarfig breakfast on the first day of the World Series, Ungar reports he slept about six hours the night before. "I sleep more than that usually," he says. "After the tournament I sleep 16 to 20 hours a day. I'm bored when there's no action going on. I don't want to get out of bed."

But Ungar is *never* too tired to separate a fool from his money. "During the tournament," he explains, "there's a lot of loose money around. You've got to take advantage of it while you can."

From 4 p.m. the previous day to 4 a.m. that morning, Ungar has been taking advantage of the "loose money," large chunks of cash being tossed around by part-time players more familiar with promissory notes and deeds of trust than they are with poker.

For many big-money gamblers, playing in the World Series of Poker is merely an annual ritual. The real money is made on the carnival of side games that go on at Vegas's Horseshoe and the nearby Gold-

en Nugget Hotel from high noon to day-break and beyond. And nobody dips into the side action more than Ungar.

In one of these marathon side games before the tournament begins, Ungar is warming up with Johnny Davis, a stone-faced Texan who made his mark in the Dallas construction business. They're playing Omaha, the latest poker fad. Each player receives four hole cards instead of the two used in Hold 'Em. And each player must use two of his hole cards—no more, no less—along with three of the five open cards they're dealt communally to form the best five-card hand. Because more cards come into play, there are more options available, which makes for a faster, more action-packed game.

The buy-in for this particular confrontation is \$20,000, the ante is \$300, and the game is freeze-out—which means winner takes all.

The first thing you notice about Ungar, as he sits there playing, is that he vibrates with excitement from head to toe. His feet tap impatiently. The long, talon-like fingers of his right hand incessantly bridge and shuffle a dozen gray \$500

chips with the speed and finesse of a juggler.

Ungar wears his wavy brown hair in a Prince Valiant cut that falls to his eyes. A gold chain hangs around his neck, and an even bigger one dangles from his wrist. He plays poker from an introverted slouch, the frequent smirk on his elfin face reading, "I couldn't care less."

After about five hours of play, Ungar orders two cheeseburgers, a Coke and a bag of potato chips, then wolfs them down without stopping the game. "He might not move for four days," marvels Greg Meyers, a chunky 31-year-old Las Vegas poker player who considers himself Ungar's friend.

More hours pass, and still Ungar hasn't risen from his chair. "I don't pee either," remarks Jack "Treetop" Straus, the 1982 World Series winner and the only man alive who gambles as much as Ungar does. "I've got a society bladder—I pee when I get up in the morning and when I go to bed at night."

There is another reason why Ungar never leaves the poker table, even after pouring quarts of Coca-Cola into his spindly frame. "If I'm losing," he says, "I don't like to get up. I'm afraid the game will break up while I'm gone."

Finally, the World Series begins—and barely three hours later Ungar is already deep in the hole, his \$10,000 buy-in reduced to a puny pile of chips.

"Can't make a pair," he says, losing a bit of that legendary swagger. His left leg is jiggling up and down like a jackhammer. The more he loses, the more impatient he gets. On the next hand Ungar goes "all in"—poker lingo for betting his remaining chips. Risking his last \$800, he manages to double up his bankroll.

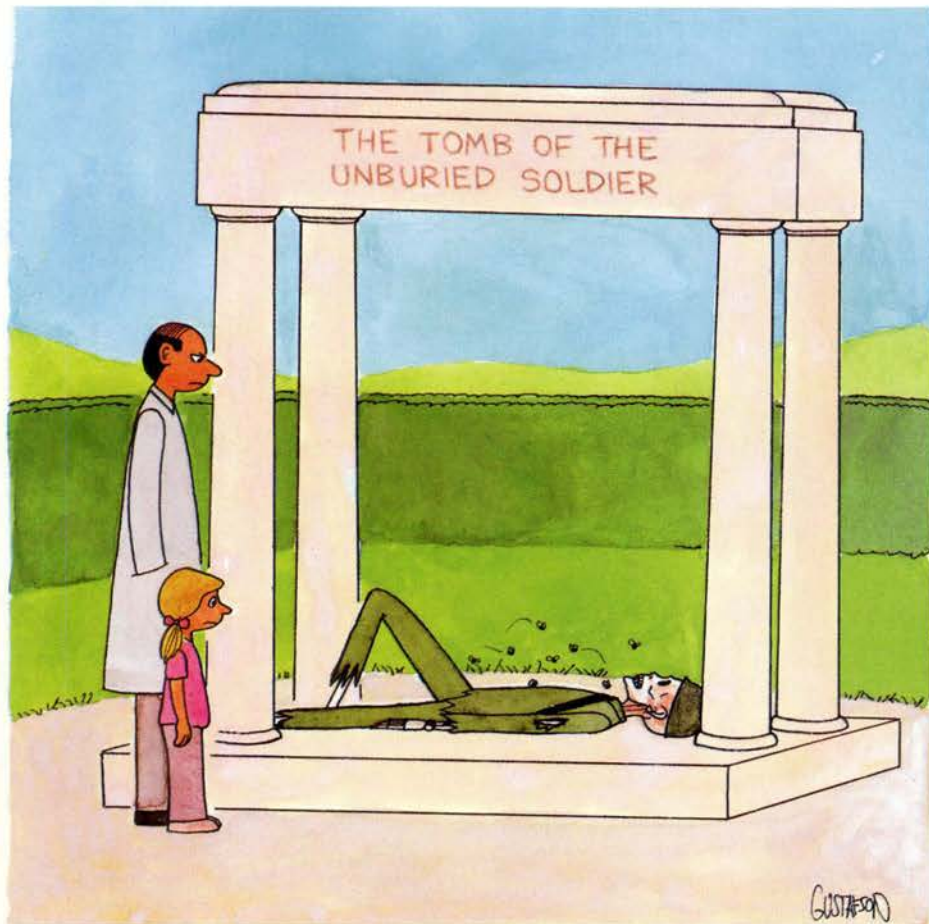
Despite his run of bad luck, he's keeping tabs on the financial condition of his toughest opponents, who are scattered throughout the room at 11 other tables.

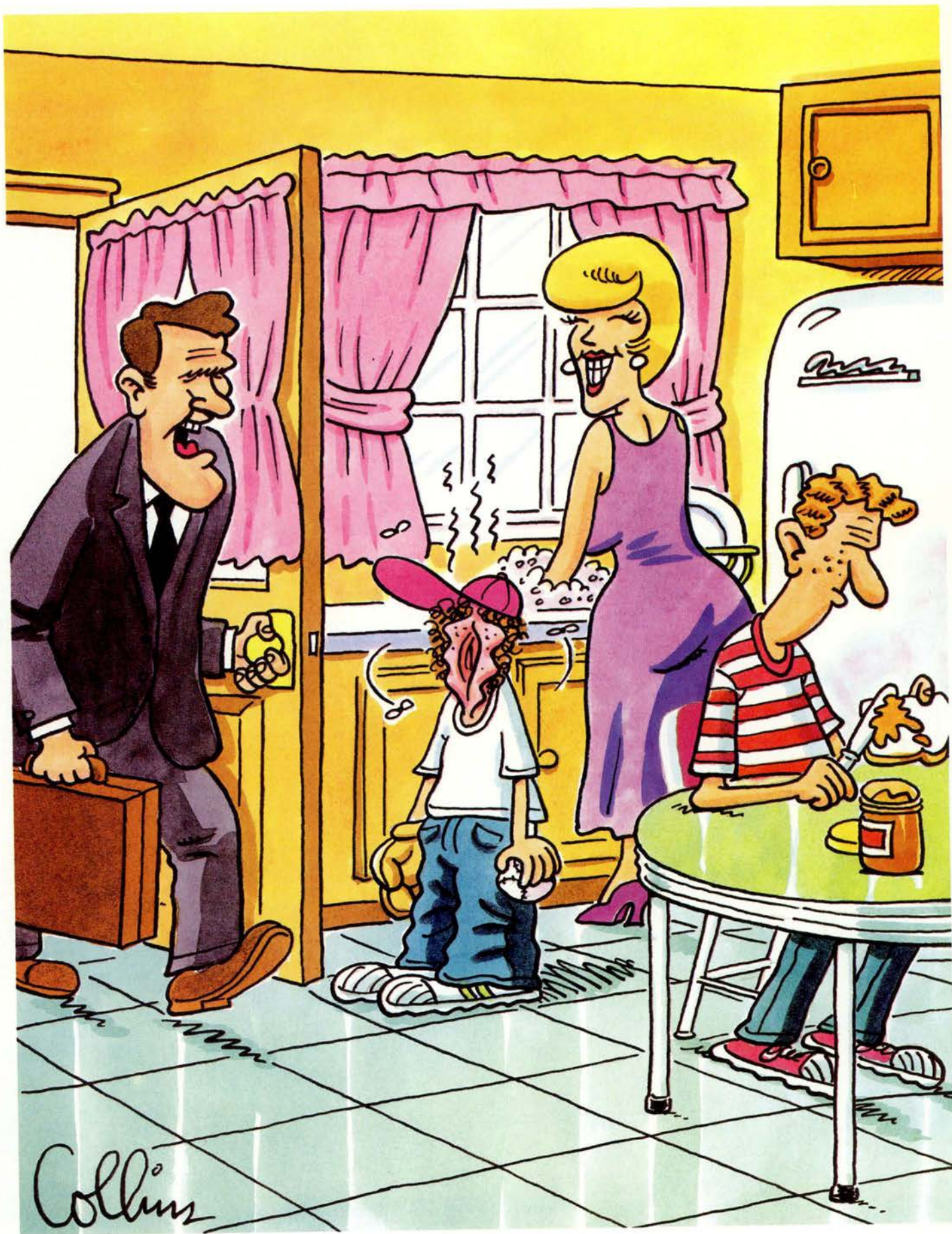
Puggy Pearson, a pit bull of a man with a cigar clamped between his teeth, folds a useless hand and wanders over to Ungar's table. Ungar asks how much money Doyle Brunson has amassed. "Twen'-forty thousand," replies Pearson, who is infamous for his ability to "steam," or unnerve, his opponents.

Taking a break from overworking his chips with increasingly nervous fingers, Ungar snarls, shakes his head in disgust and springs out of his chair like a cheetah to size up Brunson's stack for himself. He returns to his table and orders two packs of Grandma's Creme-Filled Cookies, which apparently give him the sugar rush he needs to win a few more hands and rebuild his stack to \$3,700.

But Ungar is soon reduced to \$800 in chips again—which he unhesitatingly

(continued on page 120)





"Hi, Honey! Hi, Wally! Hi, Beaver!"



# SNOWBALLING



When their men insisted on staying at the lodge to watch football on the tube, the two girls decided it was time to try their hand at snowmobiling.



Outside, under a bright, warm sun they straddle the pulsating vehicle, which makes fast tracks behind them in the powdery terrain. The vibrating engine sends shivers that have nothing to do with the chill air up their inner thighs, and they're glistening with sweat as they park the machine beneath a tree. One woman exposes a pair of magnificent breasts to the cool breeze. Soon the two lovelies are clutching desperately as their tongues intertwine. Below the tightly knit fabric of their ski pants, fingers find warm wetness and push deeper. Finally satisfied, the girls stop, gasping for breath, and rest until it's time to hit the road again. But they'll be out snowballing on the trail tomorrow.













*When Ungar emerges from his suite the next day, he looks sleepier than a hooker on a two-day Valium binge.*

shoves back into the pot. He is holding a pair of kings, the second-best possible hand, against an ace-9 held by Jim "Snake" Courtney, a real-estate broker and weekend poker player from Plymouth, Michigan.

Courtney draws an ace to give him a pair—and Ungar is busted flat. Suddenly, stunningly, he has been knocked out of the tournament—at 5:59 p.m. on the first day of play.

Ungar flies out of the poker room in disgust.

But an hour later he's back. He grabs the casino boss, Jack Binion, and—with his arms flailing wildly—explains his demise. "I got beat by a guy who can't even *spell* poker," he says, pointing to Courtney, who's still piling up the chips at his table. "That guy who has all the checks [chips] at my table, he's the worst poker player I've ever seen in my life!"

Later, during a break in the action, Ungar sees a friend in the bathroom and says again, "Some guy who can't spell poker knocked me out."

Courtney, who is in one of the stalls, yells out, "Hey, that was me! And I do

know how to spell it: M-O-N-E-Y!"

Before the tournament Ungar said he wasn't going to make any side bets because he didn't want to get "distracted." But now he's wandering around the poker room, the tails of his silk jacket flapping as he sizes up the bankrolls of the more than 100 remaining players.

What he is doing is plotting out an intricate series of side bets on selected participants designed to put him back in the winner's circle—at least financially.

And Ungar isn't through with Courtney. Or vice versa. At 11:15 p.m., after the first day's competition is over, Ungar sits at the Golden Nugget playing gin with Courtney at \$1,000 a hand (plus \$500 for knocking).

At 3 a.m. the gin game breaks up—with Ungar a \$10,000 loser. It hasn't been his day, and he doesn't emerge from his sixth-floor suite until 3:35 the next afternoon, looking sleepier than a hooker on a two-day Valium binge.

Meanwhile, ruddy-faced Jim Courtney is enjoying the sensation he has caused with his double victory over Ungar in poker and gin. "Gin's really my game," he

announces, smiling broadly. When he's informed that Ungar is universally considered the best gin player alive, Courtney replies, "Now he's number 2."

With the genial demeanor of a Southern California used-car salesman, he analyzes Ungar's play. "I call him 'the Fly' because he's got so much nervous energy. He's like a fly flitting from one piece of crap to the next."

When the game resumes several hours later, however, Courtney knocks over his chair in disbelief as Ungar gins him for the umpteenth time to go up by \$20,000. "That was the safest card in my hand!" Courtney yells helplessly. "I sent in the deadeast card in my hand—and it was the only card he could gin with!"

His dark eyes, once confident, are now squinty and bloodshot. "Because you're new money, they think you're a chump," says the snakebitten Snake.

Later Courtney pulls himself together and adds, "He had good cards tonight. I like playing a person who plays good gin, and he plays very, very well. But I don't think he plays any better than I do."

Courtney may have lost this particular battle, but he's not about to surrender. "I'm going to have \$50,000 wired in tomorrow so I'm not playing with short bread," he shouts across the card room at Ungar. "Bring lots of cash!"

Ungar's ears perk up, and he goes flying toward Courtney. "I'll be there at 11 a.m. sharp!"

Until then he has other irons in the fire.

"I've got a lot of men still working," Ungar explains. "I've got pieces of people still in the tournament. I've got 15% of Doyle Brunson. I bet \$5,000 on Bobby Baldwin at 20-to-1 and \$5,000 on Jesse Alto at 18-to-1."

He calls over to the swarthy Alto, a half-Lebanese, half-Mexican car dealer from Houston who's known for his expertise. "Jesse!" Ungar shouts. "Every break [in the tournament] I'm going to bet on you. You're going to be my horse!"

When Brunson's stack of chips starts eroding, Ungar screams at him, "Take it easy! You had \$50,000! I'm sick to my stomach!"

Ungar is joined in the poker room by Cindy Stevenson, a leggy 27-year-old brunette from Ely, Nevada, who gazes at him with doelike eyes. "He's the main attraction," she admits. "Most of the ladies seem to think so. He's a gambling fool. He's aggressive. That's what's attractive about him—he's his own man. But he's ignoring me. It's like being in high school—my palms get sweaty when I'm around him. I was surprised when I found out he's married."

Last fall Ungar married Madeline

DECEMBER HUSTLER



"Keep an eye on Brother Timothy. He insisted on stuffing the turkey."



DUANE TINSLEY.

*"The nice thing about being a gambler is . . . you have no disciplines, no deadlines, no hours."*

Wheeler, his longtime girlfriend and the mother of two-year-old Stefanie Ungar. "She's pretty," he says of his daughter. "She looks just like me."

But marriage to the woman Ungar met ten years ago, when she was waitressing in a New York card room, has done next to nothing to control his freewheeling, impulsive, hedonistic lifestyle. He says he got married "to have a kid" and has told girlfriends of the moment that he's planning to divorce his wife. "I'm on the verge of it," Stuey says. "I like every woman I see."

While other fathers might salt away part of their fortunes in stocks, bonds, trust funds or real estate to build a nest egg for their families, Ungar has "no thought of it," says Jack Binion. "He runs along the edge. Stuey is like a man who lives in the jungle next to a banana grove. Whenever he's hungry, he goes and gets himself a banana. And gambling is Stuey's banana grove."

Adds Eric Drache, the dapper tournament director and Ungar's chief apologist, "Stuey's motto is never bet more than 300% of your bankroll on any given

day." He's a far cry from the new breed of machinelike gamblers such as 1983 World Series champion Tom McEvoy who grind out their winnings and usually never bet more than 2% of their bankrolls on any day.

"With Stuey the play's the thing," Drache continues. "If he won this tournament, it would change his life for maybe three days. Most of his waking hours are spent gambling or talking about it. He rarely goes 36 hours without betting his entire bankroll."

"I can't think of a single day when I haven't gambled, except when I'm broke," Ungar confesses. And Stu has been broke plenty of times.

"He's such a fierce competitor, if he loses—I don't care what it is—it's an upset," says gambling great Amarillo Slim Preston, who has been known to bet on which side of a cube of sugar a fly will land on. "As a card player, he's right at the top, but his skill as a gambler is right at the bottom."

Every world-class poker player has his other gambling obsession. Perry Green is a sucker for craps. Puggy Pearson and

Doyle Brunson love golf. Jack Straus and Stu Ungar can't stay away from the Sports Book, a local betting establishment offering a full selection of horse races and basketball, baseball or football games just about every day.

"I've lost millions of dollars on football," Ungar admits. "Anything I've won in poker I've lost on sports. I burn up money faster than anyone that ever lived. It just has no value to me. I'm in and out of it so much that it just doesn't mean anything to me anymore. I don't do anything with my money but lose it."

And win it back again.

"I've got two Jaguars, a Mercedes, my house is paid for—I've got everything a multimillionaire could have," says Ungar, who lives in a four-bedroom English Tudor home in Las Vegas that he never saw until his wife closed the deal.

If a woman had a price tag, Stu Ungar would find it. He has figured out that seducing women is just another game, and he has learned how to play it well.

In the middle of a high-stakes poker game at the Golden Nugget, Ungar entertains a brunette and a redhead from New Mexico who are dazzled by his antics and his bantam-rooster personality.

He leers at one of them and says, "Did you fall in love with me instantly, or did it take a little time? Get rid of that old boyfriend!"

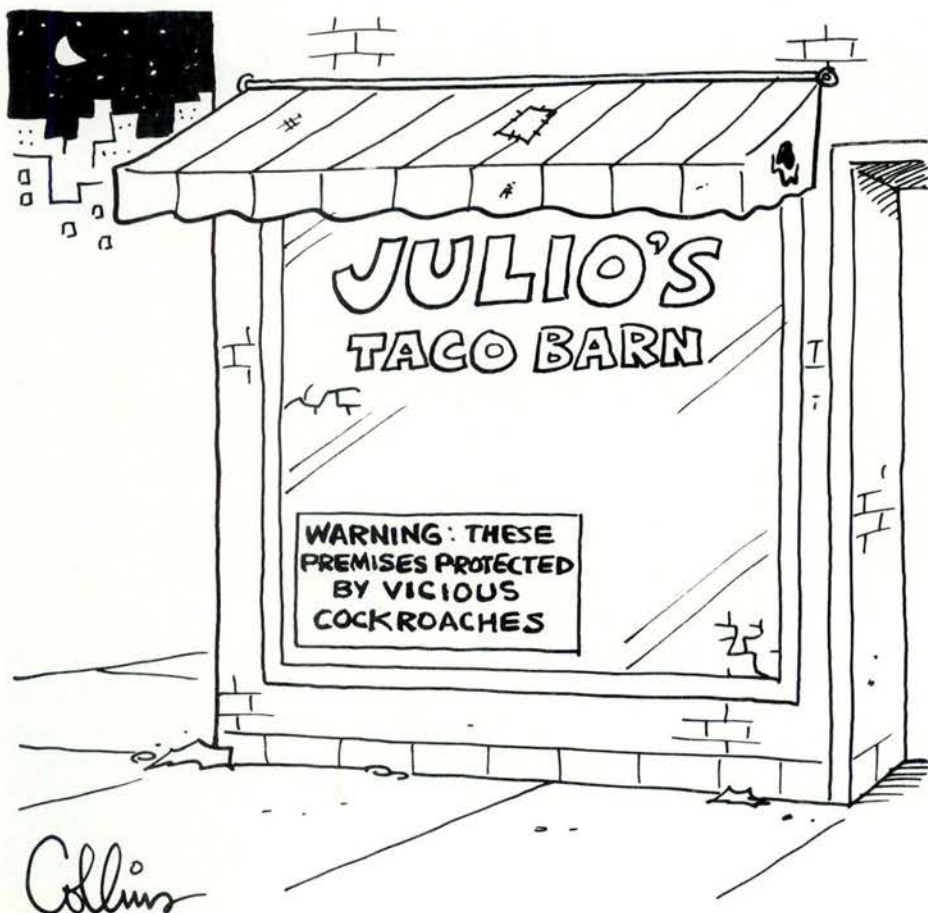
Watching from the sidelines, Jack Binion remarks, "The nice thing about being a gambler is it's like being a rock star. You don't have to live by other peoples' rules. You can break them. You have no disciplines, no deadlines, no hours."

Madeline Ungar takes a calm approach to her husband's reckless disregard for marital and familial conventions. "You've just got to go with the punches," says the 31-year-old daughter of a small-time bookmaker. "When we began going together, I started him dressing better. He didn't even know how to wash his hair. I'm kind of like a mother to him. He doesn't express himself. It's hard when you keep things in."

She pauses for a moment and sighs. "He doesn't really know how to have a good time anymore. He's not like you or me when we go to the movies and relax—he's got to gamble. He can't give anybody any time. That's one of his problems. He hates to lose. I think it has a lot to do with his size."

Some short men overcompensate by becoming great fighters, great generals or great lovers. Ungar stings larger men where it hurts most—in their wallets.

"When he loses, he goes into his room and pouts," Madeline continues. "But he has no fear of losing. He has no fear of anything. He's the kind of guy who makes everything more exciting."

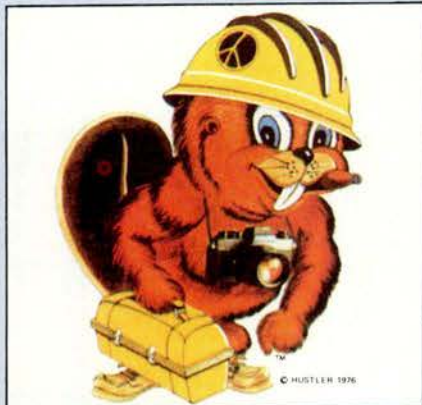




Bill M.

"Trick or treat, Mr. Goldberg!"

# HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

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Through it all she still loves Stu very much. "He's exactly the same as he was in New York. He hasn't changed, and he never will. He lives by his own rules. Not many people can say that."

\* \* \*

The grandson of Jewish and Hungarian immigrants, Stuart Ungar was born in New York City and grew up near the intersection of Seventh Street and Seventh Avenue—where his father, Isadore, ran a tavern.

"He wanted me to be a lawyer; I wanted to be a stuntman in stag movies," says Ungar, only half-kidding. "My father used to hit me every time he caught me gambling. He thought all gamblers died broke."

Ungar learned to play stickball on the grimy city streets, and he learned to play poker at his mother's side while the family vacationed in Upstate New York. "I always had a pretty good ability to pick up card games," he says modestly.

His father died when Ungar was 13, leaving him a \$10,000 inheritance. "The first day I got it, I blew it at the race-track," he recalls wistfully.

By the time he was 15, he was playing big-money poker in seedy New York card rooms with bartenders, jewel thieves, numbers runners and professional gamblers. "Sometimes the games got busted by the cops," Ungar recalls.

Several years later he met Eric Drache, the well-known poker professional, who looked after the brash young card player and introduced him to the big leagues. Shortly after his 21st birthday, Ungar flew to Las Vegas to play the man regarded as the best gin player in town. "Stuey beat him for \$100,000," recalls Drache, "and immediately lost all the money in a crap game."

Ungar started out playing in the highest-stake games available, but he didn't win consistently right away. It took him a couple of months to adjust.

His street smarts have continued to serve Ungar well ever since, enabling him to turn the unlikeliest circumstances into financial bonanzas. Earlier this year at Lake Tahoe some of the Super Bowl of Poker contestants came across a pingpong table. Ungar, a former YMCA champion pingpong player, was salivating for action when one of the entrants—David Chew—casually mentioned that he played for his school in China, neglecting to note that he had beaten out some 75,000 students to make the team.

They bet \$50,000 on who could win three out of five games. "Stuey tried to slam every shot, and usually succeeded," says Drache. "He beat him easily."

A notoriously bad golfer, Ungar has reportedly lost half a million dollars on the links since his Super Bowl of Poker vic-

tory last February. But he makes up for his ineptitude with proposition bets on each hole—longest drive, closest to the pin, best shot out of the sand trap.

"He wants to bet on every shot," says Mike McGuire, a professional gambler who has golfed with Ungar. "He will repeatedly try and raise the stakes until sooner or later he wins one of those proposition bets."

The basketball court is another favorite setting for Ungar's compulsive gambling. "Stuey is strictly an offensive player," reports Drache. "Every time he gets the ball, he shoots."

Don't get the impression that his taste for such athletic challenges keeps Ungar in good physical condition. "His exercise program consists of shaking his knee up and down during a poker game," Drache says. "If he threw off a little excess energy with exercise, he wouldn't go through those 15-minute temper tantrums that literally cost him millions each year."

Ungar's temper is as legendary as his poker skill. He has called dealers names, spat at them and thrown cards at them. Once, Drache had to bar Ungar from his poker room at the Golden Nugget because Stuey had gotten a female dealer so mad that she challenged him to a fight.

"I was abusing her, and she asked me to step outside," Ungar admits. "I was smart enough—and sober enough—not to go with her." But he quickly adds, "I've never backed out of a fight when I'm drunk—I'll fight anybody. They figure a guy this small must have something. I scare them to death."

"Stuey's got a volatile temper—but he's not malicious," says Binion. "He's matured a lot in the past four years."

"He's a piece of shit," mutters one card-room supervisor. "But trouble? Not if you control him. You've got to hold your ground with him."

Ungar tips the dealers generously when he wins, but they earn it. "It's called combat pay," Drache explains.

Brunson doesn't think Ungar has any really close friends, but Drache says, "I've found him to be a very, very loyal friend and a standup guy. He'll stick up for his friends, and he's paid back his debts a hundredfold. Loyalty is not necessarily going to a guy's birthday party. It unfortunately boils down to dollars and cents."

\* \* \*

By the final day of the 1984 World Series of Poker, Ungar's "horse"—Jesse Alto—has built his stack to \$190,000 while busting out a succession of formidable opponents. But then disaster hits at 3:40 p.m. Cowboy Wohlford, a hairy Texan with a black cowboy hat and a gigantic potbelly, goes all in for \$101,000, and

(continued on page 165)

# \$10,000

## FREE!!!

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# Beaver Hunt

December can be a tingling month outside; so why not heat things up inside by getting your favorite lady to take it all off and show pink for a *Beaver Hunt* photo-session? There's never been a better time than now. Besides a cash award of \$100 for every luscious Beaver whose picture appears on these pages, in each issue we select an entry to star as our Beaver Spotlight of the Month (see pages

130-131). The lucky winner will have a special section of the magazine all to herself-with tasty pictures taken by one of HUSTLER's very own staff photographers. And on top of that she'll be paid \$500 for doing it! So rush your entry (preferably a couple of Polaroids) to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. All entries become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Use the model release on page 124, or a facsimile, and please fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send the \$100.



Photo by Husband



Photo by Jeff

It may get cold in Apple Valley, Minnesota, but Jackie - a 25-year-old restaurant manager - has warm dreams of making love to her husband and another guy at the same time.

Dynamite Elizabeth Lee is a surfer from Lancaster, California, who loves roaring around in her red Corvette. She daydreams about making love to someone special - her 18-year-old sister.

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Deborah Jean, a hot filly from Austin, Texas, is a hairdresser by day, a bucking bronco by night. Her fantasy is "to go skinny-dipping in the hot Texas sun with my ex-lover."

Photo by Ben



Photo by Husband

Sandy is a Ramseur, North Carolina, cashier who plays a mean mandolin. Her dream is to make it with two guys at once - "and be totally submissive to both."



Photo by Husband

C.J. is an adventurous lady from Birmingham, Alabama, who wouldn't let anything - even a pregnancy - stop her from doing the one thing she craves most: making love next to a campfire.



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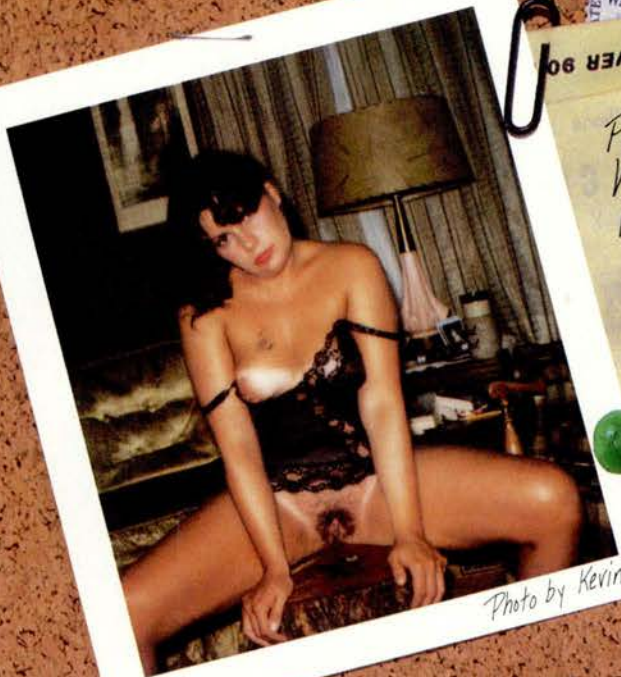


Photo by Kevin

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CLOTHES LEFT OVER 90

Peggy is a men's hairstylist from West Frankfort, Illinois. When she's not running her fingers through guys' hair, she'd like to make love to her husband "on a sandy beach."



Photo by Chris



Photo by Wendell

A massage therapist from San Francisco, Esther has twin fantasies: massaging Wayne Newton on a nude beach and starring in a porno movie.

Cathie, 25, is a fiery Southern California homemaker who enjoys dancing nude. She has one burning desire: to give head to three guys at once.

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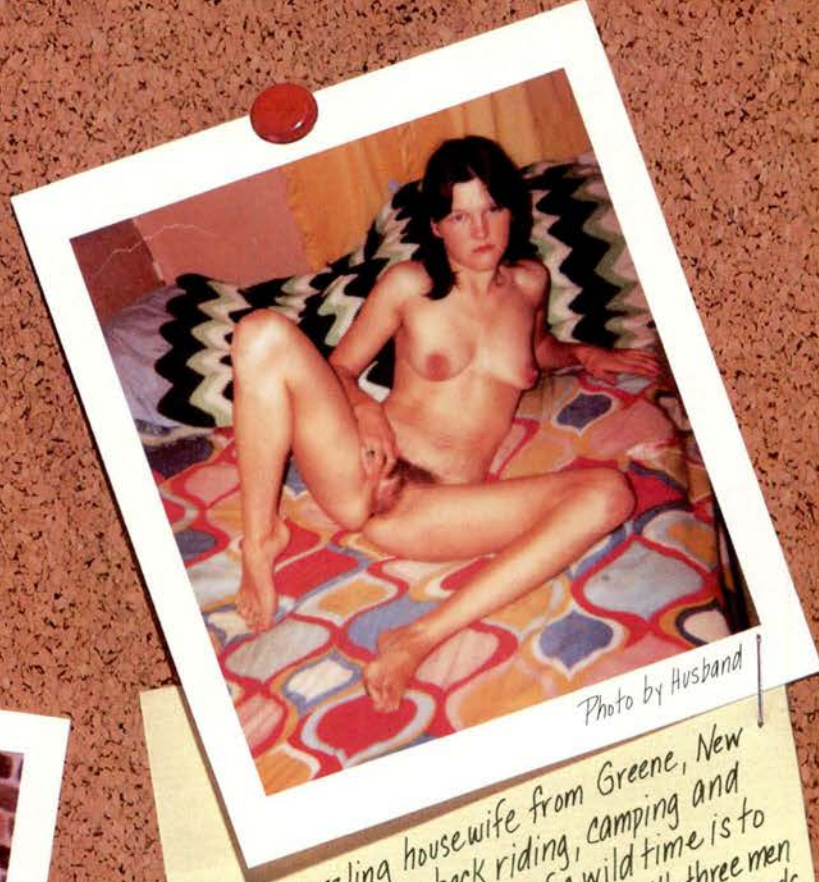


Photo by Husband

Bambi, a sizzling housewife from Greene, New York, is into horseback riding, camping and crocheting. Her idea of a wild time is to have raunchy sex with three men in the woods.



Photo by Coach

Sultry Judy is a Walpole, Massachusetts, taxi driver who does everything at high speed. She loves riding dirt bikes, but her fantasy is to be eaten by her boyfriend while driving around Boston in her cab.

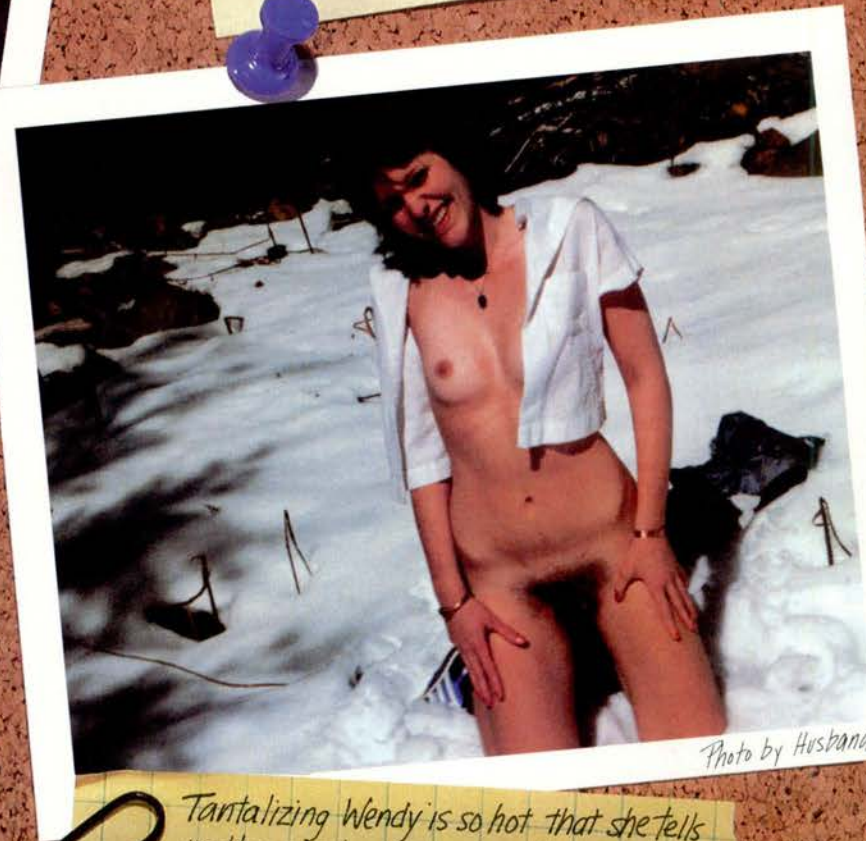


Photo by Husband

Tantalizing Wendy is so hot that she tells us they use her as a space heater during the long winters in Anchorage, Alaska. Wendy would like "to watch my husband ball another woman."



*Photo by Husband*

**HELLO**  
my name is

"Sugar" is sweeter than honey. This 26-year-old housewife from Granite City, Illinois, can usually be seen riding her Harley-Davidson and dreams of getting "fucked in a health spa."

*Photo by Husband*



If Santa Ana, California's Ronnie had her way about it, she'd be making love to her husband all the time. When not working as a salesclerk, she spends long weekends sunbathing nude.



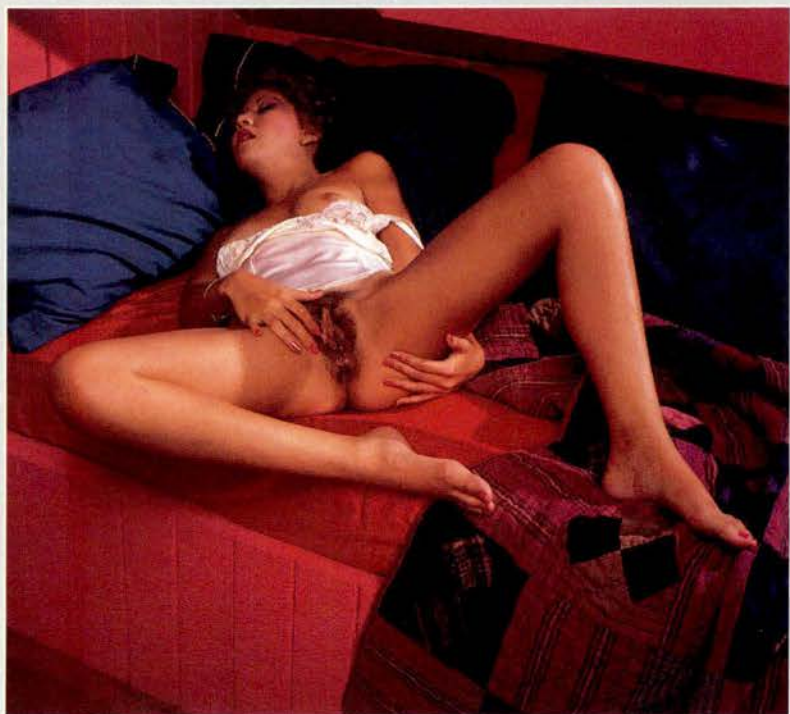
*Photo by Husband*

"Making things exciting for my husband is important," says 24-year-old Janet of Hemphill, Texas. "I like to be in a sexy nightie when he comes home from work."



# BEAVER SPOTLIGHT

Red-hot Yolanda was last seen between our covers in September's *Beaver Hunt*. For reasons that should be abundantly obvious, we have decided to bring this luscious lady back and feature her as our Beaver Spotlight of the Month. Born and raised in the small town of Carrollton, Texas, Yolanda spends her



time commuting between two jobs: She's an accountant by day, a topless dancer by night. Although she claims she can keep her two professions separate, things have gotten out of hand a few times. "Once," says Yolanda, "I was up on-stage and saw the vice-president of my firm sitting at one of the tables. My heart froze. There I was—dressed only in a G-string. I could see my accounting job going right down the drain. Luckily the next day my boss was too embarrassed to admit that he'd gone to a topless bar; so I never got fired for moonlighting."

Yolanda's fantasy requires both balance and daring. She wants to make it with two guys at the same time—on the back of a motorcycle. "I could be taking it from behind while jacking off the driver," she says. "We could really get that hog into high gear. The only problem might be that the guys could become too interested in my curves to negotiate the ones on the highway."



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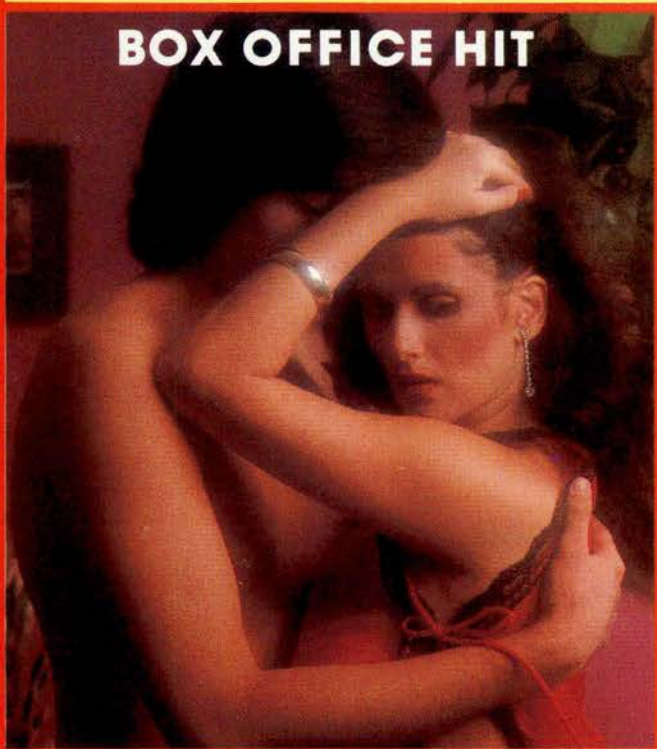
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## THIS MONTH'S TOP 40

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|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 <b>TABOO</b> ★         | <input type="checkbox"/> 21 NEVER SO DEEP          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 DEADLY LOVE            | <input type="checkbox"/> 22 HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIES   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 MISTY BEETHOVEN        | <input type="checkbox"/> 23 DRACULA EXOTICA        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4 NAUGHTY GIRLS          | <input type="checkbox"/> 24 ALICE IN WONDERLAND    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 5 BARBARA BROADCAST      | <input type="checkbox"/> 25 DOWNSTAIRS/UPSTAIRS    |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 7 DANCERS                | <input type="checkbox"/> 27 TITILLATION            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 8 INSIDE JENNIFER WELLES | <input type="checkbox"/> 28 IRRESISTIBLE           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 9 BLONDE GODDESS         | <input type="checkbox"/> 29 SCOUNDRELS             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 10 PAMELA MANN           | <input type="checkbox"/> 30 BAD GIRLS              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 11 NASTY GIRLS           | <input type="checkbox"/> 31 8 TO 4                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 12 GAMES WOMEN PLAY      | <input type="checkbox"/> 32 TALK DIRTY TO ME       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 13 INSATIABLE            | <input type="checkbox"/> 33 DEVIL IN MISS JONES II |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 14 DEEP THROAT           | <input type="checkbox"/> 34 EROTIC ADVT. OF CANDY  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 15 LITTLE ORPHAN DUSTY   | <input type="checkbox"/> 35 HUSTLER VIDEO #1       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 16 SEX WORLD             | <input type="checkbox"/> 36 ANYTIME... ANYPLACE    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 17 TALES OF TIFFANY LUST | <input type="checkbox"/> 37 DEBBIE DOES DALLAS     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 18 1001 EROTIC NIGHTS    | <input type="checkbox"/> 38 INSIDE SEKA            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 19 BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR | <input type="checkbox"/> 39 800 FANTASY LANE       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 20 NOTHING TO HIDE       | <input type="checkbox"/> 40 REEL PEOPLE            |

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to power in 1961, and Kim still carried great weight with the KCIA. More important, Kim was one of the earliest allies of Sun Myung Moon. Colonel Bo Hi Pak, Moon's fanatically loyal aide and interpreter, is another former KCIA officer. On October 26, 1979, President Park was invited to dinner at a KCIA building, where the agency's director, Kim Jae Kyu, shot him to death.

Did Moon mastermind the assassination of President Park Chung Hee? Many people think so, including Ted Patrick and an ex-Moonie who once held a high position in the American Unification Church. Moon had much to gain with Park gone, particularly since his old friend Kim Jong Pil was rumored to have an excellent chance of succeeding Park. Those plans were thwarted, however, by a military coup.

Thus far, Moon has been less than successful at manipulating politicians in America. During the early 1970s, when he was seen only as an anticommunist churchman, Moon did manage to secure the support of some major political figures. Cult members were assigned to work in the campaigns of politicians friendly to Moon, among them Republican New Hampshire Congressman Louis Wyman. When Wyman ran for the U.S. Senate in 1974, he reportedly promised to repay Moon by placing a church mem-

ber on his Senate staff. Unfortunately for Moon, Wyman lost.

Moon's effort to rally the public behind President Richard M. Nixon during the Watergate scandal ended similarly in failure. According to Moon, the attempt to save Nixon was the result of a joint decision he and God had reached while discussing the matter on a Korean mountain-side. (Apparently, God thought Watergate was an overblown issue too.) In appreciation, Nixon invited Moon to the White House in January 1974. They prayed together, and afterward Moon proclaimed the event "the equivalent of the Roman Emperor having invited and welcomed Jesus" 2,000 years ago. Seven months later, though, Nixon resigned.

Moon's most recent American political drive was triggered in part by his conviction on charges relating to federal-income-tax evasion. Being ordered to serve a prison term was a hard blow, but Moon managed to turn the situation to his advantage. After forming a group called the Ad Hoc Committee for Religious Freedom, the church rallied major religious leaders against the government's "unacceptable interference" in religious affairs.

Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah and Idaho Congressman George Hansen, both Republicans, participated in Moon's fight for a reversal of his conviction. Hatch charged that Moon was the help-

less victim of "public hatred and persecution." Hansen termed the sentence an "atrocious" and even offered to spend a week in jail with Moon as an expression of support.

\* \* \*

While Moon himself amasses great wealth—even behind bars—his followers continue to live in near-austerity. During my visits to the Manchester center the temperature inside the house couldn't have been more than 50°. The Moonies were forced to wear jackets or heavy wool sweaters. They joked frequently about eating at McDonald's, the result of a directive from the Master ordering them to cut food costs. I witnessed only one of their meals, a stew of chicken and green peppers with rice—served in tiny portions. Since I was never allowed to see any part of the house except the parlor, dining area and lecture room, by my third visit I began to suspect that Moon's followers were even more impoverished than they appeared.


During this visit—and Steve's lecture about Moon's plans to pick up where Jesus left off—I found it less difficult to remain clearheaded and detached. I still felt a little disoriented, but I was able to remember the list of questions I planned to ask in the discussion that followed.

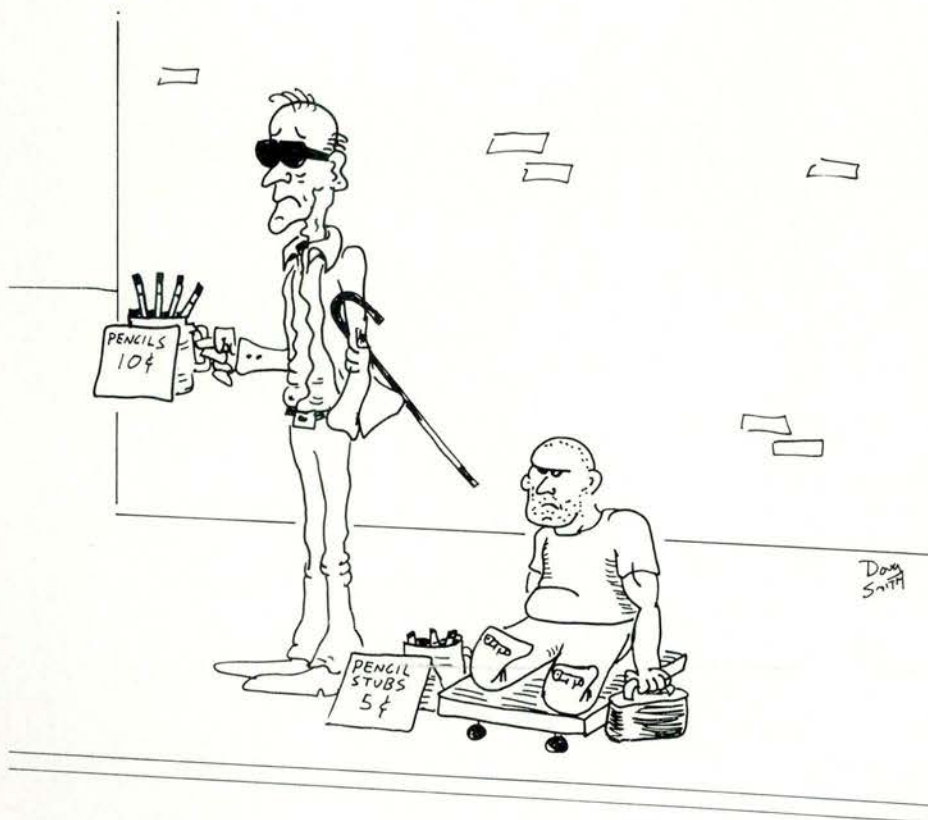
"Hasn't the church been guilty of exaggeration in claiming 2.5 million members worldwide?" I queried. "What are its true political ambitions? Wasn't Reverend Moon implicated in the assassination of Korean President Park?"

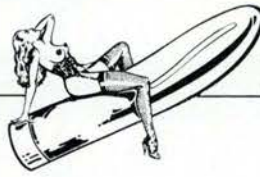
Turning cold and unresponsive, Steve exchanged an annoyed look with Marilyn. And one by one the others dropped out of the discussion. Riko and Alan began eyeing me suspiciously. Toshie tugged my sleeve and asked me to check my watch. It was a quarter to ten. Steve stood up and forced a yawn. I took the hint.

This time the farewells lacked warmth, and I got to the door before any of the Moonies did. I reached for the knob to let myself out, and it was then that I discovered there *was* no knob!

Steve and I looked at each other for a long second, my eyes bewildered, his wary, as if I had noticed something I wasn't supposed to. W. Farley Jones's words, spoken many weeks before, flashed through my mind: "We never stop anyone from leaving." Yet fear welled up inside me. I stood on my toes and grabbed for the dead-bolt lock high up on the door. I couldn't reach it.

Philippe, a tall French Moonie, walked over slowly and released the bolt. I felt relief when the cold night air hit my face. Turning occasionally as I walked down the street, I could see the Moonies gathering on the sidewalk to watch me. I never returned to the center again. 





## PENIS IMPLANTS THE PERPETUAL HARD-ON

**B**ud and Mary's marriage seemed to be on the rocks. They had always enjoyed an active sex life, but now Bud—a diabetic—was finding it increasingly difficult to get an erection. Finally they stopped making love altogether. Not surprisingly, Mary resented this development, complaining that it made her feel undesirable. In time the couple started talking about getting a divorce.

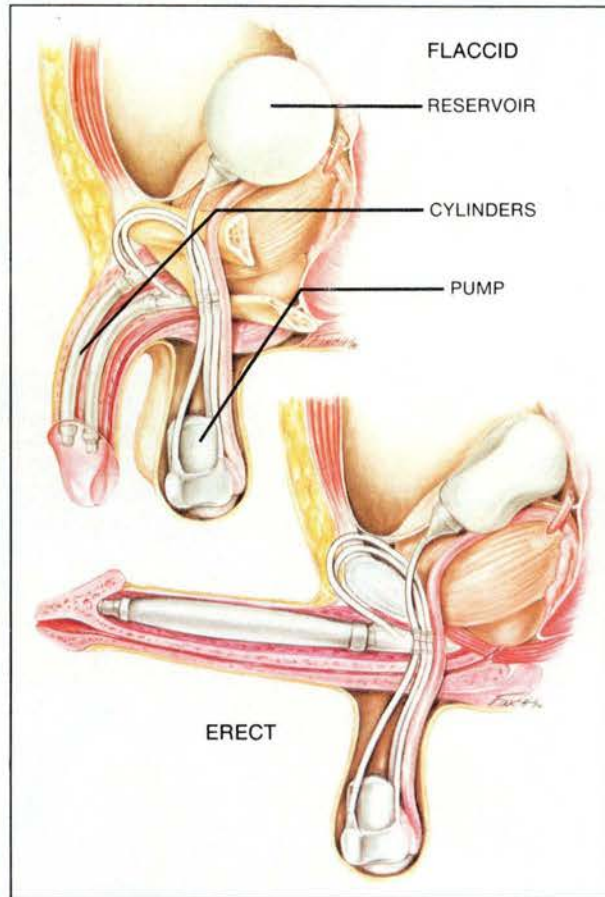
Then Bud read of a simple operation offering hope for impotent men. After overcoming his skepticism with a call to the American Medical Association, he had the surgery last spring. Today the couple's sex life is back on track, and their marriage has never been happier.

The solution to Bud's and Mary's problem was a penis prosthesis—a rod made of silicone rubber that is surgically implanted in an impotent man's penis. With one of these in place, a guy doesn't ever have to worry about getting it up or keeping it up. He has a built-in hard-on that is ready for use anytime, anywhere.

That's a significant breakthrough for the 10 million men in this country who can't achieve erection. According to a leading manufacturer of the penile prosthesis, an estimated 55,000 men to date have received these artificial implants. But that number is expected to rise dramatically as both physicians and patients become more aware of the technique.

"I think there's a large percentage of men who aren't seeking help because they simply don't know what's available," says Dr. Joseph West, director of the Center for Male Sexuality in Scottsdale, Arizona, where some six individuals undergo the operation each month. "That's unfortunate because impotence can destroy a man's ego, as well as his marriage."

Impotence has been a problem for men throughout history.



**BY CHERYL SWEET**

*Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.*

The ancient Greeks and Chinese wrote about it, and as far back as 2200 B.C. the Egyptians came up with some "erotic potions" to cure the condition. But it's never really been clear what causes it.

As recently as 1979, experts claimed that nine out of ten cases were triggered by psychological phenomena. But advances in medical science have altered that theory. Today about *half* the cases of impotence are thought to be physically connected.

Diabetes—Bud's problem—is the leading organic cause. Usually, nerve or blood-vessel damage associated with that disease prevents the amount of blood needed for an erection from entering the penis. Other physical factors include hypertension (high blood pressure), alcoholism, kidney disease, hormone imbalance and injury to the spinal cord, pelvis or genitals. Certain types of surgery that can cause nerve damage—such as removal of the bladder or prostate gland—can also lead to impotence.

Cases believed to have psychological origins may be related to sexual "performance anxiety," religious beliefs that sex is sinful, marital trouble or a mid-life identity crisis. Most men with psychologically induced impotence try counseling or sex therapy. Only about 6% get an implant as a last resort.

The first attempt to create a penis prosthesis occurred in 1936, when urologist N. A. Bogoras used a section of rib cartilage to provide rigidity. Unfortunately, the procedure proved to be unworkable. In about 25% of Bogoras's cases the cartilage curled up within a few months. In most of the others it was eventually reabsorbed by the natural tissues of the penis.

In the early 1950s the first synthetic implant—made of acrylic—became available. But most of these devices added little

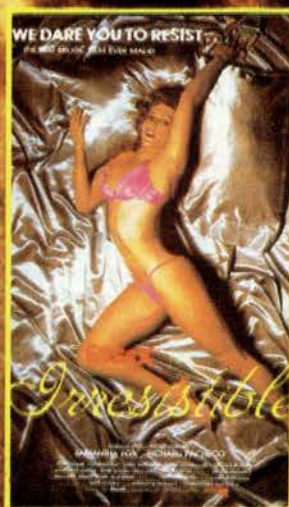
(continued on page 162)

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# MAIL - ORDER FEEDBACK



This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in the pages of HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, write *Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

**Edited by Doug Oliver**

## BAD TIMING:

*I sent \$140.95 to Wonderful World of Video (6315 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90028) for some X-rated videotapes a couple of months ago, and so far I haven't received a thing. Can you help me get my tapes or my money back?*

—B. M.

APO, New York

We spoke with Mike at WWV and were told that B. M.'s order was shipped as soon as his check had cleared. Apparently, our reader jumped the gun and didn't allow quite enough time for his merchandise to arrive. (Actually, only five weeks had passed between the time WWV received the order and B. M. wrote to HUSTLER.) *Wonderful World of Video* is strictly on the up-and-up and prides itself on taking care of customers. If you have problems with this company, feel free to call 1-800-421-0482, or 213-465-8677 if you live in California.

## SHIT LIST:

Although it's impossible for us to publish every letter we get, from time to time as a service to our readers we list the companies that HUSTLER has received the most complaints about. Many have been

exposed over the past year for blatantly ripping people off, using misleading advertisements or simply being arrogant and unresponsive. Do yourself a favor and patronize other businesses until these shifty vendors straighten out their acts. Remember, we count on your letters to let us know who's honest and who's not—so keep 'em coming.

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## CHEAP THRILLS:

*I'm looking for some dripping-wet hard-core videos that are also low in price. Any suggestions?*

—E. H.

Pensacola, Florida

*Gourmet Video* has a new line of budget hard-action tapes called *Bedtime Video*. Although they don't always feature big names, these 60-minute five-loop tapes are plenty hot. You can order them from *Marlowe Sales* (a HUSTLER Dependable Dealer) for \$29.95 each or two for \$55. Additional *Bedtime Video* titles can be purchased for only \$25 each (which

means three tapes for \$80, four for \$105, etc.). Of the six titles, #2 is lesbian action, and the rest are boy/girl.

*Marlowe* also sells the regular *Gourmet Video* collection, which boasts a galaxy of cum-swallowing porn stars (Vanessa Del Rio, Shauna Grant, Georgina Spelvin, Rhonda Jo Petty, to name only a few) for \$49 each or two for \$93. The postage-and-handling charge on all orders is \$1 per video—to a maximum of \$5. Send your order to *Marlowe Sales* (11085 Olinde St., Sun Valley, CA 91352) and get ready for hours of satisfied viewing.

## SWINGING BY YOUR EARS:

First the good news: *Our Retreat*, a non-profit "lifestyle organization" located in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has produced an excellent series of 22 audiocassette tapes about swinging. The recordings include discussions, instructions and question-and-answer sessions by and between social-science professionals and leaders of and participants in the swingers movement. Here are some of the topics: "How to Avoid the Problems of Being a Swinger," "Fear of Rejection," "Planning a Swing Party and Swinging Etiquette," "Sexually Transmissible Diseases," "B&D Demo Workshop," "Coping With Jealousy" and "Erotic Massage Play-Shop."

Now the bad news: The tapes are \$6.50 each plus a 65¢ postage-and-handling charge. The price is a bit high, but it's offset by the wealth of information presented on the cassettes and by *Our Retreat's* guarantee of a full refund if you're not satisfied with the quality of any cassette (providing it's returned within five days).

If a swinger's lifestyle seems appealing, but you've been hesitant to take that first step, these tapes may be your ticket out of the world of repression. Or if you've already begun to experiment with swinging, these discussions are an excellent way to expand your knowledge of an often-misunderstood way of life. Free catalogs and more ordering information are available from *Conclave* (P.O. Box 110, Mount Prospect, IL 60056). ☛



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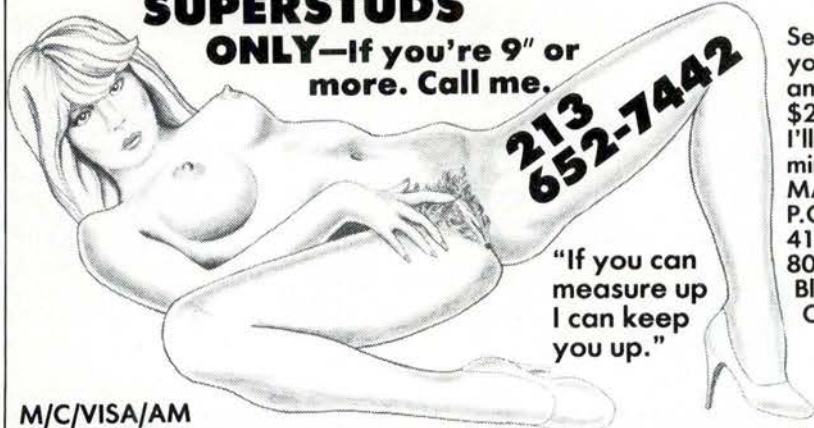
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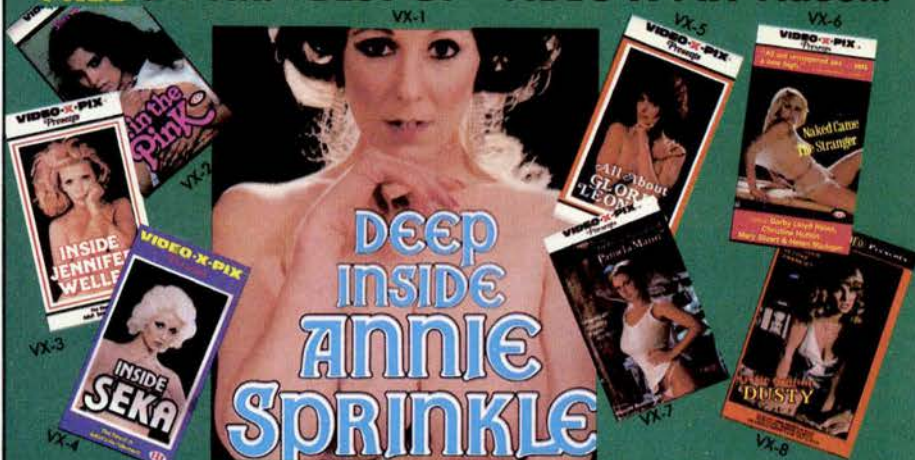
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I am a 21 year old college girl tired of cum quick boys. I'm  
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 P.S. I want to travel when school is out. Can we get together.

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Try My Tele-Sex  
 Menu of Fantasies:

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 yourself!

Lick my  
 juicy clit  
 & I'll suck  
 your hard  
 stick, till  
 you shoot  
 your big  
 wad down  
 my throat!

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 most of  
 the time  
 so call  
 now!

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- ★ Juliet ("Aunt Peg") Anderson

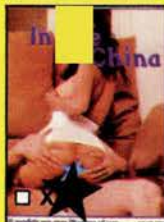
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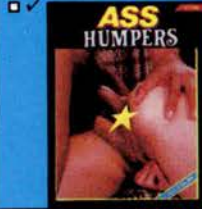
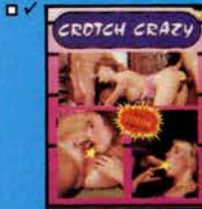
Send To: MagVideo ★ Dept# AY-4 ★ P.O. Box M-827, Gary, IN 46409 M-827  
When addressing envelope, please print & use return address. Please specify: ☐ VHS ☐ BETA  
GENTLEMEN! Please send the item(s) indicated. I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ **NOTE: ADD \$4 P & H.**  
☐ M.O. ☐ Check - **Fastest Service W/** or M.O. ☐ Ship C.O.D. I enclose \$8 extra as deposit.  
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I am over 19 years old & wish to receive sexually oriented material.

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be new  
but I'm  
NAUGHTY"*

MAJOR  
CREDIT CARDS

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"I'm lying back in the sun  
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just thinking about  
your call.

Talk dirty to  
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my nipples  
hard—I  
want to  
cum with  
your  
phone  
fantasies."



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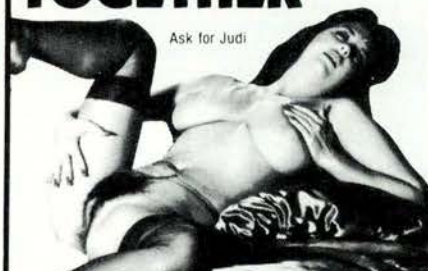
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Linda Lovelace In

# DEEP THROAT

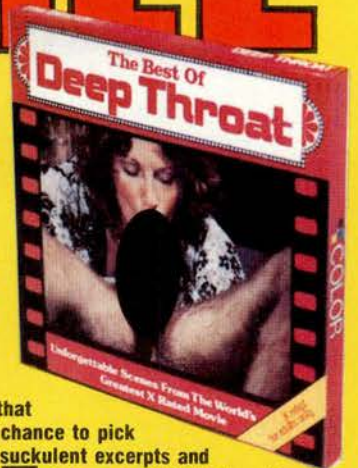
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FOR ONLY

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lens, screw-mounted for hairline focussing • Bright, clear image up to 30 inches • Cam operated film advance • Completely self threading • Easy to use, even if you've never worked a projector before • Lightweight yet strong • Built-in carry handle

**SUPER-8mm MOVIE PROJECTOR:** Takes standard 200 ft. reel of super-8 film • Plugs into standard household current • Exclusive Xerocrylic™

### YOUR SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

We guarantee every magazine, film & videotape to be genuine hardcore, showing full insertion, action & climax, or your money back. Projector comes with manufacturer's 90-day warranty, with option for one-year service policy. To this we add our own 10-day trial privilege.

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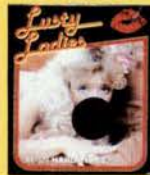
\$22 EA. • THREE TO FIVE: \$19 EA. • ALL SIX: \$96



(1) VIVA CLASSICS



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(4) SWED. EROTICA



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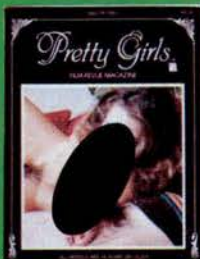
STOCK NO: T-100-B



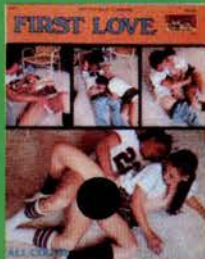
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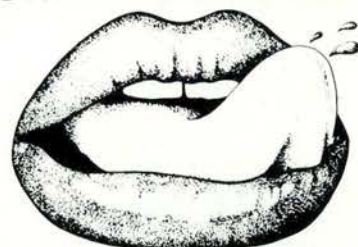
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TWO FOXY  
CHICKS LIKE  
THESE  
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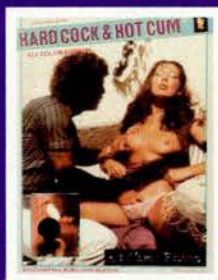
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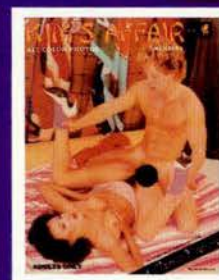
#4124



#4125



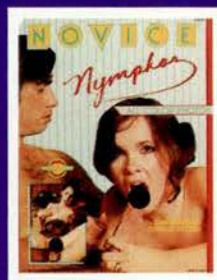
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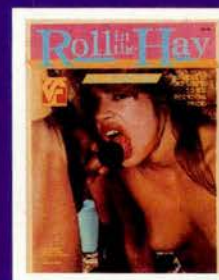
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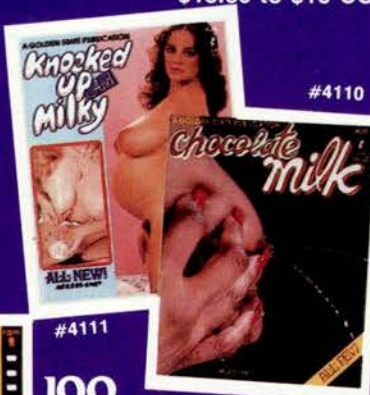
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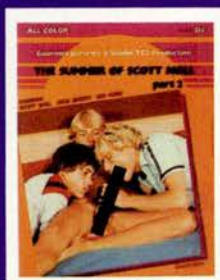
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SOPHIE'S INTERNATIONAL HOTLINE  
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Spread my legs  
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Smother your face  
in my firm round  
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juicy pussy. Fuck  
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hard cock.  
I love it.



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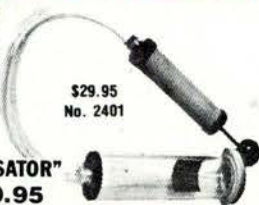
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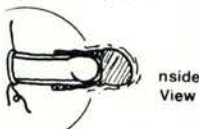
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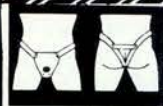
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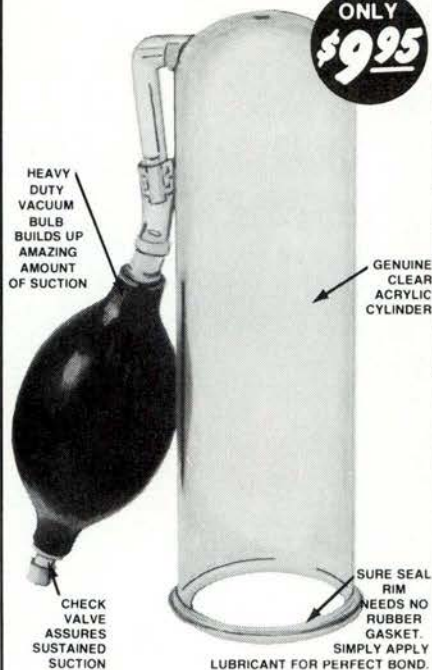
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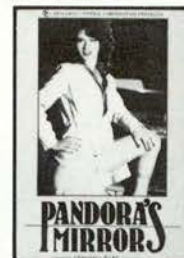
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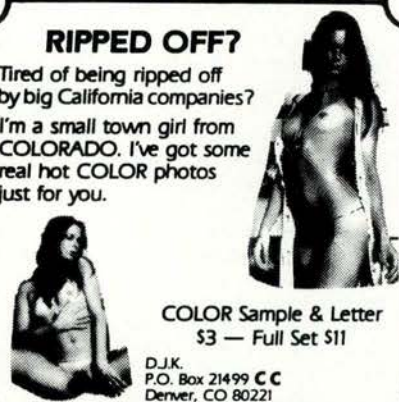
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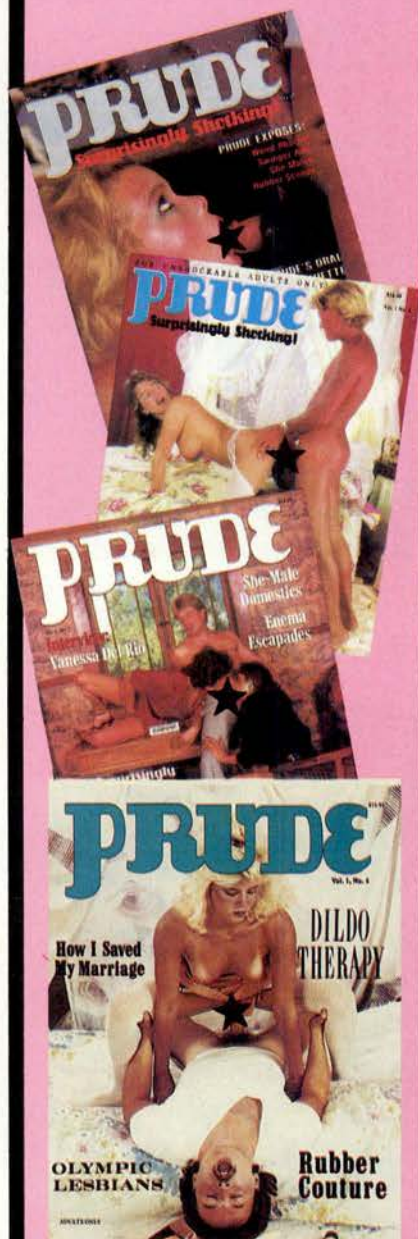
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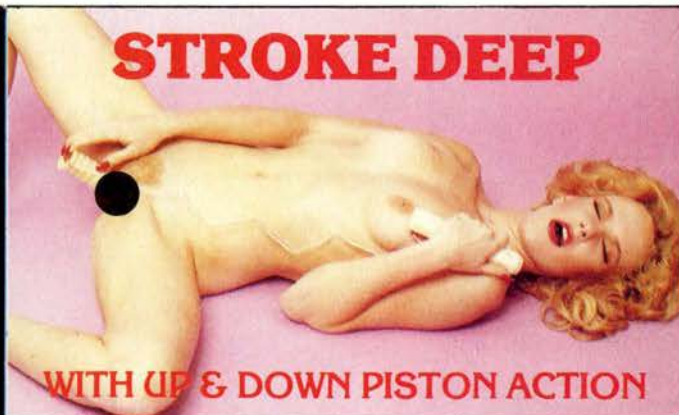
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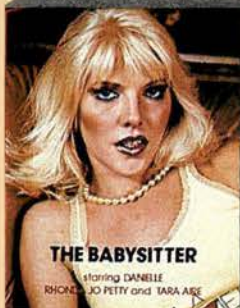


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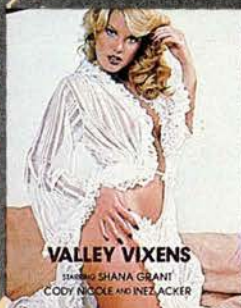


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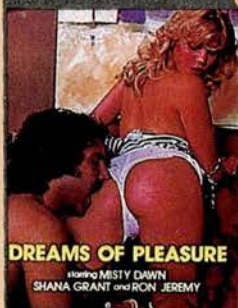
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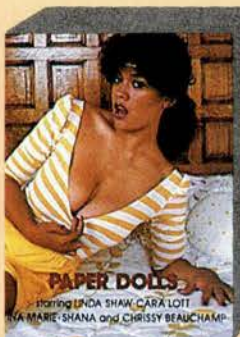
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## SEX PLAY

(continued from page 135)

strength to the penis, merely preventing it from buckling during intercourse.

Today two types of implants are available: a semirigid rod that always remains half-hard and an inflatable prosthesis that mimics the way blood fills the penis to form a "natural" erection. Developed in 1973, both models are made of silicone rubber and have undergone significant improvements over the past few years.

The semirigid implant consists of two flexible rods that are inserted surgically in the shaft of the penis. For men who don't want to walk around all day with a visible hard-on, a special sling or holster is available to keep it strapped to the abdomen or off to the side. A recent model is constructed with wiring that can be bent slightly, making the erection less obvious.

That problem is eliminated with the inflatable prosthesis, which consists of three main components: a reservoir, twin cylinders and a pump with a release valve that's implanted in the scrotum. Squeezing the pump several times forces the liquid (a salt solution and dye) from the reservoir into the expandable cylinders in the penis. When the release valve is manually operated, the cylinders deflate, and the fluid returns to the reservoir.

Surgery generally takes from 60 to 90

minutes for both semirigid and inflatable implants. A small incision is made just below the base of the penis, or for the inflatable model it may be made in the abdomen instead. The operation is quick and safe, and it can be accomplished under local anesthetic. Costs range from \$5,000 to \$9,000 including the device, surgery and hospitalization, and the procedure is often covered by medical insurance. At his Arizona clinic, West recommends that patients wait three weeks before having intercourse, to allow for internal healing.

Recipients of penis prostheses include:

- A 22-year-old accident victim with spinal-cord damage. After receiving an implant, he was capable of sexual relations and fathered two children.

- An 81-year-old widower suffering from physical impotence who planned to marry a 76-year-old woman. Both wanted a "complete marriage" with sexual relations. Following the implant the couple reported achieving just that.

- A 51-year-old man with a 30-year history of psychological impotence. The prosthesis was implanted after psychoanalysis failed to improve his ability to get an erection. After the operation the man said he had become more assertive, both socially and sexually.

By most accounts, penis implants do little to interfere with sexual pleasure in men who are otherwise healthy. "Whatever

er pleasure they experienced before will be the same afterward," says West. "Sensation during intercourse is unchanged."

One implant recipient in his early 70s, in fact, found that the device gave him the prowess of a 20-year-old. "I bedded this one dame, and she couldn't get enough," he says. "She kept coming, and I was getting a little tired. Pretty soon I came and started to climb off. But she grabbed me and hollered, 'No, don't stop; it's still hard!' I laughed and told her it's *always* hard. She couldn't get over it. She told all her girlfriends, and I started getting calls from them. They all wanted to try it."


For recipients who've suffered nerve damage, the pleasure may be much less intense. But at least the prosthesis allows these men to enjoy the intimacy of intercourse. Following radical surgery for cancer of the bladder a Los Angeles man found it impossible to achieve erection or orgasm. But a month after receiving an implant, he and his wife were able to resume sexual relations.

"Penetration is good, and my wife tells me she's able to reach orgasm most of the time," he says. "It's a different feeling for me though. I still can't climax. But it feels good, all the sensations and touching. And I'm satisfying my wife. That's the important thing. It's returned some of my manhood to me."

Women on the receiving end of a penis implant point to only a few drawbacks. "You don't feel as if you've given the man an erection—and of course, you haven't," admits one lady. "But once he gets inside, you don't have to worry about it going soft. He can go on and on as long as you need him to. And that's very nice. It's like having your own penis machine."

Since her husband, Bud, received his implant, Mary recommends a prosthesis for every impotent man—with one word of warning. "It's a little bit of a turn-off if he doesn't go to the bathroom first and come to bed with his inflatable device already pumped up," she says. "That takes about two minutes, and you can't smooch up a storm, wait for him to pump it up and then expect to continue lovemaking with the same level of intensity."

Despite such inconveniences, the silicone prosthesis has proved to be a sexual lifesaver. "The surgical correction of impotence through the use of penis prostheses has been overwhelmingly successful," according to a study of implant patients cited in a recent issue of the *Journal of Urology*. Patients reported improved sexual relationships, better moods and restored feelings of "wholeness." When asked if they would choose to have the operation again, every man said yes.

Like thousands of men who once had difficulty achieving erection, they've discovered how easy it is to be hard. 



★ This dazzling December issue is so hot, you'll swear it's still summertime. First, you'll take a Siberian sleigh ride with a fiery peasant girl and a Russian monarch posing as a Cossack in *UNDER THE CZAR*. Then you'll join sizzling centerfold ROBYN as she enjoys her favorite early-morning pastime in *DAWN OF DESIRE*. And a duo of delectable fair-haired honeys enjoying *BREAKFAST IN BED* will have your mouth watering too. Finally—in *FAREWELL, MY LOVELY*—you'll see steamy Jennifer MacNeil in the last shots ever taken of this stunning porn star before her untimely death.

★ The U.S. government has been denying any knowledge of unidentified flying objects for the past 30 years. But recently released documents prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that these celestial sightings are a reality. RAY BOECHE's riveting exposé *CLOSE ENCOUNTERS: THE REAL STORY* gives the amazing facts about actual E.T.'s.

★ Chased through swamps, hunted by men and dogs for seven days, CHARLES LEE GUY III lived to tell the tale of his harrowing breakout from a brutal Louisiana prison. CLAYTON R. DOUGLAS's gripping account, *ESCAPE FROM ASCENSION PARISH*, details one man's victory over the cruelty and corruption within the penal system.

★ PLUS: *SEX LIFE* turns you on to male nymphomania, and *DOPE* reveals the myth and magic behind the legendary drug peyote. In *CLOSE-UP* a former South Dakota security guard tells all about his bizarre hobby: collecting female pubic hair, and *ODDS & ENDS* brings you another dose of hilarious and irreverent humor.

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I'm only 5-1 and about 90 pounds—but I'm all woman, strong as hell and a fierce competitor. I'm on the gymnastics team at my college, and if things keep going the way they have been, I could make All-American by the end of the year.

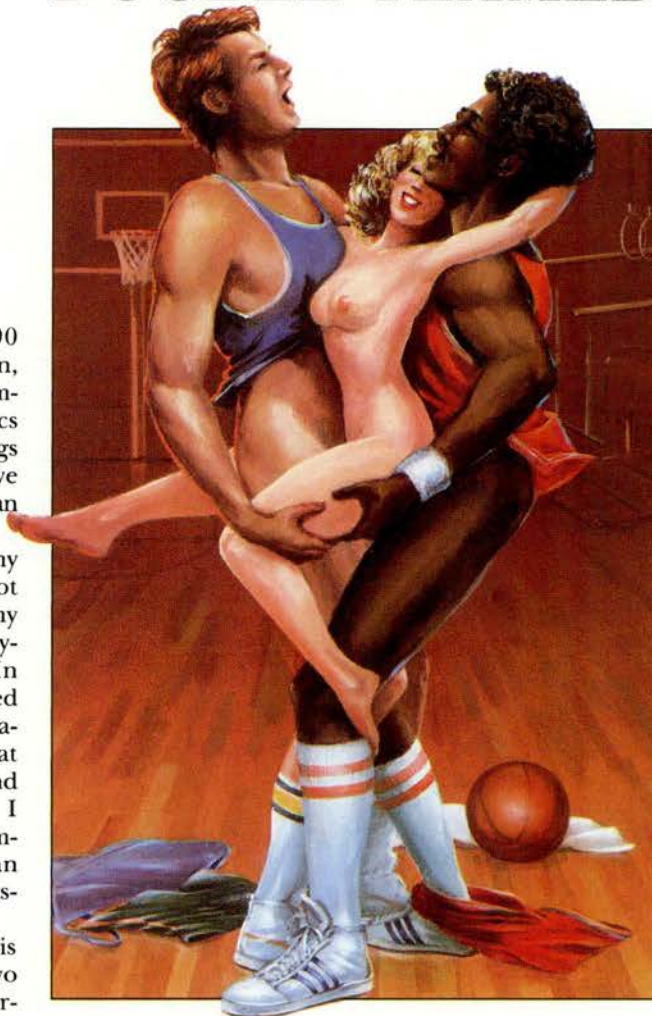
The reason I'm good at my sport is that I work out a lot, not just with the team, but on my own. I spend many hours by myself perfecting my routines. In other words, I'm a dedicated athlete. But there's another reason why I put in so much time at the gym: All that twisting and tumbling really turns me on. I pretend that when I'm performing flips and cartwheels, an enormous red-hot cock is chasing me around the mat.

To me, a half-hour workout is a hundred times better than two hours in bed with a hot paperback and my vibrator. And when I'm in competition, I just go ape-shit. I remember one match when I finished my routine with a flying split and *came* right there in front of 4,000 people.

Anyway, one night I was in the gym trying out some new moves for my program. There weren't too many people around, just a few guys from the wrestling team working with weights in the far corner, some couples jogging laps around the floor—and two giants from the basketball team practicing slam dunks.

After about an hour I decided to quit. It was late, and I was so horny from the workout that I had to have a cold shower fast or my snatch would go up in flames. I was going to finish my routine with a cartwheel into a backflip, and I must have lost my concentration because I landed on the side of my foot and felt my ankle crumple underneath me. It hurt like hell, and I fell to the mat, hugging my foot.

After a moment the pain passed, but when I tried to stand



BY THEODORA BARRON

*Kinky Korner is written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER will pay \$100 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced-typed or neatly handwritten-manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

up, the ankle wouldn't hold me. I looked around for help; there was no one left in the gym except the two basketball players. They had already seen that I was in trouble and were running across the floor toward me.

Erik was a white man with green eyes and curly red hair; the other guy, Al, was black and looked like an ebony statue. Each of them had to be at least 6-8. When I told Erik what my problem was, he lifted me up and held me out in front of him with a hand under each of my arms. I was impressed; he was so strong. While Erik held me up—two feet off the ground—Al came around from behind and began to check my ankle.

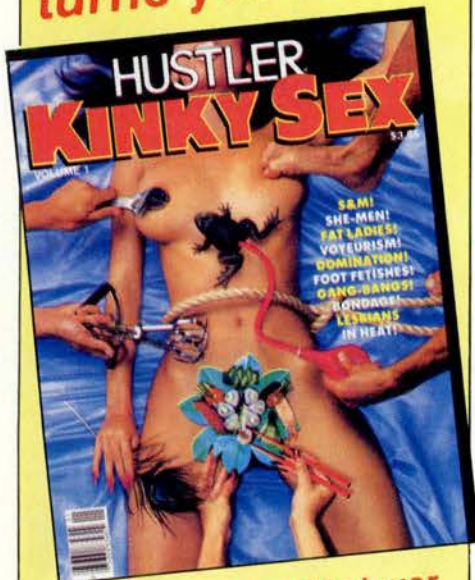
That's when it happened, and I guess I'll never be sure why. All I know is that I was aware of being held up like a toy, my eyes level with Erik's, when I began to feel that warm buzz in my loins. My throat grew tight, and breathing became difficult. My nipples got so hard, I thought they'd burst, and I could feel the juices start to flow in my pussy.

As I hung there helplessly in Erik's enormous hands, our eyes locked, and I lost focus on everything around me. Our lips

touched—lightly at first, but soon his huge tongue was in my mouth, thrusting around like a hungry animal. After a moment of being tongue-fucked by this giant, I became aware of another pair of hands, Al's, coming from behind, moving like hot lava up the insides of my thighs.

My knees jerked up—I couldn't help it—and my legs began to thrash the air because of the inferno blazing inside me. But that didn't stop Al. His hand found my pussy; then one of his big black fingers snaked through the crotch band of my leotard and slipped inside me. I heard myself squeal in Erik's mouth as Al's finger diddled my clit.

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At that point everything shifted into high gear. Al had pressed his crotch close to my ass when he was fingering me; now he leaned away from me, backward like a limbo dancer, while Erik eased my body back so that my back was resting against Al's sloping chest. Then Erik broke off the kiss and stepped away. The only thing holding me in the air was Al's massive hand and his probing finger in my cunt. It was like sitting on a fiery poker.

I stared at Erik. My eyes were dazed, and my mouth sucked air. He smiled at me like a little boy, then began to peel my leotard down from my shoulders. Instantly, his mouth found one of my tits, and his hand found the other. I remember hearing my voice echo in the empty gym, yowling in surprise and pleasure as Al used his free hand to strip the leotard off the rest of my body.

Erik raised his head from my swollen nipple, looked at Al and gave him a slight nod. As Al worked his finger out of my pussy, Erik dropped his gym shorts and stood there in front of me holding his gigantic cock. It reminded me of a horse I had once seen on a ranch.

I remember trying to protest to Erik in a dazed whisper that he was much too big. I told him I thought it would never fit inside me. He didn't say a word, just smiled knowingly and moved in closer. Al lifted me up so that Erik could work the tip of his massive rod into my smoldering pussy.

It seemed to take forever, but my own weight and gravity caused me to ride Erik's immense, pulsing prick right down to the hilt. The air rushed out of my lungs as his cock plowed deep inside me—deeper than I thought anything could ever go.

After a moment or two, Erik bucked his hips, and his fierce thrust pushed me back up Al's body to the point at which the tip of Erik's dick remained just inside my pussy. What teamwork!

I howled out loud. I was off on the fuck of my life—alternately sliding up Al's chest and slipping down Erik's dick. I could hear my teeth click from the impact on the way up, and I moaned and growled like some kitten driven insane with pleasure.

At last I made my final ride down the big redhead's cock. Erik didn't really have to flip his hips to send me up this time around. I came and came, and my contractions alone were enough to make me rise off his prick like a rocket heading for the moon.

But Erik wasn't finished and, come to think of it, neither was I. As he continued to pound away, I felt Al shift his body. He slowly straightened into an upright position so that I was sliding between them, straight up and down with each thrust

like a coin in a slot. I felt Al's fingers fluttering around my overstuffed snatch, and I realized that he was channeling the river of pussy juice flowing out of my cunt back toward my ass.

Suddenly I knew what Al was up to—but it just couldn't be! If my petite cunt's taking all of Erik's big dick had been the eighth wonder of the world, then what Al was after had to be the impossible dream. But, dream or not, he bent his knees, and I felt the tip of his dong nuzzling right into my asshole, tracking my movements up and down.

Out of fear and excitement I began to squeal. To get away from Al's waiting prick, I tried to climb right up Erik's body and onto his shoulders. But it was no use. I was trapped between those two behemoths.

The next time down, Al made his move. He rammed what had to be a telephone pole into me from behind, and I went moaning up the slot between them. Then I thundered back down on Erik's massive cock and on Al's huge prick all the way up my ass. At first, Al hurt me, but after a couple of trips it began to hurt real good—and I started screaming in ecstasy. I guess I must have sounded like a locomotive cheer at halftime, because it spurred Erik and Al to new heights of passion. I figure we set a new collegiate record for consecutive orgasms that night.

Eventually, though, I'd had it. I'd been screwed silly and was starting to think about how to get down when I felt Erik's prod swelling up like a balloon inside me. I knew he was about to come, and I tried to brace myself for it. Then I felt Al begin to swell up the same way. I knew that if these two guys came in me at the same time, they'd shoot me through the roof. I started yelling for one of them to slow down, but it was too late. They both shot their loads into me at once, sending me into another mind-boggling orgasm. Then everything went dark.

I awoke two hours later in the girls' locker room; I was on a cot, wearing my leotard, and my ankle was neatly taped. It took me a couple of minutes to remember what had happened. When I did, I was truly amazed. Except for asking about my ankle, those two guys had not said a word the whole time we'd been together, and my feet had never touched the ground.

My taped-up ankle didn't bother me when I competed the next day. My form was great, but my energy and my ass weren't quite up to par. So I didn't win.

But I wasn't worried. You see, just the other day the guys on the basketball team named me their official mascot. Even plain old practice sessions with the team can keep a little girl like me on her toes—if you get what I mean!

(continued from page 124)

Alto folds, costing himself \$80,000. Wohlford flips over a 3 and a 5—two of the worst cards in the deck—to let the world know he has bluffed out Alto.

"That's the play of the century," murmurs Wohlford's wife, Evelyn.

Standing in the gallery, Ungar looks down at Alto. "Calm down, calm down," he pleads. "Don't lose it all." But the words of advice are hollow.

On the next hand Jack Keller, a former auto-body worker from Philadelphia, goes all in for \$249,000, building the pot to about \$900,000. With his blood pressure rising, Alto folds again. Suddenly, Keller is in the lead, and Alto is "on tilt"—poker lingo for out of control.

"You could see the flush in his face," top woman player Barbara Freer says. "That last hand shorted out all the wires. You can only stand so much pressure, and then the rubber band snaps."

Like a shark smelling blood, Keller goes in for the kill one hand later, forcing Alto to bet his remaining chips before the cards are dealt. This time, though, Keller actually winds up with the stronger hand: a pair of 9s to Alto's ace and a 6. In the space of three deals lasting barely ten minutes, Alto has lost \$750,000 and is knocked out of the tournament.

Ungar covers his eyes like a monkey that sees no evil. Then he leafs through a stack of \$100 bills as if they were baseball trading cards and pays off Irish bookmaker Terry Rogers more than \$1,000.

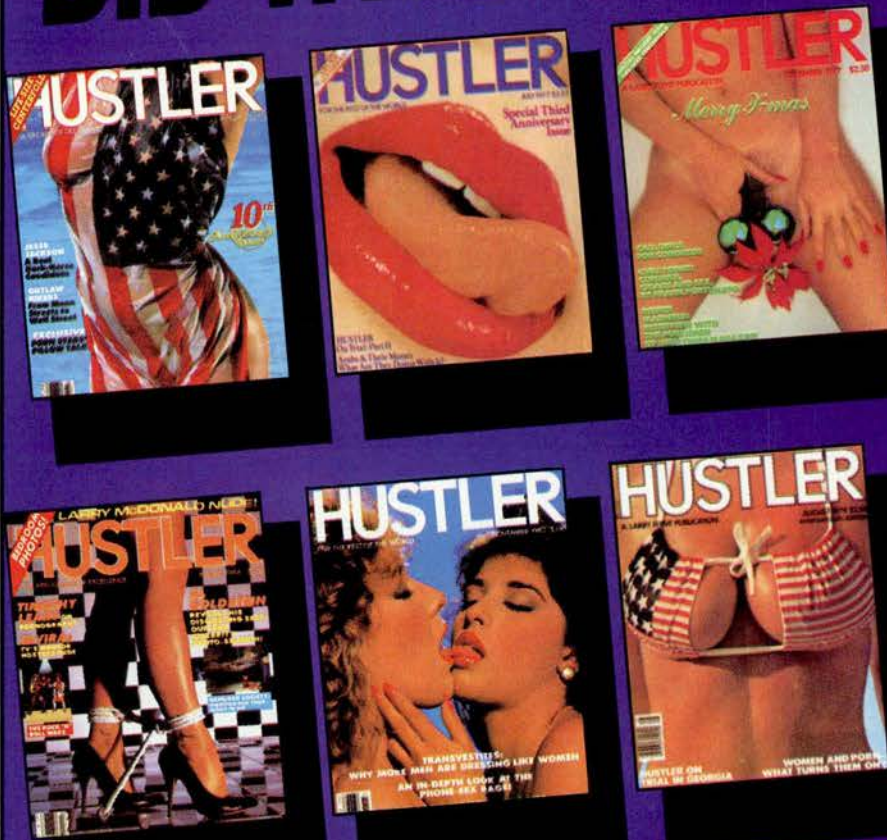
Now it's down to just Keller (with \$1,075,000) and Cowboy Wohlford (with about \$245,000). A tall, silver-haired man with ferret eyes and an expressionless face, Keller is a low-limit player, and he uses a careful strategy to beat the Cowboy down.

Finally, at 4:50 p.m., Wohlford senses an opportunity to make a flush and goes all in. But when the five common cards are turned up in the center of the table, the flush attempt fails, and he's left with a pair of 6s. Pandemonium breaks loose as Keller proudly exposes his two 10s in the hole—ending the marathon tournament.

On the sidelines Ungar is still hopping mad, bouncing around and stomping his feet. "How could that s.o.b. Alto do that to me?" he asks anyone who will listen.

But 20 minutes later he has put Alto's demise—and his own—behind him. While he munches potato chips, his feet are jiggling in double time, and his fingers are caressing stacks of chips. Struggling to get well again, he's playing big-bucks poker with Terry Rogers, Puggy Pearson, Jack Straus and several others. For the moment, at least, Ungar is exactly where he wants to be—back in action.

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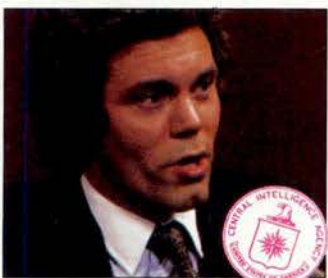


### OUR MAN IN MANILA

To start the year off with a bang, we sent investigative reporter John Dodge to the capital of the Philippines—an assignment that took him from the slums where sex with an eight-year-old boy costs 15¢ to high-class mansions where customers can choose some of the world's most beautiful and expensive women. This steamy journey includes stops at live sex shows, animal acts, drug dens—even the morgue.

### PULSE-POUNDING PHOTO-SETS

HUSTLER's first issue of 1985 continues the tradition of hot pictorials that make us the best in the business. You'll see a sultry brunette who reveals more than a little of her precious pink. Our luscious centerfold's phone is off the hook, but she's sure to ring your bells when she gets temptingly tangled in the line. And in a fantasy any man—or woman—would be happy to have, two beautiful female department-store mannequins come excitingly to life.



### SPY SPEAKS

Former CIA agent and agency critic Frank Snepp reveals in an incisive interview that the CIA is now in the middle of its largest peacetime buildup since the Cold War '50s. Under the Reagan Administration, he tells journalist Ed Cray, "the Company" has embarked on a campaign of dirty deeds—from trampling the rights of U.S. citizens to assassination plots against foreign leaders.

### AND THERE'S MORE...

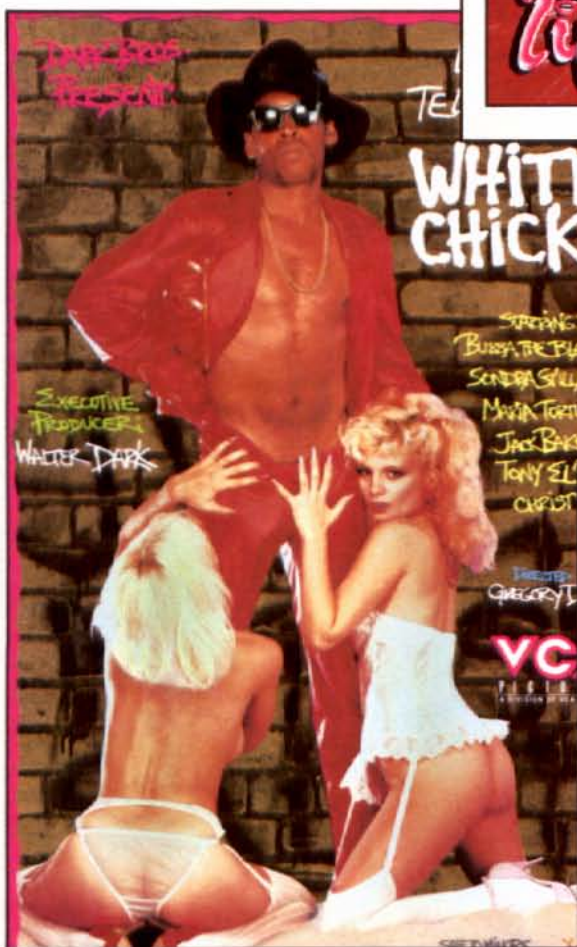
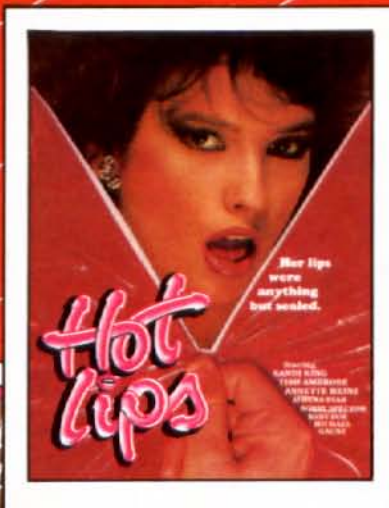
Kinky Korner recounts the story of a TV news anchorwoman who gets an unexpected assist from her male colleague. *Sex Play's* probing look at "Women and Pornography" will let you know how and why ladies get turned on by what the bluenoses self-righteously call "smut." *Beaver Hunt* harvests a fresh crop of uninhibited wives and girlfriends—while *Beaver Spotlight* looks even closer at a lucky lady who sent us her snapshot. When you add *Dear Granny*, *Mail-Order Feedback*, *Bits and Pieces* plus our world-famous cartoons, you know 1985 will be a happy new year—HUSTLER style.



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